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SCENES

AND

IMPRESSIONS

IN

EGYPT

AND IN ITALY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

SKETCHES OF INDIA, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA.

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PREFACE.

THE ground over which I would conduct my reader, has been trodden, and described by a hundred travellers, and is, for all the useful purposes of description, as well known, perhaps, as any road or province in our native country.

I address not the scholar, the man of science, the artist, or the general reader of large information.

My humble aim is to give the aspect of what I saw, and the impression it produced, for the gratification of those mental

tastes which are found scattered in the world's corners, and are as unpretending, and as easily satisfied, as my own.

March 16th, 1824.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

I SAILED from Bombay in an Arab vessel, on the 26th December, 1822. It had been my intention, when I left Madras, to have returned over land by myself; but I met at Bombay two officers, bound in the same direction, and I gladly joined them; another arrived and joined us just before we put to sea; this last I had well known in Spain, but the others were total strangers. I look back upon my chance companions with affection and respect.

SCENES

AND

IMPRESSIONS.

It was to the rude music of the small Eastern drum, the noisy cymbal, and the lively tambourine, that, with the cry and the song of joy, and, with many a pause for clapping of the hands and beating of the feet, the crew of our Arab vessel hoisted her one vast sail, which a gentle breeze from the land, after some heavy flappings of the canvass, at length filled, and wafted us slowly and steadily from the palmy shores of India.

I had prepared for my return from the East with all the hurry of sincere delight, yet I did not look back upon the receding land without some emotion of regret.

There is much, very much, in that interesting country to stir the thoughts and occupy the mind, especially on a first arrival, and for two or three years afterwards.

While the tall palm, and the huge elephant, the spreading banyan, and the naked Indian, the Moslem, and the idolater; the festival, the procession, and the dance, are new and unfamiliar things, — it is well: but when the eye has seen and the ear heard enough, the enervating climate is felt in all its power; in the dulled fancy, and the languid mind, and the restless longings of the unsatisfied heart. Let us appreciate, then, and justly, the sacrifices of those of our fellow-countrymen, who, as soldiers, waste their joyless years in that remote land, with the consciousness of being useful, indeed, but with little of glory; as civilians, in severe, honourable, and important duties; as ministers of the gospel, in labours high and holy, always anxious, ever slowly fruitful, and oftentimes altogether disappointing. Some of all these classes, dearly esteemed by me, do, and may long remain behind; but the glance of the mind

is fleet, and often will be directed from the happier West, to look upon and mingle with them in that striking scenery, and under those brilliant skies, which, at morn and eve, and at the noon of night, form the purest solace of the exile in India. — "Now shape we our course for England. Beloved soile; as in site, 'wholly from all the world disjoined,' so in thy felicities."

Our vessel was one, rude and ancient in her construction, as those which, in former and successive ages, carried the rich freights of India for the Ptolemies, the Roman prefects, and the Arabian caliphs of Egypt. She had, indeed, the wheel and the compass, and our nakhoda*, with a beard as black and long, and a solemnity as great as that of a magician, daily performed the miracle of taking an observation; but although these "peeping contrivances" of the Giaours, have been admitted, yet they build their craft with the same clumsy insecurity, and rig them in the same in-

* Captain — "Lord of the vessel."

convenient manner as ever. Our vessel had a lofty broad stern, unmanageable in wearing; one enormous sail on a heavy yard of immense length, which was tardily hoisted by the efforts of some fifty men on a stout mast, placed a little before midships, and raking forwards; her head low, without any bowsprit; and on the poop, a mizen uselessly small, with hardly canvass enough for a fishing-boat. Our lading was cotton, and the bales were piled up on her decks to a height at once awkward and unsafe. In short, she looked like part of a wharf, towering with bales, accidentally detached from its quay, and floating on the waters.

Providence, however, to whom all the Mohammedans trust, rather, indeed, with the perverse indolence of the waggoner in the fable, seems always to have regarded the merchant as the friend of mankind; and thus, from year to year, with favourable and gentle gales, over a serene and pleasant sea, these Arab traders sail, as their forefathers have done before them, with a

peaceful feeling of security, which is seldom disappointed.

The interior arrangements and the scene on board merit a rapid sketch. Under the poop deck is one cabin aft, with stern windows, and one forward, with two ports of a side; this last is, or would have been, open to the front, but for the high-piled bales of cotton, which, with foot and knee, and outspread arm, we had constantly to scale, before we could gain the deck. The after cabin was the harem: the starboard side of the larger was occupied by the son of the owner (a young Arab, of Mocha), a respectable old Persian gentleman, and his son, a boy; the larboard side, without other separation than some trunks abaft, and the wheel forward (for they steered below), was our sorry birth. The poop presented a livelier scene: on the after part, were four banyans or Hindoo traders bound to Aden; on the starboard side forward sat our grave nakhoda, on the birth in which he slept, and from which day or night he seldom moved; — behind him, a Turk, a *merchant of Mosul;* on the

other side, four Persians, — two from the north of Persia, one from the distant and sterile Cabul, and another from the far and fair Cashmeer. The crew lay scattered over the bales in front, all boasting themselves Arabs, but differing greatly in features and complexion; the coarse issue of such mariners of Africa or Arabia, as settle at the ports, and man the vessels, of either shore of the Red Sea: four Siddi men and two boys, black as polished ebony, were the cooks and musicians; two servants, and two slave boys of the old Persian; an Indian pilgrim from beyond the Ganges; and a Hindoostannee servant of ours, made up, in all, about seventy souls.

About an hour before the break of day, we were generally awakened by the voice of our old Persian, who, in a nasal tone, with loud and rapid utterance, read, if it may be called reading, a large portion of the Koran. A little before sunrise, the serang* gave the loud call to prayers, and all, after a very slight ablution of the hands

* Mate or boatswain.

and feet, assembled; the crew forward, the passengers aft; their faces turned towards Mecca. The serang always led their devotions; the responses were loud and general, in a very full manly tone. Soon after this, coffee was handed round the poop, in cups not larger than egg-cups*, and thin cakes of bread. At noon they had a pilau or curry; in the evening the same. The mat was spread, the tray set, and, after each going to the gangway, and pouring a little water over the right hand, they squatted in circles, the right shoulder inclined a little forward, and silently and rapidly despatched their meal. † There is little of indulgence, little of enjoyment, in it; but much of ancient simplicity, and of that sacred sociality which dipping hands in the same dish once

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* Egg-shells, I might have said, for they are put into small brass receivers, like eggs into their cups.

† The crew had plentiful messes of dhourra, or some grain, twice a day, with an allowance of ghee; and we observed that dates were served out to them occasionally, as a kind of favour, like grog. The Siddi cook would carry a large lump of the rich sweet dates, sticking together like tamarinds, to each man.

implied, and which is still felt among those tribes of Arabia, who have been uncorrupted by the examples of blood and treachery, with which the pages of Asiatic and Turkish history are every where polluted.

Our passengers, all of whom were pilgrims, patiently and indolently reclined on their cots* the whole day. They combed their beards, they read the Koran, they combed their beards again; they smoked, they sat cross-legged and motionless, looking on vacancy; they slept, but, *even in sleep*, looked a *slow* race, as if they *willed* nothing. Five times a day the more zealous, three times the more moderate, performed their devotions. The young Arab owner had some life in him; now and then he would sing an Arabian love song, and turn it not unpleasingly; sometimes he would get a group to play at the ring with him, a kind of hunt-the-slipper game. One

* These are mere frames, with a strong network made of small cordage. They are so fixed as not to swing, and often are merely laid down on the deck, or on chests or bales, or in any place that offers.

of the Persian passengers also had a book of tales with him, which I have seen him read of an evening to delighted listeners, in a manner the most quaintly, and amusingly dramatical. We had little communication with them, from the difficulty of making ourselves understood: but the Cashmirian told me of his country, its lake, its gardens on the house top; of the goat from which their shawl is made, how it came to them from afar, and how they only used the short downy hair next the skin; confessed that the borders* of most shawls were joined on, though ingeniously, but that the highest priced and most valuable were really worked in, without any seam. Another, as he showed his cloak of sheepskin, with its leather inside dressed like the softest glove, spoke of the clear and healthy cold of Candahar and Cabul; while his companion, who had visited Astrachan, was full of the liberality of Russian nobles, the splendour of its bazaars, the Russian infantry, the Tartar horse,—and of the circumstance by

* A trifling little point, which is often disputed.

him never to be forgotten, of a governor's lady having freely given a sum equivalent to 6000 rupees for two shawls. Seven times, the Turk of Mosul said he had visited Istambul, Haleb, and Ismyr; and had as often traversed the Great Desert with caravans. He was a guarded staid man, girded round his loins with a broad belt of buff leather, and having a robe soiled by travel; and, in features and complexion, he might have passed for one born on the banks of the Thames or the Rhine. Our Persian was a fine handsome old gentleman, with a superb beard, of a grey which told of its youthful blackness; had always a word or a gesture of courtesy, and was fond of comparing watches at the important hour of noon.

For the crew*, they were idle, happy, orderly, and uniformly cheerful: once, and then only for a short half hour, was the

* They were once ordered overboard to clean the vessel's side, the only time I saw any of them in the water. Every one seemed a Triton; they shouted and trod the water, and dived and exulted in the element. Some of these very men had been pirates or Wahabees — men of blood.

harmony of the vessel disturbed. A Persian servant had a quarrel with one of the sailors, and all rose on him. He ran down for his sword; all tumultuously followed; they were like light straw on fire; they dragged him back as they would have torn him limb from limb: the nakhoda and serang were unheard. The passengers interfered (we Christians excepted); and one of the northern Persians, a brave little man, who trembled and turned pale as his swarth cheek would let him, caught up a billet of wood, and dealt a blow to one of the crew with something of sectarian bitterness. Matters however were soon composed, how, I could not learn; but Mohammed, Mohammed, was not unfrequently or gently invoked. The crew were menaced by one nakhoda, and pacified by the other*; and little marks were there of the fray in half an hour afterwards, save the torn robes and sullen looks of the Persian servant, and the flashing eyes of some of the Arabs. I must, however, except one sound, the shrill angry

* The young owner.

voice of an enraged woman, who, it seems, was the wife of the Persian, and who was abusing the Arabs, and reproaching her master the whole evening. I was the more surprised at this, as a very remarkable circumstance had occurred in the harem, and one marking very strongly its entire seclusion: a woman had died on board, and been committed to the sea two days before we even knew it, and then it was by the merest accident that our servant — he daily conversed with the sailors — became acquainted with it. Not even a husband entered during the passage, because the women were mixed; a eunuch, who cooked for them, alone had access.

It must be confessed that our accommodations were sorry indeed, being neither private, clean, or airy; yet, from the charm of novelty, we were all gratified with the voyage. We had our own resources — our books, a chessboard, our quiet and social meals, our talk.

Abundantly was I amused in looking upon the scenes around me, and some there were not readily to be forgotten: — when,

at the soft and still hour of sunset, while the full sail presses down the vessel's bows on the golden ocean-path, which swells to meet, and then sinks beneath them,—then, when these Arabs group for their evening sacrifice, bow down with their faces to the earth, and prostrate their bodies in the act of worship — when the broad āmēēn, deeply intoned from many assembled voices, strikes upon the listener's ear—the heart responds, and throbs with its own silent prayer. There is a solemnity and a decency in their worship, belonging, in its very forms, to the age and the country of the Patriarchs; and it is necessary to call to mind all that the Mohammedans are, and have been — all that their prophet taught, and that their Koran enjoins and promises — before we can look, without being strongly moved, on the Mussulman* prostrate before his God.

Most pleasantly we sailed upon the smooth waters: ay, reader, and enjoyed

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* The Arab sailors of Mocha are very observant of all the solemn decencies of their worship.

the "moonlight upon Oman's sea." It was at early dawn, on the twelfth day, that we first made the high land of Arabia the Happy, all shrouded in the veil of morning. The rising sun soon showed the savage coast,

"Barren and bare; unsightly, unadorned."

No grass of the rock, no flower of the heath, no shrub, no bird, no look of life. Cape Morbat was the point we first made, and we coasted it thence to the Bay of Aden, making in succession, the land of Fartakh, Siout, Bogashoua, and Maculla, Near the last spot we did see a boat or two stealing along the shore; but the features of the coast were uniform — dark, waste, wild: the rocks not very lofty, black, and scorched at their summits; here, craggy and broken with the waves dashing at their feet,—there, smoother, with brown and arid sides, and with beds or belts of yellow sand below. Such is the aspect of Araby the Blest; and for 1800 miles, from the point we first made to the shores of Midian, in

the Gulf of Acaba, there is little, very little variety. Like the rough and russet coat of the Persian pomegranate, which gives little promise of the rich and crimson pulp within, so Arabia, all forbidding as she looks, can boast of Yemen and her sparkling springs, of her frankincense, and precious gums, her spices and coffee berries, her luscious dates, and her honey of the rock; but the streams which descend from those fertile regions never reach the sea, they are drunk up by the sands; and the long line of coast, excepting three or four spots where the merchant and the mariner have found a haven, or where some pastoral tribe has dug a well, is but a burning solitude.

For half a day we dropped anchor in the back bay of Aden, but as we were six miles from the town, our nakhoda did not wish us to go on shore; our Hindoo passengers were landed, and two Arabs came off to the vessel. One was a soldier in the service of the dowlah of Aden, a short well-set man, with the black eye, clear brown cheek, and ivory teeth of his country; a small

black turban on his thickly flowing hair ; a dark blue shirt of cotton, a rudely studded belt with cartridges and powder horn ; a matchlock in his hand, and a sword by his side. He scarce looked upon us ; his companion, a younger man, with two long brown curls, waving to every movement, gazed at us, however, the whole time he was below, with fixed and unsated astonishment, especially at two who were deeply engaged over the chessboard.

The scenery of this bay was of a very wild, savage character, the rocks black and ragged. It blew fresh too, and was cloudy, and the whole picture was darkly beautiful.

Very ancient is the tribe of Ad, deriving their name from Adnan, in a direct descent from Ishmael : and there are magical recollections connected with the neighbouring deserts, which the lover of poetry will not fail to call to mind ; for, hidden in their solitudes, lie the gardens of Iram, and the palace of Shedad, and that silent city where Colabah passed his night of wonder.

It was a bright, a laughingly bright day,

when, with a fine fair breeze, we sailed through the Gate of Tears *, for so did the ancient Arabs name those narrow straits at the mouth of the Red Sea, regarded by their early navigators as so perilous, and so often indeed fatal to their inexperience.

We had a sail in company here, and loud and joyous was the greeting between the crews, as we both cast anchor in a little bay, just within the lesser Bab, by which we entered. From this anchorage, and, indeed, all the morning while making for, and passing the straits, we had the black lofty shore of Africa in view, with its Cape of Burials ; for to the fancy of the ancient Arab, "the shrill Spirit of the storm sat dim" upon the rocky brow of Cape Guadafui, and "enjoyed the death of the mariner."

We ran down upon Mocha with a full sail on the following morning. The town looks white and cheerful, the houses lofty, and have a square, solid appearance ; the roadstead is almost open, being only protected by two narrow spits of sand, on one of

* Babelmandel.

which is a round castle, and on the other an insignificant fort. A date-grove adjoins the city, and extends nearly two miles along the southern beach; a pleasing object for the eye to repose upon, which is fatigued, if you gaze in any other direction, by one unvarying picture of brown and desolate sterility.

So far from the seaports of Arabia and India resembling each other, to the commonly observant eye the contrast is striking. You have turbans and loose garments, but they are different both in fashion and materials. You have brown and black complexions; you have the clothed and the naked; but they differ both in feature, form, and gesture, from those whom you have left behind. Under the coarse awnings of its narrow bazaars, you meet the well-dressed merchants in robes of woollen cloth, and from above the folds of the snow-white turban, you see a red woollen cap, with a tassel of purple silk. At every step you meet the black, the half-naked Abyssinian, straight as the young areca, with a nose sufficiently prominent to give

expression to his features, and having his curled woolly hair dyed with a reddish yellow, the foppery of his country. Then there is the stout Arab porter, in his coarse brown garment, bowing under a heavy load of dates, the matting all oozing, and clammy with the luscious burden. Lastly, you have the Bedouin, with the hue of the desert on his cheek, the sinewy limb, the eye dark and fiery. He hath a small turban, a close-bodied vest, a coarse sash, all of dull colours; the arm, the leg, are bare; the brown bosom open to the sun and wind; sandals on his feet; a broad *straight* two-edged sword * in his hand; a long and ready poniard in his girdle. For the cold night-wind he has a cloak of goats' hair, or black, or white, or made in long broad stripes of both colours. He walks erect, and moves directly to his front, giving place to none. Though every where sur-

* When our expedition from Bombay to the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf encountered the Beni Bu Ali tribe, they were attacked sword in hand in the most resolute and intrepid manner by the Arabs, who fought on foot with long straight swords, often wielding them with both hands.

rounded by Turkish or Persian despots, nay, though there be towns, and imaums, and dowlahs, in Arabia itself, he looks, and he can boast, that he is personally free. Ideal is the happiness of savage life ; but it is impossible to look, without admiring wonder, on men who contentedly proclaim the sandy plain and naked rock their patrimony, have no dwelling but the tent, no intrenchment but the sword, no law but the traditionary song of their bards, no government * but the aged sheick of their tribe. When I contrast this their noble preference of a solitary and savage independence to the life led by those, who slumber under Turkish masters in cities, always polluted by crime, and often disturbed by terror, with much to pity in their condition, and much to condemn in their conduct, I find every thing to admire in their choice.

Other objects in these bazaars attract your gaze. Long strings of camels and

* Ali Pasha's troops, whenever they ascended the rugged hills of the Hedjaz, could effect nothing against these men.

asses, the large coarse sheep of Abyssinia, the small thin species of Arabia, the tall brown goats; the shops of the armourers, with their long polished sword-blades, daggers, spears, matchlocks, and here and there the half-worn shield of other days; then there are the cook-shops, with their hot cakes of bread, and their large coppers with portions of meat and fowls, swimming in ghee, and ready for the traveller; and, a step further, the caravanseras and coffee-houses, with groups of townsmen and traders reclining on couches of the date-leaf, smoking their small hookahs *, sipping their kishu †, and perpetually stroking their long beards.— We received every attention from our resident, who procured a house for us during our stay. The houses here are generally built of coral stone, and, in part, of sun-baked brick, whitewashed; have the central court, ter-

* Made of the bowls of cocoa nut, polished, and ornamented with brass.

† Made of the shell instead of the berry; drank from economy, though they say not.

raced roof, and divan window; that is, the recess filled by a low seat, which, covered with a carpet, and provided with cushions, is the place of honour. Our upper room had several small circular fan-lights, with various-coloured glass disposed in very small panes, producing the fantastic effect of the kaleidoscope.

In the course of our rambles we discovered that the large date-grove, from its unfavourable site and soil, produced no fruit. All the houses, however, in the suburbs of Mocha, are built of a matting or thatch of its strong leaves, and they have a very neat, compact, and, when new, very pretty appearance: all are circular, with walls of a good height, and a conically rising rounded top. There are three suburbs: one occupied by common Arab labourers; one by Abyssinian mariners and traders of the Mohammedan persuasion; and one, a small, separate, *avoided* cluster, by an oppressed and shrinking race, a remnant of the tribe of Judah. I took a solitary walk to their quarter — the call of "Yacoob" struck upon my ear as I passed the

first enclosure: there was a doubting glance from a half-opened wicket, and, at length, a young man, of about twenty, with curling hair, black as the raven's wing, came out; and another, looking like a less handsome brother, and an old man followed, with his hair, all blanched as it was, falling in a long curl on each thin and withered cheek. I had but a broken word of greeting for them; but though I looked confused, kind I am sure I looked, for I felt so. The elder sent the younger away, who soon returned, bringing with him a stout, dark man, with a rough look, as of one familiar with toil and travel. He addressed me in Hindoostanee, and then I could make myself understood: but what had I to say? nothing — but that I was an Englishman, a traveller, that their sacred volume was to me sacred also; that I should like to see their synagogue, and their worship; every eye gave the kind glance of ready consent. On the Saturday following I went. The synagogue was small, of mud, a sort of book-stand in the midst, and a square hole in the wall oppo-

site for the copies of their law, before which hung a mean curtain; some poor lamps hung from the roof, but were not lighted: the rabbi stood, or sat, close to the wall; at the desk, two children, of about thirteen (one a girl), read from the Scriptures in succession: the rabbi also read and prayed. The congregation did not consist of above forty, and only three women were present, who had each a child in her arms. These infants were marked on the forehead and chin with black, blue, and yellow lines, as those of the Arabs are. I observed that they were all handed about, especially to the elders, and kissed affectionately. As to the form of their service — it was very long; the congregation sit and read with that sawing motion common to Mohammedans, Parsees, Brahmins, and all Orientals; in reverence they stand; in responses, especially in the Ameen and Hallelujah, they rise on the fore part of their feet; in adoration and confession they sit first, then lean forward, bow down the head, and kiss the dust. At one part of the service nine went and ranged them-

selves against the wall near the rabbi, and turned towards the congregation; then they veiled their heads, and as the rabbi paused in what he read, they raised their arms and stretched them forth with a solemn motion, first to the right side, and then brought them *slowly* across the body to the left, and uttered responses of wailing and lamentation, mournfully sad.* Myself and my companion had seated ourselves on the mat in their fashion; and it was evident that they took pleasure to see strangers, and not despising strangers, within their gates. One exception there was, too remarkable not to attract our notice, and, for a moment, till re-assured by looks and gestures, to discompose us. A very old man, with a pale face shrouded in his mantle, came tottering in late, and seated himself; the unaccustomed sight caught his restless eye, and with a voice feebly shrill, and tremulously angry, he seemed

* As far as I could understand what they told me, I believe, but I am not certain, that it was a lamentation for the idolatry of Aaron, near Mount Sinai.

to chide those around him for the profanation. It was not immediately that they could explain matters and pacify him; and then he sunk back into his shroud, and into the fixed apathetic gaze of dotage.

The Jew is looked upon, at Mocha, with an evil eye; suffering is, here, the badge of their poor tribe; the Arab may spit upon, and strike them: they are not allowed to wear a turban. They gain a livelihood by working as goldsmiths and jewellers; and it is said, and I believe truly, that they have private stills, and retail spirits to the less orthodox Mussulmans. Their best excuse for this unworthy practice is, that money they must gain; for the possession of money, with the appearance of poverty, form the present security, and the ever-ready and only defence of the wretched Jew; hence he is always stigmatised as usurious and covetous: the hot and haughty Mussulman stealing to the poor dwelling of the cold and self-denying Jew, to break his prophet's law, and show himself the slave of a sin so mean, furnishes to the mind no common picture.

We strolled one evening to the well, about two miles from the city, for no water fit for drinking is to be procured nearer; the water of those who can afford it comes from one yet five miles farther off, and the wealthiest inhabitants send to a spring twenty miles distant.

The neighbourhood of a well at even-tide, in Arabia, is no unpleasing scene; it is repose, perfect repose; the brimming troughs, the kneeling camels, the way-worn travellers. No animal looks so much at rest, or seems to enjoy it more than the kneeling camel, and nowhere does the tired wanderer throw out his limbs, or spread his arms behind his recumbent head, in a better posture for the full enjoyment of that indolently luxurious feeling, which follows upon fatigue, than the Arab driver.

But, think, reader, of a country where the waters are sold; here, at this brackish well, a sum is paid for the very horse which is led forth for his draught, and for each water-skin and pitcher there is a trifling charge.

Passing from hence, we crossed the

potter's field, with its mounds of broken sherds, and numbers of newly moulded vessels just put out to dry. In our walk home, we observed many vigorous, active young men, naked to the loins, playing at a game something like our prison-bars: they are a fine race here, men

> "To wrestle, run, and cast the stone,
> With nimble strength, and fair delivery."

Here also a group of handsome, fearless children came running after us for comashees*, all singing "Nakhoda, nakhoda," (the title they always give Englishmen,) in merry and cheerful repetition.

We visited the dowlah during our stay at Mocha, and afterwards saw him return from the mosque, in such petty state as his rank and means admit of.

There was a guard † at the entrance of his mansion, and another half-way up the

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* Small coins.

† Turkish and Arab guards all sit in their guard-rooms, alternately smoking, drinking coffee, and sleeping; the very sentry, if there is one, sits cross-legged at his post.

narrow staircase: the dowlah stood up, and shook hands. There were some old chairs placed for us: the apartment was mean; a stand in the centre with several hookahs; some matchlocks hung upon the wall; a few attendant soldiers, and one huge black; coffee was served, also kishu. The resident went with us; there was nothing said beyond the usual compliments: we were perfumed with frankincense, sprinkled with rose-water, and dismissed with the same forms as at our entrance.

The reader, who might attach to the station and rank of governor a something of dignity and freedom, will learn, with a smile, that the dowlah of Mocha is a black Abyssinian slave, not at all striking in his figure or appearance, or in any way remarkable; but, we were told, quiet, and civil to the Europeans, and not oppressive to the people. He has not the power of life and death, or of entering on hostilities without applying to the imaum of Senna, in whose family he was a slave, and whose authority he represents.

Nothing is more striking in the character

of slavery among the Arabs, Turks, and other Asiatics, than that it is a very common road to places of trust, dignity, and power: how very different might be the fortunes of two African boys, torn from the same savannah, and sold one to our colonies in the West, and the other marched across the desert, to the slave-marts of the East?

The black slaves, though they are often treated with confidence, loaded with wealth, and given military rank, are not, in many instances, thus distinguished; but from slaves of Georgian, or Greek parentage, seized, captured, or purchased, and educated with that view, it is well known, that the highest offices in the state and army, throughout the Turkish dominions, are almost invariably supplied.

From a window in the square, we saw the dowlah return from the mosque. He rode a beautiful little iron-grey, and was accompanied by about half-a-dozen persons, well dressed, and of some condition, and the like number of attendants, mounted on wretched horses, and meanly clothed. A large band of that regular Arab infantry

which forms the garrison, followed: their costume is plain; a common blue shirt, small dark turbans; a rude body-belt for their cartridges, and a priming horn. They marched in a wide front, their matchlocks sloped upon their shoulders, their free hands grasping the fore-arms of their comrades, and they sung in loud chorus some war-song of their country. When the dowlah bridled up at the gateway of his residence, these men ranged themselves on one side of the square, their rear-rank considerably behind their front, and fired three volleys in the air, retiring every time to the wall to load. The dowlah now indulged us with a little exhibition of his own horsemanship, and address with the lance. He encountered three of his suite in succession, engaging them in a manner quiet, even to tameness. It is not, however, unpleasing to mark, in how *very small* a space the combatants will circle; to see the lances lightly poised, with the points dropped low, and close to each other; to see the eye steadily fixed, and, at times, the sudden turn of the steed, and

lifting of the lance, and to mark the feint, the ready recovery, the close following up, and then the circling as before.

The variety in their costumes, for there were not two robes of a colour, and the ease with which they seemed to move in these loose garments, now filling with, now flying from the wind, gave a grace and animation to the picture; but one trifling circumstance added to the scene, in my eye, a very peculiar charm. Two of the horses had frontlets, or regular head-armour * of polished steel. Now there can be little doubt that these were old heir-looms, fashioned long centuries ago; and, without any great stretch of the imagination, we may suppose them to have glittered in the van of Arabian armies, and given bright warning of the battle-hour to the Templar and the Hospitaller, as they looked forth from the tall battlement, reposed in the open camp, or rode "aye ready for the field" on the scorched plains of Palestine.

* Thick plates of steel covering the head in its length and breadth, and standing well out from the skin to prevent a jar or bruise.

After much trouble with different applicants, all of whom were alike solicitous to let us a vessel, and alike determined to make us pay heavily, we engaged a fine khanja, called the Saaba (or Cloud), to convey us to Kosseir; we also hired as servant an intrepreter, a fine Arab youth, who had been much about the American factory in his boyhood, and enjoyed the rare advantage of learning our language at that early age. As far as he knew it, he pronounced it not only well, but with a peculiarly pleasing accent. The day before we took our departure, this young Arab was married. An advance of twenty dollars provided his wedding feast, and the apparel of his bride: and, after an absence of eighteen hours, he returned in wedding garments, with a new sabre, of which he was not a little vain, and cheerfully prepared for the voyage. The same evening we embarked, and sailed away from Mocha. Our vessel * was delightfully cool,

* These sort of boats, though very large, are without any deck, save a little on the bows and that of the awn-

airy, convenient, and entirely to ourselves. We had a nakhoda, a pilot, and about twenty seamen, and we had allowed a messenger, returning to Djidda, whence he had been sent with despatches for our resident, to embark with us.

This first night we sailed throughout, and dropped anchor the next afternoon, near the little rocky isle of Kamaran: the following day we ran past Loheia, and again anchored at sunset; this, in fact, afterwards was the regular custom. We were thirteen days running to Djidda; the navigation is intricate, the shoals of coral numerous, but the waters smooth, and clear as pilot could desire; 'twas beautiful to look down into this brightly-transparent sea, and mark the coral here in large masses of honey-combed rock, there in light branches of a pale-red hue, and the beds of green sea-weed, and the golden sand, and the shells, and the fish sporting round your

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ing, under which is the cabin, open to the front, without ports or windows, but with a neat open-work at the sides, superior to either for light, air, and cheerfulness.

vessel, and making colours, of a beauty to your eye, which is not their own.

Twice or thrice we ran on after dark for an hour or two, and though we were all familiar with the "sparkling of the sea round the boat of night," never have I seen it, in other waters, so superlatively splendid. A rope dipped in it, and drawn forth, came up as a string of gems, but with a light, and life, and motion, the diamond does not know.

At a place called Camfidia, we landed, and had little satisfaction for our trouble. We got into our small boat, and rowed for the shore; but, as she soon grounded, we had to wade some hundred yards through the water. The town appeared a miserable, ruined place, with a broken-down wall. We were not allowed to enter, but took a walk and run on the beach. Here some rough-looking fellows, armed, came and told our Arab youth that the sultaun, as they termed the slave, who ruled this petty fishing port, ordered us to our vessel, as he never suffered Christians to land there. They had insult and even menace in their

manner: we walked back, but with that leisure pace, that tone, and those smiles which belong to stifled vexation. A few minutes after the dowlah repented, and sent to invite us in, but it was now our turn to decline; so, with naked limbs, we splashed our way back to the boat, overtaken by part of our smiling, good-tempered crew, who had been to the bazaar; and consoled by our young Arab, who, with the amusing air of a Mocha citizen, said they were a poor, ignorant race, and governed by an African black. Abdallah, however, the messenger, not a little diverted us, for he came on board boasting that he had quarrelled with the dowlah about us, had been threatened with the bastinado, and had, in his turn, threatened to bring down the vengeance of pashas and agas, and I know not whom, upon this poor governor.

Abdallah was a strange being, quite a character; his father had been a Turk, his mother an Arab, and he born an Alexandriote; in his boyhood having lived with an English officer, when our troops

were in Egypt, and, as a man, having long served as a spy, and letter-carrier for Ali Pasha; a large, dark fellow, familiar with the tossing wave, and the sandy camel path, talking such broken language as would make him intelligible be driven where he might; a slave to no fears in risking his neck for money, and to no prejudices of faith, custom, or country, in seeking the pleasures which it afforded; though a servant himself, he had a poor fellow as his, named, I remember, Mouseh (Moses), and this ancient name he was continually vociferating, now for dates, now coffee and the pipe, and, not unfrequently, for the less orthodox indulgence of good strong brandy.

Deducting largely from the truth of them, he made us smile at some of his tales and adventures, having travelled, as he told us, half over the Turkish dominions in Greece, in Italy, in France, and in England, that is at *Gibraltar!*

We found it necessary, though, to keep him at a distance; and, by doing so, caused him to behave very respectfully, and with propriety.

We had very few opportunities of going on shore, as we generally anchored for the night behind some coral reef a mile or two from it. One evening we ran in somewhat nearer, at the point called Ras el Askar, and quite threaded our way between rocks and shoals. Anchoring ground there was none, but our amphibious mariners, with five slight grappling-hooks, soon made us a secure riding. The sight here of some slopes rising from the shore, and of a spreading plain beyond, thinly covered with herbage, that seemed to struggle for existence against the barren soil it broke from, but made not verdant, attracting our gaze, we soon discovered a camel or two, a few straggling cattle, some goats, and the form of a man. We put out our boat, rowed to the shallows, and again had a wade of it above our knees to the land. On gaining the top of the slopes, we saw, about two miles off, a cluster of tents and huts, large herds of cattle, and many camels; within a few hundred yards of us, a flock of goats, a goat-herd and child, a few stray camels, and a herdsman or two, advancing in other direc-

tions. Our party, that is, pilot, Turk, and sailors, all halted in a cluster, and called loudly after us, for going forward. To the first herdsman I met, I gave the "*Taieeb*" * and the hand. He had evidently a hurried and confused look of alarm, but our young Arab came up, and spoke to him, and he became assured. Nothing, however, could induce the nakhoda and pilot either to go over to the huts themselves, or to trust us there. They went so far as to threaten to row off, and set sail if we attempted it. Perhaps they were right, and perhaps these people are, as they stated, treacherous, hostile, and not to be trusted; or perhaps, what they did not state, may be more to the purpose, the crews, Turk, Arab, and African, which sail these seas, may have occasionally plundered the far-straying flocks, and beaten or slain the herdsman of the tribe, and gentler or weaker visitors might suffer for their piratical violence. To me it was a sad disappointment, and I am convinced that, with the salutation of peace on our lips, and a

* "Good," a friendly salutation.

trifling present in our hands, we might safely have visited these people. However, as it was, we only stretched our limbs on the barren soil, now stooped to pluck a handful of the coarse pale grass, and now to free our limbs from the prickles of that sour and thorny plant, which grows in these wildernesses for the patient and hardy camel. We found in our ramble the traces of an old castle, built of coral stone — mere traces — just stones enough to show by their disposition where the walls had been, and that there was a round tower at each angle. We sauntered on the yellow beach, where the large pearl oyster-shells lay in numbers, or, from the higher bank, looked wistfully on the distant scene of life and habitation. The grazing camel, at that hour when the desert reddens with the setting sun, is a fine object to the eye which seeks and feeds on the picturesque — his tall, dark form — his indolently leisure walk — his ostrich neck, now lifted to its full height, now bent slowly, and far around, with a look of unalarmed enquiry. You cannot gaze upon him, without, by the readiest and most na-

tural suggestions, reverting in thought to the world's infancy — to the times and possessions of the shepherd kings, their tents and raiment, their journeyings and settlings. The scene, too, in the distance, and the hour, eventide, and the uncommon majesty of that dark, lofty, and irregular range of rocky mountain, which ends in the black cape of Ras el Askar*, formed an assemblage not to be forgotten.

On our return to the boat we found that our Arab youth had purchased some sheep, and going into the flock, I selected a milch goat, very prettily marked, with udders full, and swelling with promise. The old grey-bearded herdsman sold her readily enough, though he offered rather any other; but the child, a little girl † of about eight years of age, naked, save a rag round her middle,

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* Or Soldier's Cape.

† In the days of their idolatry, the ancient Arabs often buried alive their daughters at six years of age. "Perfume and adorn her that I may carry her to her mother," was his inhuman command. If preserved, a garment of hair was given her, and she was sent to tend sheep or camels in the desert.

looked after her as she saw her struggling with her horns, prettily, but vainly, against the sailor, who dragged her off, as after something which had shared her childish affections. It was late when we returned on board; there were yet other sights and sounds along the shore, not common on this solitary coast and silent sea. Many sea-fowl were winging to their rocky nests, and the curlew's shrill cry might be readily distinguished.

We made the harbour of Djidda on the 9th of February; as we had a coasting pilot on board, we ran directly in, but the approach must be very anxious for vessels of any size or burden. The coral reefs are numerous, and covered with water, the passages between them narrow, nor are these free from detached and sunken rocks: it was already the afternoon. Abdallah walked the poop with an air of delighted importance, begged leave to look through the glass; and long before we came up, "Now," said he, "they see *me*, they know *me*, they will send a boat for *me*." True enough they did. We had letters for Hussein Aga,

a wealthy and respectable Turk, an agent to Ali Pasha, and enjoying also that appointment to our East India Company; and we had also a letter for the governor.

Early the next morning the captain of the port* came for us in his boat, and Abdallah with him. Whether Abdallah had been drinking, or indulging in opium, I know not, but the expression of his countenance was ludicrously grave; and, at last, in a half whisper, he came out with some story, in which he mixed up the heads of Malta, a British fleet, Alexandria, firing but not war yet, the striking of a consul's flag, Mohammed Ali Pasha, Istamboul, the Greeks, and the Russians, in a manner utterly unintelligible. In consequence of what the resident had told us at Mocha, although we laughed at this confused tale, we were not without a fear that some change in our political relations might interrupt our journey, and compel us to re-

* A kind of deputy comes, a respectable man enough in appearance, whom you give a present to for his attendance and the use of the boat.

trace our steps; but, determined to enjoy whatever novelty the day might bring with it, we sprang into the boat, and were rowed to the government-house. Rustan Aga, the governor, received us with some state. He was seated in his divan-window, smoking, and reclining on a crimson cushion; two elderly, respectable-looking Turks were seated on either hand; four chairs were placed for us; and the room, which was large, was filled with armed attendants. Abdallah stood opposite, near the rail of the divan, as interpreter*; his face all glazed and clammy from his last night of sleeplessness and excess, and our young Arab behind us. The usual compliments passed. Hookahs were brought; then coffee; then, in very handsome glasses, sherbet with rose-water in it; and handsome napkins, worked with gold thread, to wipe the beards.† All this occupied some time, and the silence

* Our youth could not speak Turkish; the court language here.

† And we had beards to wipe, and long ones, for we had not shaved since we left India. *I speak not of their comeliness.*

was occasionally broken, on both sides, by some formal, unimportant question or observation. * The whole scene and grouping left a strong impression on me. Rustan Aga himself was a fine-looking, haughty, martial man, with mustachios, but no beard; he wore a robe of scarlet cloth. Hussein Aga, who sat on his left, had a good profile, a long, grizzled beard, with a black ribbon bound over one eye, to conceal its loss. He wore a robe of pale blue. The other person, Araby Jellauny, was an aged and a very plain man. The attendants, for the most part, wore large dark-brown dresses, fashioned into the short Turkish vest or jacket, and the large, full, Turkish trowsers; their sashes were crimson, and the heavy ornamented buts of their pistols protruded from them; their crooked scimitars hung in silken cords before them; they had white

* These are always the same; as, "The governor wishes health to you." — "Is there war in your country?" — "Is there war in India?" — "Where do you come from?" — "Where are you going?" — "How many days' journey is it?" — "Have you been well treated?" — "Have you any want?" &c. &c.

turbans, large mustachios, but the cheek and chin cleanly shaven. Their complexions were in general very pale, as of men who pass their lives in confinement. They stood with their arms folded, and their eyes fixed on us. I shall never forget them. There were a dozen or more. I saw nothing like this after, not even in Egypt, for Djidda is an excellent government, both on account of its port, and its vicinity to Mecca; and Rustan Aga had a large establishment, and was something of a magnifico. He has the power of life and death. A word, a sign from him, and these men, who stand before you in an attitude so respectful, with an aspect so calm, so pale, would smile and slay you. We know that the name of Englishman is a tower of strength, — that he may sit among these despotic lords, fearless, proud, and cheerful. So indeed may all Europeans whose countries are strong enough to protect their subjects. But we have to do with the manners of these people; and we know that not fourteen years have past, since Ali Pasha, whom I have heard *laugh*, as the

assembled beys of the Mamelukes passed forth from the hall of audience, whither he had invited them, gave the signal for a general massacre of them and their brave followers. Such is the Turk.

On leaving the governor's, we proceeded to Hussein Aga's, who followed us home, and was very civil and attentive. We did nothing but smoke, drink coffee, and lounge on the broad-cushioned seats of the divan. Of all the idle conversation, I can only recollect two questions of Hussein Aga's; one related to the age of young Napoleon, and the other to one of the jewels in Napoleon's imperial crown, the value of which he said was *seven years' revenue of Egypt ! !* Here I first saw the true scribe; well robed, and dressed in turban, trowsers, and soft slipper, like one of rank among the people; his inkstand with its pen-case has the look of some weapon, and is worn like a dagger in the folds of the sash; it is of silver or brass — this was of silver. When summoned to use it, he takes some paper out of his bosom, cuts it into shape with scissors, then writes his letter by dictation,

presents it for approval; it is tossed back to him with a haughty and careless air, and the ring drawn off and passed or thrown to him, to affix the seal. He does every thing on his knees, which are tucked up to serve him as a desk. Our host provided us a handsome repast; and as he insisted on our having it with a table, chairs, knives, and forks, after the European fashion, he did not join us, but left us to make ourselves comfortable, while he went to his evening siesta. There were no less, I think, than fourteen different dishes, — seven in each large tray; — soups, stews, pilaus, forcemeats, excellent pastry, preparations of milk, and a bowl of sherbet with raisins floating on its brim. We found most of the dishes very well dressed; made a very hearty dinner; there was a basin with a cullender, a servant with ewer and towels; and, after washing our hands, we again lounged, smoked, and sipped coffee, till the cool of the evening, when we walked out with an attendant janizary to see the bazaar. At the corner of the lane leading into it sat some merry cobblers; they gave the good-humoured smile, and the

"taieeh," and looked kind and cheerful. I know not how it is, I have remarked almost wherever I have travelled, that the cobbler is a good-tempered fellow. They are a family of men who pass their lives in doing kind jobs: and tyranny, even Turkish tyranny, reaches not so low.

> "Princes may pick their suffering nobles out,
> And one by one employ them to the block;
> But when they once grow formidable to
> Their clowns and cobblers, 'ware then.

Now this is just what the Porte does. Pashas, and agas, and wealthy ministers or merchants, are the victims of its bloody oppression; for the rest, the husbandman drives his plough, and the smith plies his anvil in comparative security. The aspect of the population at Djidda differs much from that of Mocha; there are more well-dressed people; better shops; instead of the thin flat cakes, there are small loaves of good wheaten bread; there are more coffee-houses, and of a better appearance. The buildings are in general of coral-stone, and some are spacious and handsome. The

latticed wood-work of the windows is ornamentally carved, and has a pretty effect. Not a Bedouin was to be seen; what most gratified me was the sight of the Turkish soldiery; there was a large body in garrison here — a division of that army which had been sent from Egypt against the Hedjaz, two or three years before. Scattered in groups through the bazaar, and reclining or squatted on the benches of the coffee-houses, these men were everywhere to be seen; some in turbans and vests covered with tarnished embroidery; others only in waistcoats, with the small red cap, the red stocking, the bare knee, the white kilt, the loose shirt sleeve, which, with many, was tucked up to the very shoulder, and shewed a nervous, hairy arm; all had pistols in their red girdles. Their complexions and features various; but very many among them had eyes of the lightest colours, and the hair on their upper lips of a sun-scorched brown or of a dirty yellow. They have a look at once indolent and ferocious, such as the tiger would have basking in the sun, and they are not less savage. The Turkish

soldier would sit, smoke, and sleep, for a year or years together; he hates exertion, scorns discipline, but has within him a capability of great efforts, and an undaunted spirit. He will rise from his long rest to give the "wild halloo," and rush fearless to the battle. These troops were originally sent to Egypt from Constantinople, and were alike familiar with the snows of Thrace and the sun of Arabia; men who had, perhaps, seen the Russian in his firs, or bivouacked near the dark-rolling Danube. Such are the men who shed the blood of the peaceful Greek families in the gardens of Scio; and such are the men (let it not be forgotten) who, a short century ago, encamped under the walls of Vienna.*

On our return to the boat we went into some mills where they were grinding the corn of Egypt, and saw a white-faced, cruel looking master beating a stout Arab servant.

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* I heartily wish that the Turks were driven out of Europe, aye, even though it should make the Emperor Alexander master of Constantinople. He would find it a hot birth, I fancy, and one that would give him full occupation.

As we put off from the shore I observed a Turkish soldier standing alone, and looking earnestly after us ; I had observed the same man to cross and dog us with no common gaze while walking in the bazaars. It now struck me that he was probably an Englishman, a renegade. I asked Abdallah if there were any among the troops ; he said there were two or three. I felt confirmed in my conjecture.

Another thing he told us, which much shocked us, that there were two English boys in the most degraded service with the governor ; they were in the very room when we had our audience of him, but stood behind us. The next evening, when we were on shore, he pointed out these boys — one at the gate, whom I saw distinctly, very well dressed, laughing, and careless ; the other at a window, who appeared (he was distant) taller and very pale : my fancy made him, my heart wished him, sad.

We sailed again on the morning of the 12th ; on the 17th we ran into the little harbour of Yambo, and anchored under the very walls of the governor's residence,

which are washed by the sea. Three of us visited him in the evening; he was an old man of very quiet, kind manners. A fine rough-looking, old, bearded Turk (an officer, for he sat), two black attendants, armed, a Georgian slave-boy, and two favourite greyhounds, which lay stretched on the cushions, formed the grouping in his little apartment. He was uncommonly civil both in his enquiries as to our wants, and his offers of service. After taking coffee, and smoking the hookah, we took our leave, and walked out with one of the black soldiers for a guide; we passed through the town*, which is very small, and most miserable and wretched in its aspect; the people poor and ill-clothed, and a few groups of discontented-looking Turkish soldiers. We went out at the Medina gate, and found ourselves, at once, in the sandy and cheerless desert: we walked about a mile and a half to

* It is one of the points of disembarkation for pilgrims from Africa.

some Arab tents; they had most of them the central compartment open, those at the two ends carefully enclosed for their women. One of the Arabs courteously asked us to gratify our curiosity, by entering his tent. They are protection against the cold night-wind of the desert, which is all in fact that the Arab requires; for the climate being dry, he is seldom troubled by rain, and to the burning sun he is indifferent; these light, thin tents* would be a very poor and insufficient shelter against its powerful rays. These were a few Arabs, who had come down from their tribe (not a regular warlike one) for the purposes of traffic. The camel and the goat were browsing or reposing near them. We walked back into the town, and re-entered it by a different gateway; a small, poor, rude thing, of stone indeed, and arched, insignificant as that which would open on the court-yard of a rustic *auberge*, in many

* They are of goats' hair, of a *much finer* texture than our coal-sacks, but of the same dull colours; they have a dreary, melancholy look.

parts of France, which have escaped the picturesque-destroying touch of improvement. We could not repress a smile when our guide called our attention to it, as "the gate of Egypt!" We crossed a burial-ground crowded with small tombs; he stopped us once more to point to a silent windmill, and told us, as if he would compliment us, that it had been erected by a "Nazarine," one who had died in this place, — he knew not of his grave, — *somewhere in the sand!* It was late and dark, every thing wore a gloomy appearance. The Nazarine's unmarked, forgotten, and lonely resting-place, — peace to him!

"The grave is but a calmer bed,
Where mortals sleep a longer sleep,
A shelter for the houseless head,
A spot where wretches cease to weep."

We sailed away the next morning: we had sent the old governor a present of English *medicine** (wine and brandy); but

* Under this title, often received as a truly acceptable present; many require not even the disguise of the name.

he told our youth that he feared the observations of his household, and he returned it, begging a present of fine priming powder and flints, which we sent. We received from him, in return, a basket of fruit (pomegranates from Egypt), the finest I ever saw.

We had an escape of being run upon a coral reef on the 20th. It blew rather fresh; they were slow and awkward in taking in sail, and we ran past a little entrance in the reef so narrow that we had nothing to spare: we lay all night in a most insecure anchorage, very far out from the land, and closely surrounded on all sides by rock and shoal. On the 21st we were in a bay of some interest and beauty: three of us went on shore; we found a cartridge; and we met an Arab with a camel-load of wood, and a woman. He came down to the beach and sold his wood. I, in spite of the nakhoda's remonstrance, took a walk a mile or more inland, over the sand hills; there was no tent, hut, man, or animal to be seen. The tribe from whence the Arab had come, attracted by our white sail, as

he had seen it in the morning bearing up for this anchorage, was five or six miles distant. I saw therefore nothing, but felt the luxury of being for a short time alone, and alone in a solitude where fancy might listen for those

> " Airy tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

As we sat at sunset on our poop, sipping our coffee, *à la Turque*, we were much struck with the scene. A broken bank of sand ran out from the shore in a singular form; eaten into by the wave, it thrust forth a long head, somewhat narrowing to a point, and flattened on the top, presenting to the fanciful eye, as the red sun set behind it and threw it into shadow, a giant alligator, the monster of some Arabian fiction, placed there by magic, to guard the shore.

The next day we anchored in a bay of extreme wildness called Istabel Antar (the stable of Antar.) Two other khanjas lay here. It was a cold, chill, gloomy day: we had some rain. In the evening I took a

walk on shore, and climbed a hill about four hundred feet in height: the country far as the eye could reach, wore one unvarying aspect: an ocean of ash-coloured hillocks, from forty to fifty feet in height; among these wound natural untrodden roads, like the channels of rivers, but slate-coloured. How scathed, how desolate it looked! Two of my companions, who had gone on shore before me, and with whom I sat here enjoying the scene, returned down the face of the hill by which I had ascended, and I descended on the other side by a rugged and deep-worn watercourse; and as I stood below, I summoned up the black Antar* in his position of stern repose; his limbs gathered up and crossed before him on his saddle, his throne of power! Excuse this nonsense, reader; it was with me the very charm of travelling. I do not profess—I cannot write to inform you—I only ask admission to your fireside to talk, just to paint faithfully what I saw, and only

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* Vide Hamilton's translation of Antar.

what I felt, and thus idly, yet innocently, to come into secret communing with spirits like my own.

It was dusk when I returned round the base of the hill. Though not very near to him, I disturbed and alarmed an Arab, whom I did not even perceive till he mounted, made his kneeling camel rise up, and stole off into the shades of night. I found some wood, in faggots, lying on the deserted beach: I put a piece of money on the top of one, to surprise the Arab, should he come there on the morrow, and, hailing for the small-boat, went off again to join our quiet little circle. On the 26th, we ran to a little spot, called Bheer Sultaun, from four ancient wells; there are seven small clumps of palms near them, and the delight we felt at seeing them, excused to us the warmth of Arab descriptions, whenever they have to speak of trees or water. Of a truth, the water here was excellent; "sweet," they termed it, "as the fine sugar of Egypt." We took a walk to the wells: they are faced with stone, parapetted, and the masonry good:

the marks of the ropes all round their mouths are numerous and very deep — the wearing away of long ages. The Arabs say they are very ancient, and their true old name, " the Father's Wells ;" so that they probably were afterwards faced by some Egyptian ruler as a watering-place for his Indian traders.

We took in water here. The aspect of the country from a hill above the well is dreary ; the same low, wavy hillocks all around, save one, called Gebel Shah, which is the monarch-mountain of this coast, and hath a lofty, broken, Parnassus-like, naked top. Close to the beach we found some heaps of charcoal. A few poor wretches live in a cavern hard by : the wood is brought from some considerable distance ; they burn it here, and sell it, or send it across to the other coast, as opportunity offers. One of my friends returned on shore from the vessel with a small supply of biscuit for these poor people, which they thankfully received. On the 1st of March we passed Moilah, and ran up into the Gulf of Acaba: we sailed, for many hours, over or among

large and beautifully green shoals, and cast our anchor on the shore of Midian: it is a silent, unpeopled shore; the "very great company" of early ages has, with them, passed away: still, however, from the opposite side of the gulf, the rugged mountains of Arabia the Stony frown distinctly upon you. * Sinai is one of this rude and lofty chain. I know not if its awful summit was seen by us; but where we lay, the fisher in his bark, "when the God of Israel, even our God, spake to his chosen people," must have heard the thunder, and seen the lightning cloud.

We stretched across the gulf the next day, and anchored near an isle, called Terah. When the sun set we again weighed, and ran over to the Egyptian coast, passing the straits of *Jubal*. 'Twas late ere we lay down to rest; and when the morning dawned, we were close under the land, bearing

* Gladly should we have visited this spot, but we could not have done it without passing round by Tor, a considerable *détour*, and one requiring arrangements with our vessel, &c., which we had not made. The Arabs called the whole range Sinai.

up for Kosseir, in which harbour we came to anchor on the afternoon of the 3d of March. On the following morning, after breakfast, we landed, and waited on the governor, an elderly, hard-featured, unprepossessing man. After coffee, we were conducted to a house appropriated to travellers.

Kosseir is a very poor-looking place, but its market is well and plentifully supplied. You drink the sweet water of the Nile, and eat of vegetables from the valley through which it flows. The costume of the inhabitants is dull; they all wear the robe of capuchin brown, common to the fellahs of Egypt, and every one carries a long pipe in his hand. A few Turks or Arabs, in the employ of the Pasha, the merchants, and nakhodas, who frequent the port, and a few soldiers, enliven the bazaar, contribute to the support of a respectable coffee-house, and account for the existence of a commodious mosque, of late erection, built of stone. In our evening walk, we found a garden some forty yards square, two trees, and a few wells of brackish water; we also saw a small Arab encampment; and some

sailors at play near the gate, at a game not unlike trap-ball. One of these sailors had long full thick curls, one on each side of the head, very similar to those on the ancient statues in Egypt.

We saw and exchanged bows with a very good-looking well-dressed man, who the next day called on us, and introduced himself as one Peter John, a Greek, and a mercantile agent of the pasha's: we had him to dine with us: he drank his wine; was communicative, and abundantly diverted us. A Turkish soldier, named Mustapha (the same who had accompanied Colonel Fitzclarence), came, and begged us to ask the governor for him as our guide or orderly, to Thebes. He sat down behind our chairs, drank the brandy we gave him as if it was wine, and every now and then pressed his petition, as an affair of no little consequence.

The governor paid us a visit the next day: we gave him a pipe, and (a sherbet, as we called it) some raspberry vinegar and water. Soon after he got home, he sent to say that he was ill, and wanted to know

what was in the sherbet we gave him. We assured him it was perfectly innocent; and he then sent for a few bottles, that, like a child, he might succeed in making himself sick again. On the morning of the 6th, the Turk (not Mustapha, but an officer) appointed to attend us, came to say that the camels should be ready at the serai two hours after mid-day, so that we might start, and make a short march that evening. This Turk was a very respectable-looking well-dressed man: his vest and large loose breeches of fine blue cloth, embroidered with silk, his waistcot of a deep blood-red, his gaiter, stocking, or greave, of a like colour, and bordered with silk embroidery. We now finally settled with our nakhoda, and gave a liberal buckshees to the crew; nor can I part with them silently, I must not forget their morning pipe, although it is utterly out of my power to convey the comic effect of the scene: one pipe filled, and freely given as a dram might be, is lighted by the Siddi cook, and carried by him in succession to every sailor: nobody is allowed to take more than *one* puff — but *such*

a puff! a long deep inspiration, and a never-ending volume of smoke suffered slowly to escape from the opened mouth. Germany, with all her pipes and whiskers, never saw the like! Oh, that Teniers had! They were a most cheerful, well-behaved, willing set, alike distinct from the kind of men who sailed with us from Bombay to Mocha, and from the Arab boatmen we found upon the Nile. They had a very peculiar and pleasing song to which they lowered the sail every evening; and one* of an active stirring nature, to which they hoisted it each morning.

It is the custom with them for the pilot† to lead their devotions; an idea which has something in it pleasing, and one of the most ancient customs both with the Greeks and Romans, the pilot always poured out the libation at the helm, and consecrated

* "Eh Bab Allah Kurreem, Eh Bab Allah Kurreem" was the chorus cry of this hymn, uttered at every haul.

† We shall long remember, and not without smiles, the solemn sighing drawl and uplifted eyes of our Djidda pilot.

the garland hung over the prow. A fine young Abyssinian, whom we used to laugh at as he sat of a morning with his little glass cleaning his white teeth, painting his eyelids, and dressing up his naked person with as much care as a dandy in the civilized West, looked after us with, I believe, unfeigned regret; and but for the nakhoda, who, having married his sister, was a brother and a guardian, would have followed us to Cairo. *

At two o'clock our camels were brought, our baggage loaded, our saddles firmly fixed on the pack-saddles of those selected for our riding. Mustapha made himself very busy and very useful, received his present, made his salaam, and we set forward. There is, at first, a feeling of awkwardness and uneasiness at the unaccustomed motion of the camel, not entirely free from alarm lest you should be precipitated from your lofty seat;

* This youth was a Christian born, and by profession: he never joined the crew in their devotions, the only circumstance by which you could have discovered it, for he had no book, form, or practice of his own. I saw no prejudice against him; all seemed to like him.

and there is, moreover, a sense of the ridiculous. As you look upon the turbans, the cloaks, the folding garments, or open loose shirt-like vests of those around you, you feel *out of character with the scene.* It is, however, but a passing annoyance; in a very few miles you become acquainted with the pace and motion of your animal; and, though slow, it is not disagreeable, till towards the close of a day's journey, when it is, of a truth, achingly wearisome. This would not be the case with the regular-paced camel; he has an ambling trot, smooth and easy, and the best are very fleet; but ours were beasts of burden, and though we contrived, now and then, to urge them for a few hundred yards, into a trot, they were heavy at it, and soon relapsed into their measured walk.

We halted, the first evening, at the wells, about 11 miles from Kosseir. It was already dark, so we did not pitch our tent, but spread our mats upon the sand, our camels kneeling round us; made a cheerful repast of cold provisions; and lay down to rest with the starry firmament for a canopy.

From the purity of the atmosphere, the planets shine out, of a size and with a lustre, surprising even to the eye of an old resident in India. You look upon them and feel sad, as the power of sleep steals upon your heavy eyelid, and shuts *out* the glorious vision: yet the last conscious thought is that of love, where love alone should be directed.

We started the following morning about six. For two hours the land-wind was cool enough; but as the sun gained power, the heat became scorching and oppressive. About eleven we halted under the shadow of a rock, and refreshed ourselves. In a northern country it is a "traveller in the day of the sun," which conveys an image of joy and content. Here it is the traveller drinking from his cruise of water under the high overshadowing rock; the kneeling camel, and the sleeping driver.

The road through the desert is most wonderful in its features: a finer cannot be imagined. It is wide, hard, firm, winding, for at least two thirds of the way, from Kosseir to Thebes, between ranges of rocky

hills, rising often perpendicularly on either side, as if they had been scarped by art; here again, rather broken, and overhanging, as if they were the lofty banks of a mighty river, and you traversing its dry and naked bed. Now you are quite landlocked; now again you open on small valleys, and see, upon heights beyond, small square towers.* It was late in the evening when we came to our ground, a sort of dry bay; sand, burning sand, with rock and cliff, rising in jagged points, all around;—a spot where the waters of ocean might sleep in stillness, or, with the soft voice of their gentlest ripple, lull the storm-worn mariner. The dew of the night before had been heavy, we there-

* They incline to the pyramidal but truncated form. These are found along the whole line of road, communicating with each other, according to the nature of it, at very unequal distances. They haveevidently been signal stations. I do not think it improbable they are of great antiquity, as this road, between Thebes and the shore of the Red Sea, must have been known and frequented long before the time of the Ptolemies. In three or four places are traces of serais, with clear marks of circular towers at the angles. These are evidently Moorish, are in the plain, and may be of the time of the caliphs, or as late as Solyman the Magnificent.

fore pitched our tent, and decided on starting, in future, at a very early hour in the morning, so as to accomplish our march before noon. It was dark when we moved off, and even cold. Your camel is impatient to rise ere you are well seated on him; gives a shake, too, to warm his blood, and half dislodges you; marches rather faster than by day; and gives, occasionally, a hard quick stamp with his broad callous foot. Our moon was far in her wane. She rose, however, about an hour after we started, all red, above the dark hills on our left; yet higher rose, and paler grew, till at last she hung a silvery crescent in the deep blue sky. I claim for the traveller a love of that bright planet, far beyond what the fixed and settled resident can ever know;—the meditation of the lover, the open lattice, the guitar, the villager's castanets, are all in sweet character with the moon, or on her increase, or full-orbed; but the traveller (*especially in the East*), he loves her in her wane; so does the soldier at his still picquet of the night; and the sailor, on his silent watch, when she comes and breaks in

upon the darkness of the night to soothe and bless him.

Who passes the desert, and says all is barren, all lifeless? In the grey morning you may see the common pigeon, and the partridge, and the pigeon of the rock, alight before your very feet, and come upon the beaten camel-paths for food. They are tame, for they have not learned to fear, or to distrust the men who pass these solitudes. The camel-driver would not lift a stone to them; and the sportsman could hardly find it in his heart to kill these gentle tenants of the desert: the deer might tempt him; I saw but one; far, very far, he caught the distant camel-tramp, and paused, and raised and threw back his head to listen; then away; to the road instead of from it; far a-head he crossed it, and then off up a long slope he fleetly stole to some solitary spring, which wells, perhaps, where no traveller, no human being, has ever trod. Here and there you meet with something of green,— a tree alone, or two, nay, in one vale you may see some eight or ten; these are the acacias; small-leaved

and thorny, yet kind, in that "they forsake not these forsaken places." You have affections in the desert too; your patient and docile camel is sometimes vainly urged, if his fellow or his driver be behind; he will stop, and turn, and give that deep hoarse gurgling sound, by which he expresses uneasiness and displeasure. It is something to have rode, though but for a few days, the camel of the desert. We always associate the horse with the Arab warrior, and the horse alone; also the crooked scimitar. Now these belong to the Syrian, and the Persian, the Mameluke, and the Turk as well. The camel is peculiar to the Arab alone. It was on the camel that Mahomet performed his flight to Medina. It was on a white she-camel that he made his entry into that city. Seventy camels were arrayed by his side in the Vale of Beder. And it was on his own red camel that the Caliph Omar, with his wooden dish and leathern water-bottle, and bag of dates, came to receive the keys of the holy city of Jerusalem, and the submission and homage of the patriarch Sophronius. More-

over, it is on a winged white camel, in a golden saddle, that the Moslem, who is faithful to the end, believes that he shall ride hereafter.

As we stopped for a while to-day, to alight, one of my companions asking a driver how far we were from the wells, he replied to him, I observed, by pointing to the shadow as it then lay, then raised his hand, and following the sun's course, pointed again to where it would be at the hour of our arrival. His dial is the rock, the solitary thorn, or the tall camel which he leads.

They are a patient, and hardy race of men, not so cheerful as the muleteer, yet have they a song. It is a rude prolonged cry: when very loud, barbarous, and unharmonious; when lower and deeper, (as in the heat of noon, or towards the close of a long march,) it is sad, not unpleasing to the ear, in perfect unison with the dull scene around, and the slow toil of journeying in the desert.

When the camel-train is not under the control of the private traveller, it goes in-

cessantly from rise to set of sun, and often far into the night, or moves earlier than the dawn, according to the distances, at which water is procurable, or other well-known arrangements. The pace of the camel is but two miles and a half an hour, somewhat less in the heat of the day. Cold hard eggs are the common food of the drivers, and indeed of all native travellers on these marches *; all carry long pipes; during halts, they make a fire of camels' dung; knead up their thin cakes of wheat, or dhourra flour, in a coarse piece of leather they carry for the purpose; sweep the ashes from the sand; deposit their cake; sweep the ashes over it again; and, as soon as it is baked, they eat with cheerfulness their daily bread.

"With how small allowance
Untroubled Nature doth herself suffice."

The antiquarian, but the antiquarian will never read a book like this,—he would throw it behind the fire,—the reader, then,

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* That is, on this route between the Nile and Kosseir.

whoever he may be, will smile as I relate the scene which follows:—

As we jogged heavily along, one of my companions called my attention to the face of a granite rock on the left of the road, saying, he saw, or fancied he saw, an inscription,—we turned towards it, and alighted; on a smooth piece of the black granite there were traced some twenty or thirty lines of hieroglyphic characters; so very slight was the tracing, that it had the appearance of being little more than a scratching with some imperfect instrument, and the lines, which were of no depth, had a whitish look, as if recently made; I, at once, set them down as the imitative scratches of some ingenious modern traveller, who had rested on that spot, with a sketch of some hieroglyphics in his portfolio; these characters, from which I turned with the incredulous smile of fancied discernment, had been traced by the Egyptian sculptor at least twenty centuries before. I was soon undeceived; we found more of the same writing above, and to the left, but executed with greater care, and having

the figures of Osiris, Isis, and the god Mendes cut in with numbers of close small lines, and finished with great neatness. On the opposite side of the road also, we found a large handsome sarcophagus of granite, which had been cut on the spot, broken in the effort to move it, and abandoned, — looking like the accident and disappointment of yesterday. Nothing more strangely impressed me at the time, and afterwards, than that awful aspect of recent execution, which stamps so peculiar a character on the ruins of ancient Egypt. We continued our march to Hamamaat, halted under a lone acacia tree, and found a beautifully built deep well.* Here in the road lay another broken and abandoned sarcophagus: the next morning we started early, and rode to the Legayta wells without dismounting. Myself and one of my companions pressed on a-head, and got there an hour before the party; the camels obediently knelt down; and we entered the smoke blackened serai. The scene

* A late work.

around you here is desert, soft, sandy desert, such as your mind associates with the word. The country is open,— not exactly flat, — but the elevated parts are of gentle, long, undulating forms. I saw the mirage here, and to great advantage; but to the Indian traveller, that strange and fancy-stirring phenomenon, is not a novelty!

It was soon after daybreak, on the morrow, just as the sun was beginning to give his rich colouring of golden yellow to the white pale sand, that, as I was walking alone at some distance far a-head of my companions, my eyes bent on the ground, and lost in thought, their kind and directing shout made me stop, and raise my head, when lo! a green vale, looking through the soft mist of morning, rather a vision, than a reality, lay stetched in its narrow length before me. *The Land of Egypt!* We hurried panting on, and gazed, and were silent. In an hour we reached the village of Hejazi, situated on the very edge of the desert; we alighted at a cool, clean serai, having its inner room, with a large and small bath for the

Mussulman's ablutions, its kiblah * in the wall; and a large brimming water-trough in front for the thirsting camel. We walked forth into the fields, saw luxuriant crops of green-bearded wheat, waving with its lights and shadows; stood under the shade of trees, saw fluttering and chirping birds; went down to a well and a water-wheel, and stood like children listening to the sound of the abundant and bright-flashing water, as it fell from the circling pots; and marked all around, scattered individually or in small groups, many people in the fields, oxen and asses grazing, and camels too among them, as men who pass their lives in sad anxious toils, may sometimes be seen mingling with their happier fellows, at the feast of abundance, and listening to the song of joy. Amid this scene of gladness, nothing hath a sadder look than the coarse brown robe of the fellah. He is neither a healthy nor a happy looking peasant; his cottage is a

* Niche which points out the direction of Mecca.

mean, miserable abode: the women, too, have a wretched appearance, being ill-clothed; and, as that quaint traveller, old Paul Sandys* hath it, "hiding their faces with beastly clouts, having holes for their eyes; which little is too much to see and abstain from loathing." Some travellers abuse them, and laud Ali Pasha to the skies, — the intelligent, liberal-minded Pasha, — "*Protecteur des Arts*," as I found him styled in a large-lettered inscription in his own arsenal; he is not the protector of his people; he would wring the last para from their hard hands: for what then should the subject toil? he can keep nothing, can have neither the pride nor enjoyment of possession; therefore it is that he will only labour enough to secure his daily bread, that this is easily procured, and then,

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* I had him with me, he was never in Upper Egypt, but whenever I met with any thing which he had described, I found him most faithful, a lively, learned, honest Englishman, calling things by their right names, and by his admirable comparisons picturing them faithfully to the untravelled eye.

crusted with the dirt of indolence, he consoles himself with a pipe, and a slumber, and wakes to toil anew, and curse his oppressors.

We continued our march soon after midday, to Thebes, passing for a few miles along the edge of the desert, and then on embanked roads, raised high above the level of the annual inundation. We wound our pleasant way, among green crops, and tall date-trees, to Luxore, within two miles of which place we met a party of European travellers, foreigners, in red caps and silken vests, a sort of half disguise, common and convenient. They were on camels, and passed us without stopping. I can recollect no day in my life in which I suffered so much inconvenience from fatigue *; we had made a forced march, or double stage, and my limbs were not only stiff, but, from the constrained position on the camel, the muscles of the thigh were acutely painful.

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* May be easily avoided by halting one night at Hejazi.

We were all pretty much in the same condition, and alighted under the majestic colonnade of Luxore, with exhausted spirits, and minds not free enough to contemplate and admire its grandeur.

We met two or three eager travellers the very moment we dismounted, who had just arrived, and were just too late to accompany the party we had passed on the road. They were going to Kosseir. They asked a few hurried questions about the desert, halting places, water, &c., and hastened away with Monsieur Rifaud to prepare for their departure. This gentleman, a foreign artist resident there, had obligingly provided us a lodging, a rude mud hovel, under the very walls of an old temple; it had an upper chamber in ruinous condition; the floor in parts fallen through; the thatch not weather-proof; and neither door, lattice, nor window-shutter. With delight, however, we took possession, — and gazed out upon old Nile,

"With not a wrinkle on his glassy brow."

Our Indian servant consulted the safety

of our necks, by bringing up some planks to place over a hole in the floor. They were painted; a black ground with figures and hieroglyphics in bright yellow. I literally thought that they must have been some labours of Belzoni; some copies on wood to assist him in planning the model of his tomb: — not so; — *mummy chests broken up and sold for firewood.* There lay a large heap in the yard, bought for a piastre, and our cook was feeding his fire with the once sacred sycamore.

Such was our introduction to ancient Thebes. We gave up the next day to repose. I took a book and sat alone for some hours in the morning, under the shadow of a part of that magnificent building said to be the tomb of Osymandyas. In the afternoon we took a slow, unexamining stroll round the ruins of Luxore, to receive general impressions, and to catch the general effect and character of Egyptian remains.

Before the grand entrance of this vast edifice, which consists of many separate structures, formerly united in one harmonious design, two lofty obelisks stand proud.

ly pointing to the sky, fair as the daring sculptor left them. The sacred figures, and hieroglyphic characters, which adorn them, are cut beautifully into the hard granite, and have the sharp finish of yesterday. The very stone looks not discoloured. You see them, as Cambyses saw them, when he stayed his chariot-wheels to gaze up at them; and the Persian war-cry ceased before these acknowledged symbols of the sacred element of fire.

Behind them are two colossal figures, in part concealed by the sand, as is the bottom of a choked-up gateway, the base of a massive propylon, and, indeed, their own.

Very noble are all these remains, and on the propylon is a war-scene, much spoken of; but my eyes were continually attracted to the aspiring obelisks, and again and again you turn to look at them, with increasing wonder and silent admiration.

There are many courts and chambers, many porticoes and colonnades, one of the latter of stately proportions, and pre-eminent in grandeur. It is seen to great advantage, as it stands in the very centre of

these ruins, on elevated ground open to the river, and not encumbered or disfigured by huts or rubbish. As for the other portions of this tomb or temple, (a point disputed,) in one court you find a mosque, and some dark habitations; in another, some meaner hovels; litters of dirty straw, the ox, the goat, the ass, ragged children, and their poor and sickly-looking parents. Some parts which are roofed, and might be made commodious as a shelter, are left vacant and silent for the timid lizard.

The village is scattered round these masses of stone, and built of mud and pottery, having, at least most of the houses, large dove-cotes of pottery on the roofs. On either side of the village and the temple walls, are high mounds of accumulated rubbish and drifted sand. We ascended one of these, and looked around us. Every object (and they were not common objects) was tinted, sadly as I thought, with the last yellow light of departing day.

Monsieur Rifaud dined with us in the evening, and we arranged to visit the temple of Karnac the next morning. Mr. R. was

to accompany us, and asses were to be ready at an early hour to convey us. I availed myself of their not arriving, at the break of day, to walk forward alone, directing the servant to saddle one, and send it after me.

With a quick-beating heart, and steps rapid as my thoughts, I strode away, took the path to the village of Karnac, skirted it, and passing over loose sand, and, among a few scattered date-trees, I found myself in the grand alley of the sphinxes, and directly opposite that noble gateway, which has been called triumphal; certainly triumph never passed under one more lofty, or, to my eye, of a more imposing magnificence. On the bold curve of its beautifully projecting cornice, a globe, coloured as of fire, stretches forth long overshadowing wings of the very brightest azure.

This wondrous and giant portal stands well; alone, detached a little way from the mass of the great ruins, with no columns, walls, or propylæa immediately near. I walked slowly up to it, through the long lines of sphinxes which lay couchant on

either side of a broad road, (once paved,) as they were marshalled by him who planned these princely structures, we know not when. They are of a stone less durable than granite: their general forms are fully preserved, but the detail of execution is, in most of them, worn away.

In those forms, in that couched posture, in the decaying, shapeless heads, the huge worn paws, the little image between them, and the sacred tau grasped in its crossed hands, there is something which disturbs you with a sense of awe. In the locality you cannot err; you are on a highway to a heathen temple. One that the Roman came, as you come, to visit and admire; and the Greek before him. And you know that priest and king, lord and slave, the festival throng and the solitary worshipper, trod for centuries where you do; and you know that there has been the crowding flight of the vanquished towards their sanctuary and last hold, and the quick trampling of armed pursuers, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the voice of the trumpet, and the shout, as of a king among them,

all on this silent spot. And you see before you, and on all sides, ruins:—the stones, which formed walls and square temple-towers, thrown down in vast heaps; or still, in large masses, erect as the builder placed them; and where their material has been fine, their surfaces and corners smooth, sharp, and uninjured by time. They are neither grey nor blackened; like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert. Here is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, no wall-flower or wild fig-tree to robe them, and to conceal their deformities, and bloom above them. No;—all is the nakedness of desolation,—the colossal skeleton of a giant fabric standing in the unwatered sand, in solitude and silence; a silence broken only by the approach of the stranger, for then the wild and houseless dogs, which own no master, pick their scanty food in nightly prowlings round the village, and bask in the sand-heaps near throughout the day, start up, and howl at him as he passes, and with yell, and bark, and grin, pursue his path, and mock his meditations. Old men

and boys come out of the village, to chase and still them, and supply their place; bringing with them little relics and ornaments for sale, and they talk and trouble you. I soon got rid of them, attaching to myself one *silent* old Arab, who followed me throughout that day, and also when I visited the temple again; carrying a cruise of water, and a few dried dates. I was fortunate in him. He had learned the ways of the traveller, understood your frown, your glance, your beckon, and that motion of the hand, by which you shew your wish that he should leave you to gaze alone and unobserved.

There are no ruins like these ruins: in the first court you pass into, you find one large, lofty, solitary column, erect among heaped and scattered fragments, which had formed a colonnade of one-and-twenty like it. You pause awhile, and then move slowly on. You enter a wide portal, and find yourself surrounded by one hundred and fifty columns*, on which I defy any man,

* The central row have the enormous diameter of eleven French feet, the others, that of eight.

sage or savage, to look unmoved. Their vast proportions the better taste of after days rejected and disused; but the still astonishment, the serious gaze, the thickening breath of the awed traveller, are tributes of an admiration, not to be checked or frozen by the chilling *rules* of taste. The "*des masses informes*" of Voltaire would have been exchanged, I think, for a very different expression, if he had ever wandered to the site of ancient Thebes.

As I passed out of the ruin, I saw my companions at a distance, and joined them. Monsieur R. had conducted them to his favourite spot for catching a first and general view of the ruins; a lofty heap of sand and rubbish, lying between the eastern and northern gates: certainly from hence you command the ruins well. A forest of columns, massive propylæa, lofty gates, tall obelisks, a noble assemblage of objects. Yet was I glad that I had first approached by the avenue of the sphinxes.

We passed the entire day in these ruins, wandering about alone, as inclination led us. Detailed descriptions I cannot give; I have

neither the skill nor the patience to count and to measure. I ascended a wing of the great propylon on the west, and sat there long: I crept round the colossal statues; I seated myself on a fallen obelisk, and gazed up at the three, yet standing erect amid huge fragments of fallen granite. I sauntered slowly round every part, examining the paintings and hieroglyphics, and listening now and then, not without a smile, at our polite little *cicerone*, as, with the air of a condescending *savant*, he pointed to many of the symbols, saying, "this means water," and "that means land," "this stability," "that life," and "here is the name of Berenice." In reply to a quiet question, I did get the modest admission of the "*on dit*." Great and laudable as have been the labours of a Young, and a Champollion, and though a corner of the sacred veil has certainly been lifted up, by their patient investigations, yet still these walls are covered with hieroglyphic characters, which look out alike upon the learned and the ignorant, with a bright and mocking distinctness, awakening curiosity, exer-

cising the fancy, but, after all, defying the understanding. Monsieur R. showed us some statues of a colossal, and also others of a natural size, which he had lately dug out near the eastern gate: moreover, two sphinxes he had been fortunate enough to uncover, in his excavations on the south side; one of these had the nose broken by the workmen, the other was perfect: to the beauty of the mouth, lip, the smile, and the soft roundness of the lower cheek, and chin, I bear most willing testimony. It is thought, and untruly thought by many, at home, that the Egyptian sculptors could never have attained the power of conveying either a fine or pleasing expression of countenance. The human figures found in relief, and painted on the walls, both of the temples and tombs in ancient Thebes, have in all their profiles a like beauty — all is mildness; graver in the male forms. Gentle, very gentle, and sweet is the smile, and soft the look, in almost all the figures of Isis which I saw; and I was, moreover, particularly struck by one thing, which forms a very remarkable contrast to group-

ings, not otherwise dissimilar, on some of the pagodas in India: wherever the god Mendes is introduced, and Isis, or other deities, or priests, or worshippers before him, all is grave, calm, and more serious than in the other representations. What, therefore, of the sacred and the solemn did originally attach to such odious and indecent representations, we may, in some measure, suppose; and whither idolatry, in all its awful errors, soon tended, not only the sacred Scriptures inform us, but the very pagan himself: —

> "Who knows not now, my friend, the secret rites
> Of the good goddess; when the dance excites
> The boiling blood, when to distraction wound
> By wine, and music's stimulating sound,
> The votaries of Priapus, with wild air
> Howl horrible, and toss their flowing hair."

But away, reader, away! come with me; step over that fallen capital; put your foot on that fragment of a cornice; clamber over those masses of enormous stones; now stoop, and enter this obscure and darker part of the ruin. The roof here has never fallen in; and here are two rows of pillars,

with faded colours on them, — the columns are, but the colours evidently not, the ancient Egyptian ; you may distinctly trace the outline, on two of them, of such heads as are still to be seen in the rude paintings in Coptic churches ; on one, too, you may see an inscription in red paint, of a like colour ; it records the names and meeting of some humble, persecuted Coptic bishops, who once held their unostentatious council here, in a secluded spot, which served as a shelter and retreat for the worship and service of the true God, and the instruction of their flocks. Yes, in the solitude of these ruins, a weak small sect, who, having little strength, yet kept His word, have read the gospel of Christ, have bowed and wept before the throne of grace, and have sung the song of Moses to the ancient accompaniment of the loud cymbal ! Here, even here, where the priests of Pharaoh have sacrificed, and where Babylonian revellers may have stalled their foaming horses, spread their silken carpets, and drank from their golden wine-cups, after fulfilling

what they knew not to be the will of the Most High!

We met together in the evening of this day on a mound of rubbish, to the south-west of the ruins; saw them gilded by the rich set of sun; then mounted our asses and ambled home. Passing, in our path, spots where the ox, and the cow, and the ram pastured, no longer venerated; and casting a stone in anger at the barking dog, unchecked by any fear of offending Anubis, or the demoniac Nephthé.

Our next visit was to Gournon: we crossed the river; landed under a large tree of the Pharaoh fig, and again ambled away on asses, to explore more ruins.

The first to which you are conducted, are those of the Memnonium. Here, again, you have thick lofty walls; a noble portico, with columns of more than eight feet in diameter; tall terminal caryatides, standing out from square pillars, in high full relief: their heads have been broken off and destroyed, or removed; near them, lie the vast and shattered fragments of a huge colossus, of

red granite; and not far removed, a large, though smaller figure, of black polished granite, has been overthrown and broken. On one of the walls of the Memnonium is represented a war scene; it is rudely cut in on the close-joined stones, and, though roughly executed, full of fire: the hero (as compared to the figures of the rest) is of a giant size; he stands erect in his chariot; his horses on their speed, — a high cloud-pawing gallop; his arrow drawn to the head; the reins fastened round his unmoved loins: you have the flight of the vanquished; the headlong fallings of the horse and the chariot: you have the hurrying crowd of the soldiers on foot; a river; drownings; the succouring of warriors on the opposite bank: and in a compartment beyond, you have a walled town; a storm; the assailants climbing ladders; the defenders on the parapet; the upheld shield; the down-thrust pike; a sad, but yet a stirring picture, bringing to your mind many a historic scene, alike memorable and melancholy. Here there is a very curious incident pourtrayed, which one of my com-

panions pointed out to me, — a group recovering a drowned person, who is held with his head downwards, his hair falling as wet hair does, and on his stomach one of the attendants is pressing with an open flat hand, as is our custom to this day.

We passed on to a small temple of Isis, which has been left in a most perfect state, and has the appearance of being far more modern than any on either side of the river; the roof entire, three shrines or cells, side by side, and divided by walls: in all of them the figures of Isis, both seated and standing, are of uncommon beauty. Figures of the wolf, both passant and couchant, are often repeated; there is a bark, with the cow of Isis; a hawk admirably done: the head-dress of Isis very elegant; and the disposition of colours and design in the ornamental borderings round the walls producing a very pleasing effect.

From hence we bade our guide conduct us to some catacombs: he did so, in the naked hill just above. Some are passages, some pits; but, in general, passages in the side of the hill. Here and there you may

find a bit of the rock or clay, smoothed and painted, or bearing the mark of a thin fallen coating of composition; but, for the most part, they are quite plain. Bones, rags, and the scattered limbs of skeletons, which have been torn from their coffins, stripped of their grave-clothes, and robbed of the sacred scrolls, placed with them in the tomb, lie in or around these "open sepulchres." We found nothing; but surely the *very rag* blown to your feet is a relic. May it not have been woven by some damsel under the shade of trees, with the song that lightens labour, twenty centuries ago? or may it not have been carried with a sigh to the tiring-men of the temple by one who bought it to swathe the cold and stiffened limbs of a being loved in life, and mourned and honoured in his death? Yes, it is a relic; and one musing on which a warm fancy might find wherewithal to beguile a long and solitary walk.

We descended to the temple of Medinet Habou: ruined mud hovels are scattered on a level with its roof, and, indeed, upon

it. In this temple you find a large open court, surrounded with cloisters, which are supported by massive square pillars, and also by columns; figures of deities and hieroglyphics are depicted on them; and, upon the walls around, scenes of war and triumph are every where pourtrayed. You have the hero borne upon a sacred litter, and others in his train; before him a damsel (not Isis) on foot; also another figure in robes, reading from a tablet. Again, you have a procession, priests, captives, guards, all grouped in order. Again, you have the hero thrice represented in different scenes and situations; in one the steeds of his chariot have the easy proud prance of state; in another, they are in the gallop of fury; in the third, they are standing still. The monarch is seated in his chariot with his person turned to the rear, and looking on a high and horrid heap of amputated hands piled up before him; and there are captives advancing to suffer; and others holding up their mutilated arms; and executioners; and here again are robed figures

writing on tablets. The hero is always depicted of a giant size, as if he were not "allied to human kind:"

> "Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man
> To eminence fit only for a god,
> Should ever drivel out of human lips
> Even in the cradled weakness of the world."

In one of the courts of the very temple thus adorned, are the clear vestiges of a Christian place of worship: the altar and the small columns which supported the nave of its small choir; poor and humble do they look in the midst of such ruins as these; but to the Christian eye they are arrayed with glory. Here men confessing Christ, the Saviour of the world, have knelt in prayer:—"Who shall say that Christ was not present, dimly seen perhaps; yet felt with secret reverence and affection!"*

We rode back to the Memnonium, visited some other catacombs to the northward of it, and stopped before many of those which have been converted by the poor Arabs into dwellings, to try if we could meet with a

* Vide Christian Researches, by the Rev. Mr. Jowett.

mummy in a perfect state: we were not successful. We purchased a few trifles which these men, taught by us to "ransack up the quiet grave," bring eagerly for sale, and then returned across the plain to our boat, passing and pausing before those celebrated statues so often described: they are seated on thrones, looking to the east, and on the Nile: in this posture they are upwards of fifty feet in height; and their bodies, limbs, and heads, are large, spreading, and disproportioned. A frantic victor, baffled by the secret of its strange music, bade his myrmidons drag down one of these colossal heads; but soon after, priests rebuilt it, and renewed the juggle, to the success of which many inscriptions on the statue bear testimony: among others, one Claudius Maximus, of the XXII. legion, states that he heard the voice,—it is silent now. These are very awful monuments: they bear the form of man; and there is a something in their very posture which touches the soul: they sit erect, calm; they have seen generation upon generation swept away, and still their stony

gaze is fixed on man toiling and perishing at their feet. 'Twas late and dark ere we reached our home. The day following we again crossed to the western bank, and rode through a narrow hot valley in the desert to the tombs of the kings. Your Arab catches at the head of your ass in a wild dreary-looking spot, about five miles from the river, and motions you to alight. On every side of you rise low, but steep hills, of the most barren appearance, covered with loose sand and crumbling stones, and you stand in a narrow bridle-path, which seems to be the bottom of a natural ravine: you would fancy that you had lost your way, but your guide leads you a few paces forward, and you discover in the side of the hill an opening like the shaft of a mine. At the entrance you observe that the rock, which is a close-grained, but soft stone, has been cut smooth and painted. He lights your wax torch, and you pass into a long corridor; on either side are small apartments which you stoop down to enter, and the walls of which you find covered with paintings: scenes of life

faithfully represented; of *every-day life*, its pleasures and labours; the instruments of its happiness and of its crimes. You turn to each other with a delight, not however unmixed with sadness, to mark how much the days of man then passed, as they do to this very hour. You see the labours of agriculture, — the sower, the basket, the plough; the steers; and the artist has playfully depicted a calf skipping among the furrows. You have the making of bread, the cooking for a feast; you have a flower-garden, and a scene of irrigation; you see couches, sophas, chairs, and arm-chairs, such as might, this day, adorn a drawing-room in London or Paris; you have vases of every form down to the *common jug* (ay! such as the brown one of Toby Philpot); you have harps, with figures bending over them, and others seated and listening; you have barks, with large, curious, and many-coloured sails; lastly, you have weapons of war, the sword, the dagger, the bow, the arrow, the quiver, spears, helmets, and dresses of honour.

From the corridor with these lateral

chambers you enter another, long and dark, leading to an empty apartment, large and lofty, and thence into a third passage, and other chambers beyond, which are gloomy, damp, and have a disagreeable smell. The colours on the walls are much faded; but the hero of the tomb and the various deities, hieroglyphics and mysteries, are every where to be seen: some of the mysteries are of a nature to exercise and amuse the mind. Doubtless many important and eternal truths, distorted by tradition, lie hidden beneath these ancient symbols; however, the fancy treads too closely on the understanding in most minds when an attempt is made to guess our way to interpretation, which will meet and strengthen our preconceived notions and established opinions.

We next went to visit the tomb discovered by Mr. Belzoni. It really is like a scene of magic; the sudden transition from the naked solitude of the silent, unpeopled, scorching desert into chambers, all adorned with brilliant and vivid paintings. Is this a tomb? It cannot be. Come, come, Alad-

din, rub thy lamp and order supper; these halls are suited to the banquet and the song: but it is a tomb; these are the chambers of the grave: the embalmed body of a monarch lay here once; or, perhaps, ere the decorations of this, which should have been his last long home, were completed, war called him forth, he perished far away, and the piety or superstition of his successor did suddenly suspend the work and closed it up, as he vainly thought, for ever. For whomever it was intended, his life and station, his creed and priests, did cheat him of the salutary fears of death. Every where he is welcomed, not to the tomb merely, but the high heaven beyond it. Isis is, in many places, depicted meeting him with the sweet smile of beauty: alas! human beauty (and hers is human) smiles not in the grave. She is once represented giving him the sacred tau (the key of life); every where Arueris, the hawk-headed deity, and Anubis, receive him with reverence; even Typhon and Nephthé stand awed in his presence; and when led before Osiris, who is seated on his throne,

Isis comes encouragingly with him, and Arueris, behind, seems declaring his titles to the apotheosis accorded. The other scenes on the walls represent processions and mysteries, and all the apartments are covered with them or hieroglyphics. There is a small chamber with the cow of Isis, and there is one large room in an unfinished state, — designs chalked off, that were to have been completed on that to-morrow, which never came.

We visited a third tomb ; found corridors, passages, a large chamber, a broken sarcophagus, a passage, and small apartments beyond. In one there were many inscriptions in Greek and Latin characters, principally names ; also those of English, French, and German travellers. I stood long before one of them ; it was written in a small neat hand in pencil, and ran thus : "*Ibrahim — post Reditum suum à Limitibus Regni Dongolæ.*" Lamented Burckhardt ! long will it be ere traveller like thee be found. How little a man feels himself as he thinks on a life passed like that of Burckhardt, in patient toil, and self-denial, in

study without remission, and in the sad and cheerless path of lone and solitary enterprise.

We devoted another long day to these tombs, and we also visited some others; in two we found broken sarcophagi, and in the dark and dismal passages of one, we disturbed innumerable bats; the inner apartments were filled with dirt, and the smell was horrid. The bats flew blindly round, and touched you with their skinny wings, and gave that indescribable cry, which, were they larger, would be a blood-curdling screech; and, as you returned back from the inner passages, and caught the light of day at the mouth of the sepulchre, the atmosphere, and they too, as they flew in it, had a pale, blue, unearthly hue. Quite a scene, that Valley of the Kings, for Arabian Fiction to lay her wonders in; — by the way, the Arabs here, I was informed, did many of them look upon and fear Belzoni, as some mighty magician.

Of course while we remained at Luxore, we constantly, according to our bent, visited something, and happily employed our time.

There is a beautiful walk up the river, on the eastern bank, and at a bend there, you may run up on a raised camel-path, and turning, command a view, which fills the mind at the moment, takes its place in the picture-gallery of the imagination, and is often afterwards summoned to the mind's eye. Luxore; Karnac; the ruins on the western bank, with the rocky hills behind them; the reaches of the tranquil river (that river *the Nile*); the verdure of the vale; the sands of the Arabian Desert; the grand colonnade of Luxore in shadow; the back of the propylon; the pointed obelisks; and the large masses of Karnac, with the scattered groves of dates, in the light of the setting sun, are the noble features of this scene.

Nothing is more difficult than to procure here any little antiques of value, to carry away with you as memorials of your visit: the Arabs, indeed, bring you little mummy ornaments, such as little termini of wood or pottery, which are always found in the tombs; also scarabæi, rings of wood or pottery, scraps of papyrus, and a variety

of trifles which I cannot name: but these are sure to be the mere refuse of the privileged collectors, and of the many sharp-witted non-descripts in their service. The ground is regularly parcelled out on both sides of the river: here England may dig, there France; this is Mr. Salt's ground, that Mr. Drovetti's; here Lord Belmore made excavations, there an American traveller. The Arab fellahs get their twenty paras a day, and work as little as possible for the money. French and Italians, generally in Turkish costume, that is, in a sort of half and half dress, are their task-masters, and do not hesitate to strike them, to which they submit, laugh, scowl, or run away. I saw one of these parties, and watched them long; a man was directing them in the common Arab dress, the brown zaboot*, had a beard, and quite an Arab complexion; indeed, he had been for some time the evening before at our house, to arrange about the hire of a boat, and we

* Cloak.

took him for a common Arab, till he said something to Monsieur R. in good French, with the true accent of his country.

With this man I had some conversation; he told me that he had deserted from the French army in Egypt, that numbers of his countrymen had done the same, and that he was married, and settled in the country,—a renegade, in fact. I asked him if "la France, la belle France," with her vines and her pleasures, never entered his head: he gave a kind of shrug, and with a sort of imploring look, said, "Mais, Monsieur, ah oui, mais enfin que voulez vous?" Well, thought I to myself, I understand you; "à quoi bon?"

You make all your little excursions at Thebes on jackasses, driven by Arab or Coptic boys all dirty, laughing, and good-tempered, glad to have the light work, and double pay they get in your service; you are terribly pestered at all times, by people who ask "Bucksheesh*," more from idleness, habit, and amusement, than want.

* A present.

You soon pick up a few words of vulgar Arabic, and from necessity learn others. In walking in the bazaar of the village on a market-day, I singled out a fine-looking young man, a Copt, and (through Mohammed, our Arab,) asked him many things about the inhabitants of his persuasion. I learned from him, that their church was about five miles away, among the hills; that all who attended, went there on the Saturday afternoon for an evening and midnight service, and returned on the Sunday morning to their homes, where they then enjoyed themselves according to their means; that they were not more oppressed than the Arab fellahs, nor by them; there is, though, some slight capitation tax, which has been immemorially paid.

I learned from other quarters, that the Copts are more intelligent, more often in employ, and more provident (comparatively) than the common Arabs, among whom they are settled; but there is little perceptible difference to the eye of a stranger even in their appearance. Pro-

visions here are cheap; bread two paras* a loaf (a small one); eggs three, and sometimes five, for one para, and other things in proportion: their hovels and furniture cost little: the zaboot or brown cloak, with loose cumbersome sleeves, costs twelve or thirteen piasters (fourpence each); both Copt and Arab live in it night and day; some have a coarse shirt, some not; in warm weather they wear a cotton robe of the same blue colour as that used by our butchers, of a very coarse quality; and it is astonishing what a difference even this trifle makes in their appearance; they have a more clean, healthy, cheerful look altogether.

The man who has been accustomed to associate the idea of something picturesque and noble with the robe and the turban of the Mohammedan, must not, however, come among the fellahs of Egypt.

We were desirous, before we quitted Thebes, of procuring, if possible, a good specimen of a mummy; some Arabs brought three in their painted cases. These

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* Five hundred paras make the Spanish dollar.

cases are painted bright and gaudily, with hieroglyphics and figures of Typhon and Nephthé; they are shaped to the body, and on the lid, a face or mask is drawn, and wooden hands are placed across the centre closely grasped; and this coffin at the feet is formed like termini, so that it may be set upright if need be,—and they are often so found. The bodies had evidently not been unrolled, and hoping to find a papyrus roll, or to see a face preserved in feature, and a body embalmed, we eagerly set about unrolling the long narrow bandages, in which the tire-men of other days had swathed it, when sorrow was yet fresh with those who loved it living; and who, could they rise and see such profanation, would with frantic rage avenge it. Nothing is so cruel, or rather unfeeling, as curiosity; now the body was to be turned; now held upright; laid down; and again lifted. A black Indian, our fine young Arab, and our four selves, all busily engaged, and the sellers* standing

* These practised riflers of the grave know at a glance whether it is a mummy of the first, second, or third

by with a smile; it was a long operation, and as the last folds were removed, the skeleton, a mere skeleton, looked on us as that eyeless thing can look, and fell limb from limb, and bone from bone, at our feet.

The following day, March the 20th, we left Thebes in a maash M. Rifaud had assisted us in hiring; and embarking in the afternoon dropped down the river.

Many ruins have I gazed upon — from my boyhood up I loved such scenes; but none that I know can compare for awful grandeur and sad sublimity of aspect, with those which still look upon the broad Nile when, in the season of his strength, his "crowded waters glitter to the moon," still watch the season of sowing time, and harvest on his fertile banks, and still, all open as they are to the "blast of the desert," in strong and proud masses mark where Egyptian Thebes, "the world's great empress, — the terror of other times,"

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class; and they will put one of the latter into an empty case belonging to a higher, and sell it to the stranger.

once laûghed within her hundred gates! *Jacet obruta!*

Your first stage down the river is Khenné, a town of some consequence, being a depot for the export and import commerce carried on between Cairo and Djidda. Here the corn of Egypt and the gums of Arabia are still bartered against each other. Numerous pilgrims, also, from Africa pass through this place, on their route to Mecca, *via* Kosseir. The houses are meanly built, the streets narrow and dirty, and the bazaars, containing only such goods and provisions as Asiatic travellers require on their passage, present a busy, but by no means a gay orr ich appearance. We saw here a group of Moggrebyns, in their white woollen robes with the hood up. They only want the cord, as you view them from behind, to pass for the gloomy disciples of St. Bruno; but when they turn, a dark eye flashes on you, and a swarthy complexion speaks of the great desert of Libya, which they had been weeks, or rather months, in traversing.

In Khenné are a good many Albanian soldiers, men not young, or so fine in their

appearance as those we saw at Djidda. As usual, they sat cross-legged before the coffee-houses, or lounged slowly in the streets. In this place, too, are numbers of public women, who go about openly, with their faces uncovered. They are very plain, bad figures, and of a coarse, disgusting appearance. "Divers with their chinnes distained into knots, and flowers of blue, made by pricking of the skin with needles, and rubbing it over with inke, and the juyce of an hearb, which will never weare out again." You may buy here good vessels for holding and purifying water, made of a fine porous clay. They manufacture the like, but far better, at Arcot, in the Carnatic.

On the 22d we brought-to near Dendera. This temple is in a most perfect state; has a magnificent portico, a noble cornice, and twenty-four large Isis-headed columns, — a strange sort of capital: there are four faces on each; and they are marked as those of Isis, by the ears of the cow. On the roof of this portico you fancy, and delight to fancy, that you trace the zodiac. The signs Leo, Sagittarius, and Taurus, struck me as

finely and boldly executed. There is a staircase to the roof of this temple, or rather leading to apartments near it, remarkably commodious. The steps are so very low that the priests might carry up and down the weighty paraphernalia of sacrifice, and even animals might easily be led up. On either side, the wall is quite covered with figures of priests in relief, carrying banners, sacred arks, and vessels for the offerings. In one of the small dark chambers above, I remarked a sphinx, that is, in head and attitude, but having the limbs behind also human. The recumbent corpse, and the cynocephalus over it, is a common representation round this apartment, which has quite a sepulchral appearance. Here and in an ante-room, you observe on the ceiling three large human figures, one within the other, and hieroglyphic characters in the midst. The circular zodiac * has been removed. We knew not this at the time and of course looked for it in vain. Much'

* Or mythological tablet, or whatever it is.

learned dust has been raised about it in Europe, and not a little here. Let the Frenchmen make the most of it. Philosophers, especially French philosophers, may "write many folios" before they disturb that humble belief in, and affectionate reverence for, the Bible, which form the English character, and which have been avowed by such men as a Jones, a Locke, and a Newton. Several lions' heads are seen round the walls of the temple on the outside, the mouths of small ducts to let off water. The figures in relief on these walls, more particularly on that to the westward, are of great beauty. The dresses, in general, are in a superior taste and of a richer cast than those on the forms at Karnac and Luxore. Isis here is, in two or three places, represented with a dress fitting close to her shape, and of the most elegant scalework, a sort of female panoply, such as Cleopatra might have worn, when, in a famous procession at Alexandria, she personated the goddess.

This temple, however, all grand and perfect as it is, as compared to those of

Thebes, is evidently modern in its date. Here there are none of those war-scenes depicted which constitute such remarkable features in the sculptures on the propylæa, and even in the interior of those sacred edifices, and which so clearly (judging from the eye at least) refer to wars and triumphs, at a period when her monarchs were rich and secure at home, powerful and victorious abroad.

But this beautiful ruin (if ruin it may be called), the first, or nearly so, which greets the curious traveller as he ascends the Nile, and calls forth his feelings of admiration, in all their freshness, cannot have the same charm for those who visit it after a sojourn at Thebes. To one, however, who has just quitted a country where the priest still officiates, and the worshipper bows down and prostrates himself in the temples of idolatry, who is familiar with the aspect, the habits and customs, the rites and ceremonies, of the Hindoo, this temple is an object of no common interest; for here the Indian soldier fancied that he recognised the very gods he worshipped, and with sadness and

indignation complained to his officers that the sanctuary of his god was neglected and profaned. He saw a square and massive building, a colossal head on the capitals of huge columns; on the walls, the serpent; the lingam, in the priapus; the bull of Iswara, in the form of Apis; Garuda in Arueris; Hanuman, in the *round-headed* cynocephalus; a crown, very similar to that of Siva, on the head of Osiris; and in the swelling bosom of Isis, that of the goddess Parvati: while, on the staircase, the priests and the sacred ark must have reminded him, *and strongly*, of the Brahmins, and of the palanquin litter of his native country. Many, many forms he must have missed, many, too, have observed, to which he was an entire stranger; but enough he saw to awaken all the dearest and most sacred recollections of his distant land and the gods of his fathers, and, for their honour and his own soothing, to believe all that he hoped and wished was the truth.

What a moment to have told the Hindoo, —"If these are your gods, they cannot, for they could not, save. Nearly 2000 years

have rolled silently away, and this temple has stood, as you now see it, forsaken, solitary; no flame of sacrifice on its shrines, no voice of worshippers within its gates: a people, renowned in their day, more ancient than you, better instructed in the arts of peace, more formidable in those of war, once bowed down their bodies in these empty courts; they have perished from off the face of the earth; a remnant, a feeble remnant, was spared; they confess, and, through nearly eighteen centuries of persecution, they have steadily confessed the true and only God. In wretchedness and in poverty, in sorrow, yet with that hope which lightens sorrow, their eyes are fixed on the cross of Christ; darkly they see, brightly shall their posterity see its glories. We know that the prophets of our God declared that the *idols of Egypt should be moved*, when that nation was, in its generation, wiser and mightier than yours. You see that they have been moved. Oh! forget not this: lay it to your heart; think not we scorn your faithfulness towards the Gods of your fathers. No; we venerate you for your piety; but we know your

worship to be vain, and alas! we weep to think of the lasting bitterness of its fruit."

Thus many a British officer might, and must have thought, and may, perhaps, have said. Yet there is danger, say others, in thus striving to enlighten the ignorance and shake the prejudice of the Hindoo; give him no new notions; he is a very useful creature as he is; he eats *our* salt, and fights our battles, and let him live and die as his fathers have done before him; he has as good a chance of going to heaven as you or I: why, the Scripture declarations concerning idolatry we know, and we know that there can be but one God, one heaven, and one way to it; but I believe*, and *firmly*, that mercy will be ex-

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* In a very different spirit, however, from such an objector,—

"The partial light men have,
My creed persuades me, well employ'd, may save."

See the golden lines in Cowper's Poem on Truth, on this most momentous of all considerations. I am not, I feel certain, taking any liberty with that passage, when I apply it to men struggling under idolatry and in slavery, who, without the high gifts of the heathen sages,

tended hereafter to millions in that name, which they never heard on earth, and that the awe-struck *Christian* may see the *slave*, whom he has used and scorned in this world, enlightened, saved, and glorified, in that which is to come.

——— "Doing good,
Disinterested good is not our *trade!*"

And yet, England, thou art the first among the nations; more have you done for the slave, and the idolater, than any other. Nor do these alone look to you; the lent and the sad, who mourn for their degraded countries, and see assembled despots forging new fetters for their children, look to you perhaps with the murmur of impatience, but always with the free acknowledgment that you are

"The hope of every other land."

The banks of the Nile, all fertile as they

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have in patience possessed their souls, and shown "the work of the law in their hearts:—

"A flame
Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,
Derived from the same source of light and grace,
That guides the Christian in his swifter race."

are, have a very tame and naked appearance, compared to those of the Ganges; and the dull costume of the people gives an increased air of mournfulness to the landscape, when their figures group into the scene. They are, indeed, remarkably contrasted to the Indians, who have been beautifully described by an ancient English author as "a people clothed in linen garments, somewhat low descending, of a gesture and a garb maidenly, and well nigh effeminate, of a countenance shy and somewhat estranged, yet smiling out a glozed and bashful familiarity." * But I ramble, and forget that I am in Egypt.

Girge is a town which has a tolerable appearance. Its minarets peep out above the dates, after a manner that is pleasing to the eye. We took a walk in the bazaar; it is large, covered with awnings, but little stir in it. I observed a party of well-dressed Turks, one of them was playing a guitar.

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* This quotation is in a discourse of the late Sir William Jones, and taken from an author named Lord. I never read or met with the Travels.

A Turk and a guitar! In a small narrow street I observed a whole row of drug-shops. The mosques are good for this part of the world. Lanterns of paper hang before many of the best-built houses. In a small square, near the governor's, stood several horses, in their velvet housings, with their broad, clumsy, shovel stirrups, hanging short from the saddle. We ascended a little mound in the suburbs; it commanded a very richly cultivated plain, covered with a green and waving crop, which is seen to great advantage, from the absence of inclosures. There is a barrack at this place, and we found two regiments of the pasha's new levy encamped near it. They are a strange mixture of Arabs, Nubians, and blacks, clothed in uniforms made after the Turkish fashion, armed after the European manner, and instructed by Europeans in the tactics of the French school. There was an air of regularity in the encampment, and several of the officer's tents were green, which had a lively novel look. One of the native commanders sent his dragoman to invite us to his tent. It was

open to the front, and he sat upon a divan with large crimson cushions; cushions of the same were placed for us. He was very civil, proud of his command, and evidently not less so of the little knowledge he had lately gained of European tactics. He was a Mamaluke; his horse, a white one, stood saddled, and pawing at his picket-post a few yards in front of us. We took our leave after the usual ceremony of pipes and coffee, and returned towards our boat: we were met by an invitation from the instructor of the brigade (a Frenchman), who had been himself to call on us, during our absence, and we proceeded to his house; we mounted several flights of stairs, to a large apartment, at the top of his crazy mansion; soon after our host entered, a man, about thirty, looking delighted to see us, all courteousness and vivacity, moving with a restless quickness, and talking with a natural rapidity little in character with the cumbrous folds of his Mamaluke trowsers, and the large turban that shadowed his thin animated countenance. He told us much as it was, and would have been,

holds his audiences in a little chamber close to the gate (living at a garden-house out of the city); he may be said to "*sit in the gate.*" He was young, plain, sickly-looking, but still he had the air and manner of a gentleman, a very rare thing with these Turks. There was very little ceremony; but, in the group, which nearly filled the chamber, there were two or three persons of age and rank, whose silent and grave intentness of regard towards the young pasha struck me as something to be remembered. His interpreter, who spoke in Turkish to him, and in Arabic to our youth, Mohammed, had one of those noble-looking faces which at once attract, and his style and manner of interpretation had a somewhat of respectful anxiety in it when he addressed the pasha, and of dignity when he looked round upon our youthful, and on this occasion rather alarmed, dragoman, that made a good scene to look upon, though nothing to describe. We sipped coffee, the pasha smoking from a very long pipe, the bowl of which rested on a silver receiver. Nothing that is said at any of these kind of common

visits is worth repeating or remembering; a man who has made one, has the fulness of experience.

The indecent manner in which, on leaving the pasha's, his attendants pressed round us for bucksheesh, far exceeded any thing we had seen of the kind before, or did after, while in Egpyt. We saw near the wall two fine white or grey mules for the saddle; and soon after the pasha passed us in the town riding one, and made us, in return for ours, a most courteous salaam. Our fine-faced dragoman turned out to be a most troublesome, forward man, full of mean tricks. He told us the pasha had commissioned him to entertain us: he got us into his mean little residence, produced, in about two hours, a miserable dish of something not eatable, and robbed us of time, air, and enjoyment. An hour after this meal came four of the pasha's horses; this certainly was pleasant; these animals were large, high-maned, broad-breasted creatures, without a sound hoof among them, and so fat, that moving beyond the true Asiatic procession-pace was out of the

question. I selected one, which really would have been invaluable as a performer in Timour the Tartar. He was white with a saddle of crimson-velvet, embroidered, and had the large shovel Mameluke stirrup; and he ambled and tossed his head and mane, in a manner quite flattering to me. Had I been a pasha with three tails, he could not have borne me more proudly. The dragoman, mounted on a fine ass, led the way, and we rode through the principal streets and bazaars, and out to a miserable garden, shut in by lofty walls, and not worth going to see. The caves excavated in the side of the mountain to the west of this city we had not time to visit; we only pulled up for a few minutes, and gazed on them at a distance.

It was from one of the apertures in the rock before us that the emaciated face of John of Lycopolis * looked forth upon the embassy of Theodosius, and counselled and blessed that war, in which a youthful, long-

* The ancient name of Siout.

haired Goth made his first essay in arms, who, in a few years, bathed and banquetted as a victor in Athens, and leaned on his sword before the walls of Rome, lord of the wealth, and arbiter of the lives of twelve hundred thousand Romans!

On our return to the city we adjourned to the French doctor's, and partook of a quiet little dinner. There was a sallow, melancholy-looking man at table, one of Ali Pasha's brigade instructors; he had been twenty years or more in Persia, in a like situation, and having made several thousand dollars, in fact, what he considered a fortune, was returning to his native country, when he was robbed of all in the desert. The doctor, too, had a disappointed look, and every now and then pushed up the turban from his hot brow, as if he longed to be fairly rid of his servitude and disguise. Just before we were going away, he casually mentioned that he had been a prisoner with us, and had been taken in the sanguinary affair of Albuera, a red field, I remember; but he added, what I could not so well understand, that he had afterwards

been attached for nearly two years to the head-quarters of our army, and moved with it. Before we left Siout we called-on the Coptic bishop; he was an aged man, of a sick and worn appearance, and sat in a darkened apartment, enveloped in his mantle. He seemed surprised, but evidently, as far as the indolence of age and ill health permitted the expression of it, gratified at our visit, which I conveyed to him, through the interpreter, was one of simple respect. His house and room were far more comfortable and decent than we had been led to expect. Here, when the coffee-bearer presents the cup, he makes a bow and bend as if to kiss your hand,—it is not ungraceful; mere nothings these, but yet they please the wanderer. We now returned to our boat, the Smyrniote dragoman and a silver stick of the pasha's accompanying us. We found that the pasha had sent us sheep, fowls, bread, loaf-sugar, and, in fact, a very large supply: we gave the full value of them in gold, to the two personages above mentioned, who, we all suspected, from what the French doctor told us, forced

themselves forward on purpose, and by their power of pettily oppressing, kept away the proper servants; but we had no remedy, — the paying handsomely the ostensible bearers of such a present is the custom.

As we glided away from Siout, we did not forget that tradition assigns it as the spot where the Virgin-Mother and the infant Saviour of mankind once fled for shelter from the oppressor. There are many Copts, who, believing this tale, come here in their age to die. We may smile at the principle on which they do so, and grieve at the hopes they found on it, but we can deride nothing which may warm piety and console affliction. To this hour there are Jews*, who will traverse earth and sea to lay them down, in the hour of death, in that melancholy city, which was once the joy of the whole earth.

Monfalout has a good appearance: the rocky hills below, on the right bank, are fine; they are pierced with catacombs and

* Many, too, bring up to Jerusalem the bones of their fathers for burial.

cells. We wandered among them, and thought of that sad perversion of Scripture, which drove the miserable anchorite of the early ages to his rude and cheerless recess, his severe and voluntary sufferings.

There are some foreigners in charge of a distillery and a sugar-bakery at Radamont; they sent to beg that we would visit them: they are Italians, and superintend this concern for Ali Pasha. One of them conducted us to the site of Hermopolis: there is a fine fragment of its temple; twelve lofty and massive columns. About a mile from this spot we found a very large forsaken mosque. The barbarian builder had plundered some Grecian temple of its light elegant columns, and had placed them round the court of the mosque, to support the roof of the piazza; capitals of different sizes, orders, and material, had been placed on them at hazard, and, in many instances, reversed capitals formed the pediments.

There is a manufactory of saltpetre near the village. The Italian who had the superintendance was absent. To the English eye every thing wore a slovenly, disorderly

appearance. But talent here has to struggle against the jealous influence of intriguing courtiers, and the inveterate indolence and prejudice of oppressed and superstitious labourers. We dined at Radamont, and they gave us some Italian confectionary, as good as you taste in a *café* at Naples.

One of our hosts was a young Venetian, who had been a prisoner of war in England; he had rather a genteel appearance: the other was a short dark man, a sort of voltigeur countenance and figure, and only wanted the *moustaches*, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. Their establishment seemed in very good order, but they complained that their representations no longer met with that attention necessary, and which they did in the lifetime of Mr. Brine, an Englishman long resident here, and who died at Cairo.

Near the bank where we moored was a Coptic convent; we visited it, a small square enclosure, between very high walls; a poor-looking man, in a mean garb of brown, and with a dirty white turban, conducted us over it; he was a brother. In

the church there were three small chapels, with their altars, all within screens of bone and wood-work, rather curiously inlaid; some paltry pictures, and the cross *plain!* there was a very old high-backed chair of carved wood, the throne of their poor bishops: below was the cemetery with about half-a-dozen raised tombs of some of their ancient fathers. In one part of the enclosure was a chamber, open on one side to a court; it is for the wayfaring man and the pilgrim: in other parts there were meaner outhouses, with their roofs of reed broken in, and left unrepaired; implements of husbandry lying about in disorder; a broken plough; a dung heap, with its dull red stale puddles; oxen and asses in open, comfortless sheds; and often in buildings little better, women and children in dirt and misery, but yet noisy with something like laughing, and the ragged mother holding up her sallow infant for your admiration. We dropped our dollar in his hand; all slothful as he is, the Coptic monk performs some labour, and supports some who have natural claims upon him; and the

solitary Carthusian, in the commodious chambers of the far-famed and sumptuous Certosa, would have compounded, I suspect, for all this poverty and degradation, to have enjoyed the privilege of being a husband and a father.

The poor monk gave us, with his thanks, two little cakes of very white bread, with a cross stamped on them.

Two of the Italian servants at Radamont, came and offered themselves as guides to the ruins of Antinopolis, or Antinoe, on the other side of the river. We went: scattered over a large space of white sand, you find the remains of an amphitheatre, or rather you can trace its outline; you walk down long avenues of broken columns; you see baths; the brick facing of a canal; scramble over heaps of pottery; and are conducted to three different spots, where six, four, and two columns, spoken of as having been of the most perfect beauty, whether for size, proportion, or material, were lately pulled down by the Turks, to *burn into lime.*

Sometimes when you are in the humour

for it, these sort of Italian adventurers are very entertaining: they have all the jargon of *ciceroni;* they take up a position for you, direct your gaze, affect the sympathy of delight when you express admiration, and have a shrug of like kind when you regret the progress of decay, or are indignant at wanton destruction. They make excellent travelling servants; can turn their hands to any thing; are very quick at the language; and appear to fall into the habits of the natives without much effort, or any violent departure from their own; they look well in the Asiatic dress, and exceedingly ill, and disreputable, as you often see them at Cairo, in the Frank habit: this, by the way, may assist in correcting a notion very prevalent, and naturally so with romantic minds, that the Asiatic Turks are finer animal men than Europeans. I do not subscribe to the idea that they form "the aristocracy of nature" from what I have seen of them; and I suspect a regiment of British Life-guards, with beards of a three years' growth, and in full Turkish costume, would present a sight more noble in its way than Cairo

ever saw, or perhaps Constantinople itself. The most truly handsome men in form and feature of the Turkish empire are to be found, I believe, among some of the Greek subjects: that you occasionally meet individual countenances to be long remembered and stored up as pictures, is certainly true.

It was late when we returned from our ramble, and giving them a present*, we got into our boat, and dropped down to Bedrashin.

The Arabs who were conducting us towards the pyramids of Saccara, stopped our asses at a small hut by the way-side, and told us that here was a Frank whom we must visit. There came out from it a person of a countenance very foreign, with the deep lines and brown stain of a travelled and weather-beaten man. He appeared glad to see us, congratulated us on

* One of these men had an Ibis mummy. We had seen it in the morning covered with asphaltum, and in a small curious-shaped case, with many hieroglyphics; he had also showed us many small figures of bronze idols, very like those sold to this day in India: they were for sale.

being the first to whom he could show a late-found treasure, and with ready politeness conducted us to it. Not twenty yards had we to go;—a very fine colossal statue of a noble countenance, with a scroll represented in its closed hand, a tablet on its breast, and that striped clothing on the thighs, common on the statues and figures at Thebes, lay where it had been lately uncovered, and where it has lain for centuries, not three feet under the surface of the soil. This, he told us, he believed and hoped would enable him to discover the site of the temple of Vulcan, of which he thought it must have formed an ornament. He now led us to his *maison rustique*, as he termed it; one which he had caused to be erected close to his treasure, and which he had only arrived that morning from Ghizeh to occupy. He had not even unpacked a single thing; but he insisted on our waiting till we had drank coffee;—a kind of thing the Arab servant would contrive to give you if the meeting was under a rock, at a temporary halt; and if you go away without taking it, you are con-

sidered deficient in politeness. He now recommended us to ride first to Dashour, then return by Saccara to him; and that on the morrow he would be happy to show us the interior of the most interesting one at Saccara, and ride with us over the site of Memphis.

This gentleman was no other than the enterprising and persevering Caviglia.

Away we ambled, along fields, and past wells, and through date-groves, till at last we came out on the edge of the desert, at the foot of that shapeless mass of sun-baked mud called the Brick Pyramid. On the sand by its side, lay bricks; here, single, there, two or three joined together; they are large, thick, and square in form, and the dry earth composing them, held together by straw, most plentifully mixed, and yet white and shining as it was served out by the task-master to those who laboured at making them. Of the two stone pyramids near this spot, one is very handsome, its casing smooth, and the squares of stone united with surprising exactness; its form, towards the top, has an inclining

bend, both at the angles and on the sides, which gives it a character quite different from the others. That by its side would be a fine thing in the eye of the traveller, if the two at Ghizeh were not so superior in size, that when seen, they almost efface this from your memory ; I ascended it with one of my companions, by an angle, which gave us just such a path as is presented to the assailant of a breached bastion, — sand, rubbish, fallen stones to tread on, others erect, to be wound round or mounted with a longer stride; even from the summit of this one, the men and asses standing at the foot, were reduced to a most dwarfish size, and, gazed long upon, would make you, if you stood on the edge of a side-step, feel giddy. Strange structures ! — for whom raised, and by whom, and when ? — we know not, and, perhaps, we do not feel the less pleasure in contemplating them, because none can tell us. We rode along the desert to those of Saccara, verdure on our right, and on our left, sand, an ocean of it, wide, pathless, still, stretching far, far away

to where lies that savage country, *Leonum arida nutrix.*

Several of the pyramids of Saccara have lost their casing, and present naked sides of sand and rubbish. The principal one here is, in descriptive truth, not a pyramid; but VAST, square, altar-like steps, six in number, rise in graduated lessening proportions to a flat summit: Arab tradition calls it the Seat of Pharaoh, and states it to have been the spot whence the ancient kings of Egypt promulgated their laws to their assembled subjects. I leave antiquarians to battle with tradition, and I triumph as much as any one in the successful efforts of their learning, when they account for, and expose its absurdities, beat down the strong holds of any important error, or establish any important truth: but Tradition is a very poetical, a very pleasing personage; we like to meet him on our travels, at least I do, and I always ask him a question. You will find him grey and blind, sitting among all old ruins, and "Death standing dim behind!"

We passed on to some tombs and mum-

my-pits; found at the mouths of some, fragments of broken-down walls, with figures and hieroglyphics; one, I remember, with a priest admirably painted on it. We also saw two statues of females seated, the size of nature, which had been lately dug out, and two more afterwards in the village near; one of the last was rather on a larger scale; they were of a soft white stone, the eyes painted, also the hair, and the ornaments on their robes and persons. Even with this paint, which I do not like on a statue, and can ill understand how, in the bright day of Pericles, Athens could have tolerated; even, I say, with this drawback, they had a sweetness and beauty of expression we all admired.

Returning, we again called on Civiglia. Magic had been at work in his little hut: plans and drawings were hung all round, concealing and ornamenting its walls; his books established on shelves and tables; in fact, it looked that sort of home, in which the soldier and the traveller find some comfort in their sojournings. Among his books, I observed Denon, a Florence edition, the

Zendavesta, and the works of Pascal. We turned over the plates of Denon; and he showed us a small hieroglyphic vocabulary, in manuscript, for the interpretations in which Dr. Young and Mr. Champollion were the authorities.

He declined returning with us that evening to our boat, but said he would himself accompany us to Saccara on the morrow, which he did. His wish was to show the interior of that pyramid* opened by the French, he having founded some opinion on the examination of it, which leads him to suppose that *none of the pyramids were sepulchres;* — I leave him to amuse himself with the difficulty. He is a kind man, with much enthusiasm about Egyptian antiquities, having exhibited enterprise and perseverance, and fearlessly expended all he could: he is unpretending, too, considering his visit to Paris, and the nonsense he heard talked there about Moses and Orpheus, and

* The same which the Arabs call the Seat of Pharaoh; and here, perhaps, tradition does not err; but the other pyramids are surely sepulchral.

which, at times, will peep from under his modest avowals, that he is only a sailor, with a strong turn this way, which has made him both labour and read on antiquities.

We were all much disappointed, and he was exceedingly provoked, to find that the Arab fellahs had blocked up the entrance, and that so effectually, and with such huge stones, that it would have taken many men and a day's labour to have removed them. We returned along a raised bank, just dividing the desert from a low, green, cultivated flat, the ancient bed of the lake Acherusia: we went on, and through a few clumps of dates, and down to another long open flat, where, to the eye of the antiquarian, a few stones scattered here and there in the corn, give the site and traces of a street of the ancient city of Memphis.

> "Nor is Osiris seen
> In Memphian grove or green,
> Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud."

In other parts, you see remains of a wall of unburnt brick; and again, in one spot, brick-work of a later date; a part of a bath;

and also the facing of a canal. These last are of the city in its latter days: the stones, with their hieroglyphics, as old as the time of its first founder; the sumptuous temple of the great Vulcan of the Egyptians, so renowned once, is the more particular object of Mr. Caviglia's search; and here, as his fancy suggests, and his means admit of his buying and rooting up a tree, or getting them not to sow on a few square yards of fertile land, he digs, and excavates, — finds nothing! hopes, fears, and digs again, and finds a broken shaft, a statue, or a stone, — and sleeps the sounder, and wakes the happier for it! He appears to understand how to conciliate the common Arab very well: though not settled, he was already erecting near his hut, where he had dug a well, a little kind of wig-wam of the date leaf, about six feet or more in height, which would give just as much shade as a bit of park paling or hurdle might; little enough, but sufficient quite to invite all the Arabs as they passed by, to stop, deposit their staff or load, ask for water, and take a sleep,

leaving their blessing with the good man as they departed.

He showed, and with no little pride, a number of the Quarterly Review, which spoke of his labours with high praise and deserved encouragement. I borrowed the volume, as I saw it contained much about the pyramids; and I certainly was indebted to some ingenious and astounding calculations concerning the quantity of stone employed in the erection of that, known by the title of Cheops, for very increased pleasure in surveying it. Mr. C. dined with us in the evening, and the following morning we dropped down to Ghizeh.

From the moment that you leave Ghizeh, until you reach the pyramids, they seem continually near to you; you would think that you had but a narrow field to cross to reach their base: you have four miles to ride: they certainly have an awful look;—everlasting as it were, compared to any other structure which you have either seen, or know to exist, or can imagine. But this does not arise, perhaps, so much from their apparent size, as from your knowledge of

what that really is, and also from the sublime unity of design, solidity of construction, and the severe simplicity of their once sacred form.

He who has stood on the summit of the most ancient, and yet the most mighty monument of his power and pride ever raised by man, and has looked out and round to the far horizon, where Lybia and Arabia lie silent, and hath seen, at his feet, *the land of Egypt* dividing their dark solitudes with a narrow vale, beautiful and green, the mere enamelled setting of one solitary shining river, must receive impressions which he can never convey, for he cannot define them to himself.

Let us come down, let us leave this spot. Some one of our poets has placed on this mighty pedestal that skeleton form with scithe and hour-glass. Time sits in triumph on this empty tomb, — a fitting throne!

We passed into its dark chambers, long, gloomy passages; above, around, all vast masses of stone; Arabs crowding on us and noisy, and the torches blazing on and throwing a gloss on their bronzed skins:

we rested awhile near the broken empty sarcophagus, and then clambered up a rude ladder, and crawled through a low passage to another chamber; afterwards we went down the well and out through another passage, which leads up, and joins the principal one near the entrance. The total descent, from the mouth of the well, is 155 feet; two of the shafts are perpendicular; the third having, however, a very rapid inclination. With an Arab lighting you, and muttering something to drive the demons from him, you let yourself down this well, pressing your back against the side, stretching out your hands to steady yourself, and feeling with your dangling foot for the narrow, small, worn niches that scarce give a resting place to the ball of your toe; at length you reach the bottom, and, after looking about you, and pausing awhile, in the gloomy depth, you make your way up a very long passage, catch the light of day, and go gladly forth, — dusty, dirty; faces covered with perspiration from the heat, and blackened by the smoke of torches, we looked as I have seen men look in battle.

We rested ourselves for half an hour, and then proceeded to the pyramid opened by Belzoni. The passage into this has the finest polish on the masses of granite I think it capable of receiving; the fine chamber cut in the living rock surprised us, as it does all visitors; and how these ancient men contrived to cut so well in the hardest stone, when we cannot now make instruments fine enough to accomplish the same thing, at least I know those sent from England failed, remains, for the present, a wonder, and we look back upon them as cunning in their craft.

It is impossible to visit these pyramids * without reflecting on the spirit and the skill

* The great pyramid is ascended without further inconvenience than is caused by the great height of many of the steps. There is no sort of danger; but he who knows himself likely to turn giddy, should direct his looks either far out or else to the stones immediately below and near him, never to the bottom of the pyramid. I mean during the ascent, or while coming down. On the summit he need not take such caution. The Arabs crowd round and pester you; yet here and there, where the steps are high, you avail yourself, not unwillingly, of a lifting hand to save time and fatigue.

of those intrepid pioneers of antiquarianism, Caviglia and Belzoni : the latter I never saw, the former I shall not soon forget; his pursuits have unsettled many of those notions which he probably received in childhood, and have given him, I suspect, no consoling equivalent. I remembered, however, that there lay in his cottage one of the finest uninspired volumes ever penned, "The Thoughts of Pascal," and I could not help wishing that, while looking for the temple of Vulcan, he might find a nobler prize.

Near the great pyramid there are some low tombs, two of which have their walls covered with paintings : — there is the birth and story of Apis, the cow calving; there are sacrifices, feasting, dancing; there is an antelope in a small wood; and there is a figure which (though a mere trifle) called and fixed my attention, a man carrying two square boxes across the shoulder on a broad flat bending piece of wood; exactly similar this is to the manner in which burdens are borne in India, by what we there call bangy-coolies. It suggests to me what I had for-

gotten before to remark,—the peculiar way in which you see, in paintings at Thebes, the end of the girdle or loincloth gathered, plaited, as it were, and hanging down before their middles, is *exactly* Indian; nor, to my eye, is the complexion or feature, either in the paintings or statues, very different from some tribes of Brahmin; but I am fanciful, though not unobservant, and must leave others to dismiss this with a smile, or think it over as an amusement in some morning's walk.

We returned from our day's ride in silent delight. They are the tombs of Cheops and Cephrenes, says the Grecian; they are the tombs of Seth and Enoch, says the wild and imaginative Arabian; an English traveller with a mind warmed, perhaps, and misled by his heart, tells you that the large pyramid *may* have contained the ashes of the patriarch Joseph; and, at least, he displays ingenuity in showing the grounds on which he builds his supposition. It is all this which constitutes the very charm of a visit to these ancient monuments. You smile, and your smile is followed and re-

proved by a sigh. One thing you *know*,—that the chief, and the philosopher, and the poet of the times of old, men "who mark fields as they pass, with their own mighty names," have certainly been here; that Alexander has spurred his war-horse to its base; and Pythagoras, with naked foot, has probably stood upon its summit.

The sphinx disappointed us; it does generally, I should think: drawings and prints deceive wonderfully; it has neither the size, the majesty, nor the sweetness with which it is usually represented.

In the night we dropped down to Bulac, and, when we looked out in the morning, we found ourselves moored close in front of the palace of Ismael Pasha*; it has an appearance princely, and is a strange mixture of Italian, Greek, and Asiatic taste, having a wide front of handsome windows and balconies, Greek painting on its walls, much gilding on its iron-work, and a wing for the harem quite eastern. Cairo the

* He had been murdered, or rather put to death, by the peasants of Nubia. He was among them as a conqueror, and was oppressive.

Grand by no means corresponds with this early promise of show and magnificence; but Cairo is abundantly interesting, and, though I confess myself the possessor of a sanguine disposition, it did not disappoint my expectations. As I lay looking from the cabin-window at this palace, a voice said (with the deliberate utterance and accent of a Scotchman),—"If you are the gentlemen from Upper Egypt, the consul has sent me to conduct you and your baggage to Cairo." I looked up and saw a fresh-looking man with the Highland countenance, sandy mustachios, the red Mamaluke trowsers, and the fine white cloak of Africa; the tone, the look, all that seemed unaltered and unalterable about this man, struck and prepossessed me at once; and as he was attached to us by Mr. Salt, during our stay, and accompanied us in our daily rides, I thus introduce him. In fact, it was coming in contact with Europe, although the unfortunate being who formed the fancied link is himself an object of (I can write no other word than) pity.

Camels and asses were in readiness, and we mounted and set forward. I must tell

the reader that the ass of Cairo, even the hired ass, is a lineal descendant of the *Sprightly*, in the Arabian Nights; a fine-sized animal, with a party-coloured pack-saddle, having a high pommel covered with red leather, on which you may lounge, lean your hand, or suffer your reins to lie. He is provided with stirrups and bridle, half European; away he goes trotting or cantering, the ragged driver running after him and crying, *Taieeb, Signor, taieeb, lashy lee breed**; whether you do or no, he carries you, winding his way between loaded camels, workmen's stalls, porters, beggars, crowds mounted, and crowds on foot, in a manner that at first quite puzzles you. It is necessary to have your eyes open and your wits ready, or you will be knocked off by the mountain-load of some camel, or, what might be worse, you would run against a surly Albanian.

After passing, however, three or four narrow lanes, you get out of Old Cairo, and ride along a fine, and rather a wide bit of road to the new city. Here you may look

* Lachez le bride.

before and around you, and ask questions. Mounted on sleek, beautiful, well-groomed asses, you meet numbers of respectable-looking figures, in their ample and distinguishing robes; the Coptic and Armenian merchants, with dark robes and dark turbans; the Mohammedans in brighter colours, and turbans white, or of shawls. You see mingled with these (we did that very morning) Greek and Latin monks in their blue and black garments, with beards and turbans.

There is green corn on each side of you; the city does look, as you approach, like a capital.

You enter and cross the Birket Esbequieh; it is an open, irregular square; the houses on one side lofty, latticed, mean, and out of repair, but novel and picturesque. To the right are the palaces of Ali Pasha, Ahmed Pasha, and other grandees; white buildings, large, with, before one, a small garden, before the others bare walls, but nothing either being or looking palace-like. They front to the street beyond; but are not much better in appearance on that side.

You pass out of this square, and again find yourself "in Cairo's crowded streets." Mr. Salt, whom we first visited, had taken us apartments in a hotel in the Frank quarter. Thither we went; the Franks, I am sorry to say, are by far the most disreputable-looking class in Cairo. No pencil, but such a one as the late Mr. Scott's, could at all convey to the reader's mind the portraits of these people. The lively fidelity of one late traveller might have done something for it, and I am surprised that he omitted the mention of them. I can only beg you to image to yourself a set of needy, indolent, adventurous, dissipated, sharp-visaged men, whose offences, or fortunes, or hopes, have driven them from Trieste or Venice, Genoa or Marseilles; and to clothe them from the Monmouth Streets of those places, with such coats, hats, and caps, as they alone can furnish, and you have before you the *many* of that Frank population *

* On a Sunday, all, however, are to be seen in something looking new. How they live is a matter of wonder, as many are without employ.

at Cairo, which represents the European and the Christian to the eye of the haughty Mussulman. Where is the merchant of Venice in his scarlet cloak? where the Genoese in his rich and glossy velvets? That Cairo, the Cairo of the caliphs, is no more; but you shall yet see the streets along which they rode, the mosques in which they prayed, and the bazaars where the Jewish and Arabian merchants brought and displayed the costly goods of India, to the purchasers from Europe.

We were very comfortable at the hotel; the master was a reserved, respectable, and respectful man, a Monsieur Meunier. He had a *table d'hôte:* we dined there the first evening, as an experiment or amusement, but his anxiety about our doing so, and the people we met, together with his looks at, and manner to them, showed us it would not do. We were very glad, however, to have seen it. At the table there were two who looked unhappy, disappointed men; and in the garden I used often to pass a French officer in a worn-out uniform, without epaulette, whose look (though he

bowed) spoke the unsubdued spirit of a soldier, perhaps exiled from France, and, in desperate fortunes, seeking a service, and mingling among men he despised.

Osmyn, the Scotch Mamaluke, came to attend us in the morning. Our first ride was to Shubrah, the country palace of the pasha; as we crossed the Esbequieh, a new building was pointed out as the site of a house which Bonaparte had once inhabited, also that once occupied by the French Institute. We cantered or ambled pleasantly along a fine road, between avenues of Syrian and Egyptian mulberry-trees; we met large droves of asses, laden with forage, fine fresh grass, and green barley. The country harem happened to be cleaning, repairing, and empty, so that we saw all the apartments. There is a large central one for the women; small apartments at the angles for the more distinguished; one, rather handsome, for the pasha's wife. There are summer apartments below; one with a fountain, a small bath of marble, and a large Eastern kitchen for the cooks and slaves: there is, also, above, a private apartment of the

pasha's, and one appropriated to youthful slaves, whom the crimes and customs of the East condemn to effeminacy and degradation.

Some of these apartments have the walls decorated with Greek paintings of a bright, tawdry colouring, representing palaces, kiosks, fountains, gardens, and, alas! for the poor inmates, scenes of open country or natural landscape; they are ill executed, but, with all the minuteness and laborious attention of Eastern artists. The gardens are pretty; the larger one has less stiff formality than I had expected; the smaller one has arbours, and trellis-covered paths, which are formed of the small pebbles of Rhodes. There were orange-trees, with their golden fruit, in the larger; in the smaller, many beautiful plants and creepers, also reservoirs of water, and little ducts of stone, guiding the sparkling treasure.

The gardeners had an air and countenances that pleased; their features fine, their occupation pleasant: they were Greeks from the *gardens of Scio.* Poor fellows! the men of whom they learned to use the

pruning-knife, and tie up the drooper, and the girls with whom they danced, *where are they?* Were the question asked in that sad isle, who would answer?

Greek artists, too, with an Italian directing them, are building a sort of marble pavilion, or a water-palace. It promises to be handsome; a large square reservoir, a fountain, which will pour its waters from the mouths of crocodiles (the crocodiles are vile, stiff, and ill-suited to the purpose), verandas all round, marble pillars, urns, lions, and the ceiling of the pavilion and walks painting in fresco, by Greeks. The whole is paving with fine squares of white marble, which are ready prepared in Sicily and Italy for laying down, and then sent hither, as are all the other ornaments of marble.

The last thing we went to visit was a cameleopard, sent from Nubia by the pasha's son; a most extraordinary, beautiful, and gentle creature. Nature has given it the eye and the closed nostril of the camel, a neck as long, but the proportion and grace of it peculiarly its own; a something

in its body, especially in the rounded compact hind-quarter, of the horse; a cloven hoof; has adorned it with the spottings of the leopard, but gifted it with the tameness of the fawn. Not often is it caught; and then generally becomes a state-prisoner; it has been led up in Roman triumphs, and, since that day, has had its very existence disputed.*

A gentleman, who had visited Shubrah a few weeks before us, was prevented from sketching it by the keepers, on account of their dread of the "evil eye," and they seemed very impatient at our long visit. From a like apprehension they prevented us from going round the pasha's stud; about twenty of his horses, however, we saw, by no means fine animals. We now returned home. Every afternoon during my stay I walked out alone, through all the streets and bazaars, and into the lanes,

* It stood ten feet high to the crown of the head, between six and seven feet to the top of the shoulder. I see by the paper he has been shipwrecked in his passage to Constantinople very lately, but saved.

courts, and suburbs of Cairo, but of that presently. The next day we visited Mohammed Ali; Mr. Salt was present. We rode to the palace he occupied (one of Ahmed Pasha's); found a court-yard filled with a number of men, soldiers, and other attendants; a few horses; but nothing having an air of order or show; and no persons, either from dress or manner, looking or assuming consequence. We were introduced into a large apartment; the pasha was at one end, on the divan; Mr. Salt on his right; a shrewd-looking Italian interpreter standing up, directly opposite to the pasha, in the Frank habit, with his hat in his hand. We were received courteously, the common questions addressed to us, and then coffee was brought. We sat there a very long time; not one attendant of any kind was in the room, and only the khawajee and assistants in the moments of their service. Almost the whole time the pasha was carrying on an animated, laughing conversation with Mr. Salt. The interpreter appeared to me fearlessly familiar, voluble, and to aim at and succeed in

making the pasha laugh. Turkish and Italian were the languages, and without at the time understanding more of the Italian than its similarity to the Spanish admitted, the general tenor of the discourse was easily gathered, and consisted of allusions to local events, and persons of whom we knew nothing: the graver part of it was concerning the emir of the Druses, who was then at Cairo, and had lately received pardon (that is, life), and permission to return to his government at Mount Lebanon.

The pasha, every now and then, addressed some questions to us; two or three about the Persians, and their adoption of our discipline; but all inconsequent. I sat on the divan with my eyes fixed upon him; I wanted to examine the countenance of a man, who had realised in our day one of those scenes in history, which, when we have perused it, always compels us to lay down the book, and recover ourselves. There he sat, — a quick eye, features common, nose bad, a grizzled beard, looking much more than fifty, the worn complexion

of that period of life, and there seemed to be creeping upon him that aspect which belongs to, and betrays the "grey decrepitude of lust." Mohammed Ali Pasha is a Turk, a very Turk: he is surrounded, flattered, and cajoled by a set of foreign adventurers, who put notions into his head, and words into his mouth, which pass for, and, in truth, become his own: the race between him and them is who shall get the most out of the other, and what between force and fraud, I believe the pasha has the best of it. His idea of political economy is pretty much like that of the countryman, who killed the goose, and was astonished not to find more eggs of gold.

So far from improving, as far as we could hear and see, he is ruining and impoverishing his country. He has got rid of his Turks and Albanians, and flatters himself his new levy is a master-stroke of policy. He does not *pay*, and will never attach them; and if they do not (which I think probable) desert with their arms, and disturb his conquests and possessions above the cataracts, they will die away as a body,

and fall to pieces in a very short period of time.

The protection which he affords to the European traveller is to be acknowledged, but not at the expense of truth. He knows if his country was not safe, the European would not come there: he encourages the intercourse, because he avows his wish to receive and employ Franks; and it is necessary, therefore, to let them see and know that protection is afforded to them, and to accustom his subjects to their presence. As far as pasha can be independent of the Porte, he is, and he knows it is only by cultivating his European relations that he can effectually continue so to the end. They might now send him the bowstring in vain; they tell you that he is not sanguinary; men grow tired of shedding blood, as well as of other pleasures; but if the cutting off a head would drop gold into his coffers, he would not be slow to give the signal. His laugh has nothing in it of nature; how can it have? I can hear it now,—a hard sharp laugh, such as that with which strong heartless men would divide

booty torn from the feeble. I leave him to his admirers. At one thing I heartily rejoice: it is said that our Consul-general has great influence with him; and it is known that that is always exerted freely and amiably for Franks of all nations in distress or difficulty, and often for natives also.

We went to the castle and visited the arsenal; a clear-eyed, intelligent, manly-spoken Englishman was in temporary charge of it, and hoped to be confirmed in the situation. He was a good specimen of what our countrymen are in such charges. Not a great deal of work is done here; there are plenty of good workmen, Franks and some English, who were disappointed with their employer, and about to return: they only cast four-pounders. It was in a room here, over a machine for boring cannon, that some Frenchmen formerly in charge had painted in large characters,— "*Vive Mahomed Ali, Protecteur des Arts!*" The Englishman said, that when the pasha visited the arsenal he certainly asked questions that surprised him, in a Turk.

A man in power, of common intelligence, soon learns, by some means or another, to ask a few questions when he visits an establishment. His merit, if any, is, in defiance of prejudices, receiving men with heads to contrive and hands to execute what himself, his three-tailed sons, and his people cannot.

The castle of Cairo is a fine thing. The pillars in the hall of Joseph and the well of that caliph, are memorials of a prouder period; and, from surveying them, it is common to go and take your stand on the outer wall of the castle, and look out upon the magnificent scene it commands; a noble one it is. Cairo still looks itself; the dark mass of the mosque of Hassan, the many light and lofty minarets which rise above the crowded buildings, the gardens, the trees, the green earth, and the broad river beyond, proclaim aloud (that is, speaking to the eye), power, beauty, wealth, abundance; and you might again go down and expect to see caparisoned horses and fair structures, stuffs of gold and silver, and the measure of corn heaped up and flowing over into the poor man's

bosom. This you do not see; still, however, you find the narrow streets crowded and busy, a stream of turbaned men, long files of camels, the quick ambling asses of scribes and merchants, here and there a solitary horseman, or a small group, perhaps, a wealthy man on a mule, a poor man with the smallest-sized overloaded ass, a party of armed Albanians, a file of women going to the baths, enveloped in their large black mantles and closely veiled, slaves before clearing their path with a cry and a blow, and they raised very loftily, upon saddles high, high above their animals, with one servant leading and one at each stirrup, — nor shape, nor face, nor foot, discernible; nothing whereby eager youth might guess if they, too, were young enough for love, save the dark flashing of the eye, which, if it will, can smile without the aid of parted lips or dimpling cheek.

I must stop for a minute, and confess that I saw no eye of this description, — but such there must be in Cairo, or such there was, as the young merchant, who lost his right hand, found to his cost; but I am

wrong, I believe the lady came on a mule to the bezestein, on a shopping excursion, and unveiled.

Well, it was very pleasant, in my school-boy days, to put aside the imposed τυφθησομαι and light the taper at my scob *, and read those same Arabian tales; and it was very pleasant, though I did but imperfectly recollect them, to think about them in the streets of Grand Cairo, where the author of those tales seems always fond of carrying his heroes. The loads of wood on the camels, which really in these lanes it is not easy to avoid, bring the scar of Amine's cheek, and her prompt and natural account of it, to your idle mind, and assure you that the writer † once moved in these very streets.

We stopped before the gate of a large building, and, turning, entered a court of no great size, with a range of apartments all round; open doors showed that they

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* A conveniency for holding books at Winchester College, so called.

† Said to be a Greek; — indeed there is much in them that could hardly have been written by a Mussulman born.

were dark and wretched; at them, or before them, stood or sat small groups of female slaves; also from within these chambers, you might catch the moving eyes and white teeth of those who shunned the light. There was a gallery above with other rooms, and slave-girls leaning on the rail, — laughter, all laughter, — their long hair in numerous falling curls, white with fat; their faces, arms, and bosoms shining with grease. Exposure in the market is the moment of their joy. Their cots, their country, the breast that gave them suck, the hand that led their tottering steps not forgotten, but resigned, given up, as things gone for ever, left in another world. The toils and terrors of the wide desert, the hard and scanty fare, the swollen foot, the whip, the scalding tear, the curse; all, all are behind: hope meets them here, and paints some master kind; some mistress gentle; some babe or child to win the heart of; — as bond-women they may bear a son, and live and die the contented inmates of some quiet harem. You see they laugh, and some wear even a wanton look; — they are quite *happy*. No,

—look at that scowling, dark-browed Moor; he is their owner; it is to please, or to escape from him, they smile; you think otherwise of that one; well, perhaps it is nature prompts her; but the many, and those wild, shy groups within,—could we sit, and hear, and understand the simple history of every smiler there, we should go home and shudder.

> "Then what is man? and what man, seeing this,
> And having human feelings, does not blush
> And hang his head, to think himself a man?"

Yes! Arabian fiction may have charmed, and cheated, our unthinking youth, and we may still delight to look upon forms and features, robes and arms, the manners and the customs of other days; but we gladden to see decay at work;—the blackened mosque, the dulled crescent, the silent khan, the roofless dwelling, these tell us that

> "—— What remains
> Of this tempestuous state of human things,
> Is merely as the working of a sea
> Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest."

We visited an hospital, founded five hundred years ago; four large vaulted recesses,

spacious and airy, are the chambers; they surround an open court with a fountain. We walked round the cots of the patients. It appeared to me that they were but fed and sheltered; there are native physicians, but I believe the wisest of them attempt little in the way of treatment. We saw a Moggrebyn, lying in a sad state, his limbs swollen, his eye hopeless; he was a native of Fez. You make a present in bread here (not money), a strange custom. We were shown a smaller court, with a fountain in it, and a few small cells around with iron-grated fronts. I have seen beasts of the forest in the like; they were some of them tenanted, and by human beings, — men stricken of God; a sad, a fearful sight.*

Every morning during our stay, save one, when the hot wind called the hamseen blew fiery as from a furnace-mouth, we visited something; each afternoon I wandered through the city to catch and carry away its aspect. We generally dined as

* I see not that the Turk who professes to regard these sufferers as holy, is tender in his treatment of them.

evening closed ; and not an evening but we became silent, and listened as a muezzin, who had one of those deep fine-toned voices you never forget, chaunted out from a lofty minar, not very distant, the solemn call to prayer.

We rode one morning to the tombs of the caliphs ; they are in a ruinous condition, but must still be very striking objects to the eye of a traveller visiting them from Europe. He who has looked upon the remains of Moorish magnificence in Hindostan, those vast and costly edifices raised by the Mogul emperors on the plains of Agra, is surprised at the comparative inferiority of these, and indeed all the works of the caliphs.

A little beyond the " Victory Gate," Osmyn pointed to where under some small tomb, which we could not distinguish among the closely crowded graves, lie the remains of poor Burckhardt. " Nay, you must not go up," said Osmyn ; " and do not let the people see you looking that way too intently." It is just on the edge of that immense desert he was preparing to traverse.

Hopes broken, " he fell pale in a land unknown." Osmyn was the man whom Burckhardt found in slavery at Djidda, and, by the ready assistance of Mr. Salt, raised from his abject condition, and placed in comparative comfort at Cairo, where he is now, attached to, and protected by, the Consul-general. He was with Burckhardt when he died, and kindly remembered in his will. He, less happy, is a Turk by rite; and as in the case of poor Ibrahim, the Moslems will take his body, and lay it among their own; but I believe, Scotland, his heart is in your hills, and that quiet kirk he never more shall see. He cannot, could not again face you; wounded and a beaten slave, they performed the rite by force. I shall long remember the evening when in the garden of our dwelling (gloomy and dark it was) he told his tale. If there be any who in his secure and carpeted chambers shall entertain hard thoughts of this man as a renegade, who thinks that he should go and ask for the martyrdom of impalement, I counsel him to offer thanks, and drop the stone; reflecting with deep

self-abasement on the care and love which have saved him from like trials, and a like melancholy fate.

We visited the Coptic convent; saw their cymbals, and the supporting crutches on which they lean in service. We observed ostrich eggs suspended from the roof of their chapel, and descended below, to where an altar and a font mark the spot which some monkish invention gives out as having once been a place of concealment for the Virgin Mother and her holy babe.

We visited also the Greek convent, and drank coffee with the priests. The Greek gives burial-ground to the Protestant. Some English lie in the convent garden; we, in return, look with cold indifference on his trampled cross. We went into a very large *forsaken* mosque on our way home; once a year there is still some festival held there; it has a most spacious square court, and porticoes adorned with, and supported by, handsome columns. We passed a Turkish encampment, infantry destined for Candia.

We had the pleasure of dining with Mr.

Salt, and of seeing his little collection of Egyptian relics. He has many fine bronze figures of their idols. Of the objects which most pleased me were, a sacred vessel of yellow metal, a composition fine as Corinthian brass, giving a clear musical sound, which is long, very long, in dying away, and is listened to with attention, till the last faint exquisite note, which does not seem to finish, blends with such sounds, as when the world is up and awake, belong even to silence.

There was another vessel like the lotos leaf (similar we have in India); a sacrificial knife and axe; ornament of fine gilding, and of coloured glass; scarabæi; papyri, fine specimens; a Greek one with part of the Iliad; an ink-stand, colour-box, combs, crisping pins, pencils for the eyes, mirrors of brass, sandals, shoes, some of *infant size*, basket-work, a chair, a harp *unstrung*, a timbrel, a *hand-ball*, bow and arrows, a piôche, or hand-plough.

In my solitary wanderings in the city, I visited the Convento della Propaganda, and della Terra Santa also; walked all through the Jewish quarter, and was shown their

largest synagogue, (they have seven,) a building somewhat mosque-like, of stone, with handsome small pillars: they had, in the ark or recess, seven copies of the law, written and on rollers. They also showed me an old Bible illuminated, and written in beautiful characters; together with other books and copies of the Talmud. They asked me to put my shoes from off my feet, when I went into this synagogue; I did so; they showed me a school of little boys at their Hebrew lessons. Their quarter is dark, dirty, and you see many meanly clad figures*, yet do they seem to be far more at ease here than I had seen them in Arabia; they purchase dearly their protection: I was told they occupied about

* I met some of their women: they wore a white mantle on the head; and two that I saw had zones of metal, thin silver; one, an old woman, from the slovenliness and carelessness of age, wore the zone low and loose, so that it caused the garments about her bosom to fall awkwardly, and exposed her aged breasts. I mention it, because, although familiar with the sight of the zone in the East, I had never seen it so worn: it for the first time gave me the exact meaning of such poetical images as belong to the loosened zone.

a hundred and twenty houses in separate families. A family is always very large, that is, it consists of all connected with each other, also servants and travelling strangers.

I can never pass the Jew without a feeling of awe and sorrow.

Through the other quarters of the town I would walk slowly, now pausing to ask a question, or to look at what was strange; a large, and not a very clean-looking towel hanging before the door of the Hummāām, denotes that women are in the bath; the Mambrino helmet is here, as in Spain, whither the Moors carried, or left it, the sign of a shop where heads are shaved in an orthodox manner, and you see them held low and shining under the hands of the skilful operator.

Here, too, beards are trimmed and perfumed, and the mustachio is twisted, or curled to the fancy of the wearer. Coffee-houses abound, and the sherbet-shop I have seen, but *no cream tarts, either with or without pepper.* In one quarter you will find every shop filled with slippers of red or yellow lea-

ther, and men working at that trade; in another, saddlers dwell. I went into a large yard, filled with old Mamaluke saddles, all torn and weather-stained, the blue, and crimson, and purple velvets faded, and the embroidery tarnished. Two or three workmen were making new, and some others embroidering new housings. I contrived to ask them if the saddles I saw were of the Mamaluke chiefs and their followers: they said, Yes; and then looked at each other, and at me, as much as to say, he has read about them in his book; and I observed a strong expression of regret as they regarded the old saddles. However, 'tis a selfish feeling with them, perhaps, for the killing off of the beys made quite a change in Cairo. Horses and rich saddles, and velvet housings, are seldom seen now.

In the large open space before the castle you may see a few mountebanks and monkeys; a kind of combat with staves; and others, where men act and speak, also combating. A few small idle crowds are gathered in little knots round these, but there is little mirth, not to be compared

with what you would meet in India; their serpent-charmers and dancing women I did not see, but from what I hear, and readily credit, they are inferior to like exhibitions in India. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments yield, in Cairo, with the Arabs and people generally, to the tale of Antar, so at least I was informed, for at night, their great story-telling season, I had no opportunity of seeing the groups of listeners. In one large bezestein you see numbers of cloth-merchants, and bales of cloth, silks, shawls, &c.; in another, you see garments made up, and those for the soldiery or attendants (the rich and great dressing always plain) are covered with so much embroidery, that hussar-officers would smile to see themselves eclipsed. There is a quarter allotted to the Moggrebyns; they bring fine white cloaks, red caps, and a stouter, stronger slipper, of a different shape from the common one, for sale. Here I met with one of my companions; and, as I was bargaining for a red cap, a Moor came over to interpret; an elderly good-tempered man: he also led us to a lane filled with the shops

of perfumers, my friend wishing to buy some atar. I did not think a Turk could have recommended his essences and perfumed waters with such smiling and persevering animation as did the youth* before whose shop we stopped. They are cheap, and put up in little glass-bottles, gilded and figured with flowers and stars. It was very late that evening, and we made the old Moor conduct us home to the Frank quarter; we wound through a number of narrow lanes, and in one, where all the shops were shut, and the Turks gone, our man of Morocco struck up "God save the King," of which he sung a verse or two in a manner the most comic. He had been in England, and had a sort of delight and pride in the circumstance, which, all silly as he was in the expression of it, did more than merely divert us. There is no way so short to the heart of an Englishman as to praise his country. It is not that you value the praises given, because, in ninety-nine cases

* He was a fresh complexioned bright-eyed youth, and in his way quite the "*Jin Vin*" of his quarter.

out of a hundred, the foreigner, be he Turk or Parisian, knows not *what* he praises; but you who do, see all the privileges and the glories which you are heir to summoned to your awakened thoughts.

Our last ride in the neighbourhood of Cairo was to the site of Heliopolis. It was a Friday, and women were going veiled among the tombs, with flowers to sprinkle on them. When these adornings of the tomb are the tribute of sincere grief and affection, the soothing to the heart of the mourner must be great; for there is a sacred pleasure in such innocent rites, honouring the dead over whom you weep. We have, in our days, refined a great deal too much upon ancient, and simple, and salutary customs; and because, in our happy, spiritual, and reformed church, we have conscientiously abolished masses over the grave, I know not why the cemetery and the churchyard are to be abandoned to the sexton and the nettle. Long after we cease to weep, or even regret the dead, we may read a sermon without book, we may hear a monitor without a voice, as

we look and tread upon the stone which covers their black coffin.

We passed on the road an encampment of Turkish horse, lately returned from Arabia; the horses were by no means fine, nor had the men a soldier's look; however, we only saw them *en passant*, as they lay picketed and grouped about. In *appearance* the Mogul horse are princely warriors compared to them; but I believe there is no doubt that the Turk has the stuff in him, the real courage to meet the biting blade when put to it. Moreover, such specimens of Turkish horse as you see in Egypt cannot be a fair sample of the Ottoman cavalry.

About four miles from the city we found a small caravan of 500 or 600 camels, collecting for Suez! Some had already gone forwards, and the rendezvous for that evening's halt having been named, they were lying idle, or moving off in parties of ten and twenty into the desert. The scene is very interesting; the character of their journeys, and their customs in travelling, are so opposed, so widely opposed, to any

thing with which you can compare them in Europe. The master and the slave are here brought nearly to the same level; the master has a better carpet, a neater pillow, a mouth-piece to his pipe, either of the finest amber, or otherwise richly enamelled, is well dressed, has nothing to do, smokes, and never moves; the slave has a coarser carpet, a dirtier pillow, a wooden pipe, is well-clothed, and has a little, and very little, to do; the coffee which he makes, and the meal which he prepares, he also partakes of. Both sit upon the sand, and encounter the sun by day, and the dew of night. The women sit enveloped in their mantles when halted, and ride shut up in litters of basket-work, covered with cloths and curtained. We saw this caravan at a moment when you might catch every variety of grouping afforded by the acts of loading, cooking, smoking, sleeping; camels without burdens kneeling to have them fixed; others moving off loaded; groups of families, slaves, servants, children; drivers, armed Arabs, and friends taking leave of each other: their salutations, in this country, are as of old, they

fall on each other's neck and kiss. All this seen, and then a thought directed back to the period when caravans of many thousand * camels used to traverse the immense deserts of Libya, in which there have been instances of their total destruction, and their sufferings were often very great; and, when they used to be looked for in the khans of Cairo with no common anxiety; a little increases for us the charm of such a passage as —

——— "In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant wondering waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens with the long delay."

We rode on to Matarea, saw the well, the garden, and the sycamore, where, tradition says, Joseph and the Virgin, and the infant Saviour reposed, oppressed with thirst, and water welled forth miraculously to refresh them; of the sycamore tree, it opened, they say, to receive our Saviour and his mother, their pursuers being at hand. Two

* That from the interior of Africa is still often composed of from 3000 to 6000 camels.

centuries ago, Paul Sandys found the tree hacked for relics, so did we, and rudely carved all over with names and crosses: a proof that they, who invented such legends, did well know human nature, which is ever running after something on which to look with a permitted and excusable affection, thereby wandering from the spirituality and simplicity of faith; and, with all one's proud incredulity, how comes it that we receive pleasure from contemplating such objects? Why, call him by what name you will, man is dear to man; and when any thing connected with the history of the human heart is brought before us, we cannot refuse our sympathy.

A tall lone obelisk stands in a spacious field, which each year is flooded by the Nile, and yields a harvest to the husbandman. You ride up to it and alight. It is just such a monument as should mark the site of a renowned and perished city,—majestic, solitary,—no columns, walls, statues; nothing for the antiquarian to display his learning on, save the hieroglyphics which mock him. Yet are we thankful to him; for, through

his labours, we learn that we are standing on the very spot where the ancient On of the Scriptures, the Heliopolis of a later day, raised this pillar of her pride, under which the sages of Greece listened with the docility of children, and the lord of Persia, in the maddening moment of victory, was awed into an act of mercy.

Another kind of college than that of the priests of On is now rising on the banks of the Nile. Ali Pasha has an institution in the empty palace of Ismail Pasha; I could not learn either the number of its professors or students, or any thing farther than that the scholars were to be taught *every thing*. We saw there several fine-looking youths, in Turkish costume; and no questions about the establishment could I get answered. A man showed us the library, who styled himself one of the under tutors; just as low a Levantine in manner and speech as we met.

Among the books, a most conspicuous place was occupied by a number of volumes backed "Victoires des Français!" I observed "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," two large volumes backed "L'Amour," Byron, in

French prose!!! and one solitary book in English, — Malcolm's Persia.

This will convey some little idea of what the Egyptian Institute is likely to be; however, an establishment of this sort reflects credit on the pasha, and must be productive of great good; for if the boys were to read all the trash, and the worst trash which France could send them, they would be every way, even in morality, gainers.

This evening I took my last walk in the bazaars of Cairo. I wanted to buy a carpet, and thought I would amuse myself by shopping where I had often, in my mind's eye, fancied and followed others. I was some time before I found the carpet-shops; at last I did, and in broken Arabic, asked for what I wanted: a dozen were displayed to me; I made choice of a small one. I observed a large, coarse, brawny fellow, in the common brown dress, with a basket and a rope in his hand, come near: by his countenance, which was expressive of great good temper, he seemed to take an interest in my purchase. The merchant and myself were both soon satisfied about the price.

My large friend immediately offered to carry it wherever I ordered: I bade him take it and follow me; and I bought at another shop one of those large white woollen *prayer-cloths* * of the Mohammedans, meaning to lay it under my carpet, which I designed in future as my bed. My next want was a pillow; I mentioned it to the porter, and away he trudged as my guide; it was to a quarter remote, retired, and quite in an opposite direction. We passed through streets that were crowded, and long lanes, where we met not a soul; he saw that I was a stranger to the city, the customs, and the language; he might have easily run away with my carpet, — nay, more, have knocked me down, and taken my watch and purse: he did not, however. He brought me to shops where there was cotton for stuffing, and red leather for covers, worked and stamped ornamentally; and was anxious to see me served well. After some trouble, I found one ready made, bought it, and he led me to the Frank

* They answer well as a blanket.

quarter. Looking at him as he strode before me with his basket and cord, I had the exact picture of the character as it is represented in the Arabian Nights, only there it was from shop to shop, catering for a good supper, to which, moreover, the poor fellow was himself invited, and he met the three calenders and the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid: no Zobeide did I see; and I rather suspect that of all the characters in those tales, none is left so much what he was as the simple porter. To be sure you *might* find a hunchback; a tailor, a Jewish doctor, a Turkish purveyor, and a Christian merchant, are daily to be met with, go where you will; I have seen a black slave with a cane, leading his master's son; and though handsome men do not abound in the city, yet I should not be at a loss for a Bedreddin Hassan in the streets of Cairo. *

Having discharged our Indian and Ara-

* I think the population of Cairo is over-rated; to be sure, in the cool hour of the afternoon, the streets are thronged, for all the men are out; but I doubt much if it amounts to two hundred thousand.

bian servants, who each, in his way, had conducted themselves most highly to our satisfaction, and carried with them our rewards and good wishes, we supplied their places with a long Levantine, named Marco, and an Italian, called Giovanni, and left Cairo for Alexandria.

We had a young man of our crew, whose appearance rather puzzled us,—handsome features, a sweet smile, and a complexion quite fair, and that would have been femininely so, but for the fierce sunning, which had given it a manly bronze: he had the common brown zaboot exchanged once for the blue frock, the little white scullcap, pulled at his oar, sung harshly, tore his bread*, and smoked like the rest; neither appearing to consider himself, or being looked upon by the others, as differing in birth and blood.†

In our walks on the shore, we saw a small cantonment of cavalry, and met a funeral,

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* The bread is thin, tough, and pliant, like a cake in England, called a crumpet.

† He must have been of a European father.

with the hired mourning women. Near Fouah, as the head of the pasha's canal was shut up and cleaning out, we had to change our boat, and our things were to be conveyed on camels about two miles. Here began our necessary annoyance and trouble; for as the plague was at Alexandria, we had been instructed not to let the boatmen from that place touch either ourselves, our baggage, or our servants. Here, too, as we walked across, and passed amid the crowds of Arab fellahs, labouring on the canal, we were abused and pelted with mud. We laughed at, and forgave, and pitied them. They are impressed with an idea that the Franks encouraged the pasha to undertake this work; and as he forces them from their families, and pays them with beans and the horse-whip, they can view us under no other light than joint oppressors. I speak, however, only of the very poorest classes, and of them only in the moment of suffering; for I think, in general, throughout Egypt, the Englishman (if he is known to be such) is well looked upon.

We brought-to near the Pillar of Pompey;—yes, so the British seaman, when he descries it from the tall mast, still calls it; and though the inscription has been read, which gives it to Diocletian, the *first Roman*, who assumed the *diadem* and the *silken* robe of Persia, yet we rejoice at the error by which it is inseparably associated with the name and the renown of Pompey, who, in his youth, bore away the *Spolia Opima*, whose star paled before that of Cæsar, whose brave blood was shed by a traitor and a slave on Egypt's inhospitable shore, while the shriek of his Cornelia was heard upon the wave, and over whom his proud conqueror is said to have mourned, while he triumphed in this very city. It is a noble column,—its shaft one solid block of Oriental granite, nine feet in diameter, and rising with its pedestal and capital (which are, by the way, greatly inferior to it, and not proportioned,) nearly one hundred feet: its daring grace fixes your admiration; and wander where you will, over the silent plains of Alexandria, you

continually find yourself pausing to gaze on it and wonder.

The obelisk, styled the Needle of Cleopatra, and its fallen companion, are visited, but with less interest. Old Alexandria is gone: a large part of its site is still within the walls, which are extensive, and have been lately repaired and whitened by the pasha. It is but an inconsiderable corner of the walled space into which the modern city has been compressed; for the remainder, mounds of rubbish and of sand deform it. A few spots have been reclaimed as date-gardens, and have dwellings under their shade; on one small hill flies the Turkish flag, marking the citadel, and on another, is a small work and a signal-station; a few columns lie in the dust; a few fragments of walls, foundations, and houses, (to which the practised eye of the antiquarian at once assigns a purpose, and decides whether Ptolemies, Antonines, or caliphs, ruled at the period of their erection,) amuse your evening strolls; every where troops of houseless, hungry, fierce

dogs rush out on your path; and as you stoop for a stone, you pick up marble,—such is Alexandria!

Mr. Lee, the consul, was cordially kind to us: he gave us up his garden-house, in the suburbs, where we performed a tedious quarantine of nearly four weeks waiting for the vessel, in which we had taken our passage to Malta, to load and put to sea; but, the canal being closed, and the winds unfavourable for the grain-boats coming round from the Rosetta branch of the Nile, here we were unavoidably detained; our exercise and enjoyment limited to a few morning visits to Mr. Lee in his *parlour*, a mark of no common confidence; for in general, during the plague-season, the Europeans shut themselves in, and peep timidly at all visitors through a square hole in a locked door, through which they receive every thing, even to the cleaned shoe, (after it has undergone fumigation,) with a long pair of tongs.

To those who have never been in a plague-infected city, and have never seen a case of plague, or thought much about its

subtlety, and awful ravages, it is at first highly comic to see all the little precautions adopted; and you cannot meet without a smile those Franks, whose more humble rank, or the nature of their business, compels to stir about, armed with a thick stick to prevent a dog touching them, and making wide circuits *to windward*, round every man, camel, and jackass, which they meet.

In this garden-house there was a Maltese, whom we found there, and who lived with us during our stay; not a man to our taste, but whose intelligence and acquaintance with all the principal places in the Turkish dominions gave us, at first, both amusement and information. We had a shady walk in our garden, some books, an excellent table; for our Giovanni, a Florentine, though probably only a scullion there, here shone as an *artist*. There was a little lofty summer-house, from the roof of which you had a fine panoramic view of both harbours, and all the country round; and our cool, shady, and agreeable little retreat was shared by a large flamingo, who with his tall straight

legs, long neck, hooked bill, and rose-coloured wings, used to stalk about the narrow garden as if he quite agreed with us that it was a very provoking thing to be shut up and debarred of liberty.

As jackasses, their saddles, and above all, their drivers, are most susceptible articles, we had no opportunity of other exercise than a walk, and as the heat of the day is not to be encountered with impunity, our saunterings were never very distant.

We went, however, out of the Rosetta gate, towards the field of battle, on which our arms triumphed, and the gallant veteran, Abercromby, fell; and from the low heights, which have the marks of those French lines and works where our people suffered some loss in men on the 13th of March, we traced the position of the combatants on the memorable 21st. There is a deep-felt joy you never can resist the indulgence of, when you stand upon ground where your countrymen have given the huzza of victory; but as you turn and catch the tall Pillar of Pompey looking on you, and the point of an obelisk showing itself

above the wall of the old city, you fancy that they check your pride.

> " The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
> The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
> The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
> With force resistless, o'er the brave prevail;
> Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
> For such the steady Romans shook the world.
> * * * * * * * *
> This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
> Till fame supplies the universal charm."

The old harbour of Alexandria is hardly ever entered or used, save by the grain-boats from Rosetta, which come close up to the mole, and lie there in security. The new was full of vessels, as in addition to the traders from the Mediterranean, which are numerous, the Egyptian squadron, with several transports, lay waiting to take on board troops, and proceed with a reinforcement to Candia. To the westward of the city, all along the shore, you may trace the Necropolis; the wave has broken into the Catacombs, with its cheerful voice, and cleansing waters; little grots are formed under the shelter of a rocky roof; or, in

parts, the long narrow niches in which the dead have lain, are filled with the clear and sparkling element, and invite the living to repose in them as in baths formed for their accommodation. Nearly two miles from the gate, in this direction, lies the reservoir called the Bath of Cleopatra. It is a spot which would bear description, if I knew how to give it, receiving its waters from the ocean, through a natural arch in the rock, and having, in addition to its open pool, two or three little chambers or cavernous recesses filled with water; but, though the queen of Egypt may have bathed here, I should rather incline to think that it was a natural bath, pretty much what we now see it, and perhaps made sacred by the priests of Serapis or Isis.

All naked and desolate as are the sand hills of Alexandria, it is a spot replete with interest to the musing mind: one where you may think down hours to moments; the glory of its great founder and the beauty of its later queen are hackneyed themes. But you cannot turn the page of

history, without finding it made the scene of events, the most affecting and memorable. Perhaps the death-scene of Cleomenes, the Spartan king, may vie in interest with any of its own peculiar character. Somewhere on this shore, every morning before they repaired to their learned labours, seventy aged men performed their ablutions, and bowed down before the true and only God. The English peasant in his retired village, the African in his slave-hut, and the Hottentot in his kraal, have reaped the benefit of those labours; for those men were elders of Israel, and their task that memorable translation of the sacred Scriptures, to which the world in knowledge, in happiness, and in freedom, is so much a debtor. There is yet another picture connected with the history of this city, which is painted by Gibbon with all the strength of his poetical powers,—the destruction of the magnificent temple of the god Serapis; the colossal statue, the soldier and the battle-axe; the multitude, their awe and anxiety, even the Christian; and the fall of the idol, and the shout,

and the burning, and the crowded amphitheatre, — what a scene to recall!

At last we left Egypt, and away with fair winds and full sails, and hopes and spirits high. Our vessel had an air of cleanliness and security; our captain appeared, and proved, a good sample of an English seaman; faithful to his employers, considerate to his crew, and a well-informed, sensible man. We felt again at home; we had discharged our foreign servants, and were now waited on by an Englishman, whom Mr. Lee recommended to us, — a man already embarked by him in this vessel, a discharged servant returning to Malta; and he, poor fellow, looked happy at the thought of having escaped from a country where he had found no friends.

We had been favoured with four days' fine run, and reckoned the next morning on seeing Candia, when Thomas, the servant, was reported sick. The morning came, wind still fair, and sun bright, when the captain announced to us that the cabin-boy complained of a tumour in his groin. We went

to see him; health was on his cheek, and sparkling in his eye; but there was every reason to fear that the plague had touched them both. The ship was put about, and we beat back. These two had been more particularly employed about us in the cabin; they had touched every thing in it;—our clothes, shoes, our persons; and it was impossible not to contemplate the spreading of this calamity as a natural consequence. Yet, how to believe it! What! here upon the health-restoring ocean, with the breeze of heaven kissing your cheek, and sunshine on the white sails! Yes, it is often thus,—in storms Heaven does but frown; it is in a situation of this sort that man is reminded of the grave, in a voice which will not be silenced, which bids him prepare for death. But, alas! how? The wish to feel resigned, the love of life, the fear of death, create a confusion of thought; *he knows where to cling*, but he cannot shut out the sentiment of fear; he feels a guilty, depraved, *ungrateful* thing; the world he feels strong in his affections; and, thus summoned to prepare for resigning them, all

the blessings with which Heaven had surrounded him assume a higher value. Every man has some friends who smile on him; some favoured spots which he delights to gaze on; some pursuits for which his education and taste have fitted him, and in which he has wasted many uncounted hours of his being. All these rise with increased charms to his weak imagination, and reproach him with his unfitness for a better world.

> "To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod."

We shrink from it; we all do.

> "Oh! who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"

We had a party calm, tranquil, and as little outwardly disturbed, perhaps, as men could be under such circumstances. No idle apprehensions, no vain complainings, but, in the silent night sometimes, an anxious feeling of those glands where the plague

first seizes its victims; a fancy that they were swelling with the subtle poison.

Luckily the wind proved fair, and in three days we again anchored in the harbour of Alexandria. A boat came for the man *, and as the boy still preserved an appearance of health, we were in hopes that he was not infected; but when the doctor came on board and examined him, he decided that it also was a clear case of plague.

The man was lifted, and let down into the boat by the crew; his appearance was shocking; he was light-headed, his face and hands emaciated, and covered with small livid spots; his eye rolling, yet glazed; his lip white; speechless and helpless; he died the next day. The boy, on the contrary, who did not go on shore till two hours later, looked as a mother would wish to see her child, and spoke as a father would like to hear him. The moment after the doctor

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* The man's case was pronouced a very bad one; he never had any tumour or swelling of the glands. It was what they term the internal plague; — slow in destroying, but always fatal.

had given his opinion he would let no sailor touch or assist him in any way, and he got into the boat that was to carry him to a *plague-hospital*, in a strange land, and among strangers of all nations, with a most cheerful and manly resignation. Here we lay for eighteen days, performing a quarantine of observation, and then again put to sea.

On our return to Alexandria we had gone through all the course of fumigation and cleaning prescribed. Every susceptible article was dipped in water for four-and-twenty hours, and every thing laid out in the sun and the open air. By God's blessing not one person in the ship caught the melancholy disease, a circumstance perhaps as remarkable as is on record. While we lay in the harbour of Alexandria the pasha's squadron, consisting of two frigates, one a very fine vessel, and several brigs, sailed for Candia. We saw the troops embark; they did so in a most slovenly, irregular manner; I hoped for, and I augured their discomfiture.

The day before we came away I went on shore with the captain to see and take

leave of the consul, and also to visit the boy in hospital. He came to the door, pale and shrunk away to a mere shadow of what he had been, yet calm and manly; his tumour had not been opened, but the doctor said there was no doubt that he would do well.

This was consolation; and, as the brig we sailed in was to return again to Alexandria, the captain left him in the consul's charge without much anxiety.

On the 15th of June we again got under weigh, and we had a very long tedious passage to Malta, contending almost the whole of it with contrary winds and a head sea; rewarding breaks however we had; we saw the seven capes of the rugged coast of Cilicia, and distinguished scattered patches of white snow lying unmelted at an untrodden height, upon a branch of the black and wide-extended Taurus. We saw Rhodes, an island famed in story; Scarpanto, too, we looked upon; and lay becalmed under the lee of Candia, with Ida rising majestically above us.

How strong are human sympathies! how

do we hail upon the ocean the dim-seen promontory! how do we delight to run along a coast, whatever are its features, and to catch, through the glass, a something that speaks of life! Should no cottage meet the eye, still the browsing goat and the solitary herdsman may be seen; or, on the beach, the fisher and his bark; and if by night, as thoughtfully we pace the deck, we do but see on a long line of coast one solitary fire, our heart flies to it.

We were five days in sight of Candia, a high, rocky, bold shore. In one of its small inlets St. Paul wintered on his passage to Italy. Jove's cradle peers forth above the surrounding mountains, and it is reading poetry to lean over a vessel's side and look at ancient Crete. Yes; and a higher, a more sacred pleasure, when we know that with "Peor and Baalim," and "mooned Ashtaroth," and Libyan Ammon, the Cretan Jove has passed away.

On the fifth morning, with a strong and freshening breeze, we were just clearing the island, as we saw, lying almost hid under the lofty land, a large armed schooner,

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and in the offing, far a-head, to the northward of us, a brig under reefed topsails. The schooner made sail, and stood towards us in pretty style; when nearly up with us, down came the topsail, and up ran the Greek independent flag; and she fired a gun, and brought us to. Our captain, whose great fault, in my eye, had been a constant and indiscriminate abuse of the Greek, of whom he could know little, and praise of the Turk, of whom he knew nothing beyond what two voyages to the Levant had enabled him to pick up in the port of Smyrna, was alarmed lest they should ovehaul, seize him, or do worse, and immediately said, "Now you will see what these rascals will do." Nothing could be more orderly or respectful than their bearing. The captain, a grave, dark, erect man, of about forty, stood at his gangway, and hailed us through his speaking-trumpet; his costume, that of the Asiatic Greek, which is very similar to the Turk, but he wore a large broad straw hat overshadowing his face. As he stood, his person exposed at his gangway, he had a manly commanding look, and still more so

as he stepped down into his boat, and again when he stood up in it as it pulled under our stern, and rose, sunk, and swayed to the high and buoyant waves. He asked a few questions about the sailing of the Egyptian squadron, our lading, time out, and whither bound; communicated to us intelligence of the capture of some castle on the northern coast of Candia, and the blockading of a port on that side; and warned our captain not to attempt carrying his cargo of grain in to the Turks, as, if he did, he should seize upon and detain his vessel. He saluted as he came alongside, and as he pulled off; and his boat shot handsomely athwart our bows and away. The boat's crew were handsome, bold-looking young men, turbaned; among them was a youth who pulled at the bow oar, of a very fair complexion, witha remarkably fine and fearless expression of countenance.

On board the vessel, which was a fine sea-boat, and well-armed, every thing was done smartly, well, and in seaman-like style, — you heard but the whistle, and she made sail and away.

May the God of battles prosper them! say I. The open honest Turk, and the cunning deceitful Greek, as I have too often heard Englishmen designate them. Who makes the Grecian what he is? As noble thoughts find a place in his bosom, they will swell and expand, and force out all the weaker weeds, which would choke their growth.

I know not how the Englishman, who *is free*, or the Christian, who has a Bible, can say his prayers, and wish the Turk success.

"Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Wide-conquering Edward! Lion Richard! hear!"

It cannot be that England has forgotten you, and her great forefathers. How can we look upon the emblazoned crosses on the banners of our nobles, and forget their deeds of arms against the Saracen? How can we, who prize our present liberty far more than the rich legacy of their proud renown, look with cold indifference upon Christian slaves and trampled crosses, — those slaves, the descendants of the men, who, all inferior as they may have been to

their wiser, mightier, and braver ancestors, did yet in the last sad scene, which gave a Turkish master to their falling empire, oppose, with a small firm band, forces quadruple in numbers, and did bravely struggle in the unequal contest? What sultan, from Mohammed the first and fiercest, what sultan can compare with the last Constantine, either in the conduct of his life, or glorious manner of his death? Gibbon, all-favouringly and poetically as he has written of the Mohammedan, has been, after all, too faithful in his history to leave us without facts sufficiently indicative of the hellish spirit of their faith and government. But "the Greek is cruel," say many,— *the revenge of a beaten slave is always cruel;* he is deceitful,— the cunning of a slave is his defence. The balance of power is upheld by the Crescent, it is our interest that the Ottoman should reign in strength,— perish the thought!

Europe still suffers, at least, degradation, for having slumbered when the fainting Greeks called to her nearly four centuries ago, and fell digging their own red monu-

ments like him their king and leader, the immortal Constantine.

We made Malta two days before we got in. When we neared the island, several boats came out to tow us into and up the quarantine harbour; fine, clean, painted boats, of a pretty construction; the crews brown, healthy-looking men, and showing clearly by the neatness and style of their dress, that they had either served with, or closely imitated British seamen. I must except the boat of the clerk, or custom-house officer, who boarded us; the men were dressed more like tradesmen of the middling class, taking a row for pleasure.

The castle of St. Elmo and the walls of Valetta, crowning with their works steep and scarped rocks washed by the sea, look down frowningly upon you, as you are towed past, but far below them, and present the stern aspect of strength unassailable.

The apartments in the Lazaretto are spacious and cool, but they have no yard or garden for exercise. Servants are easily procured from Valetta, who share your confinement with you; any tavern-keeper op-

posite supplies your table; also lets out such articles of furniture as you may require. We patiently endured this imprisonment, and by patience disarmed it of half its annoyances.

The vessels coming in crowded with the small pretty red cattle of Barbary: others with the fruits of Sicily; the gambols of swimmers and divers; at the fall of day, the hymns or songs of the mariners; and in the night, the well-known cry of "All's well," from the British sentries, amused or soothed the mind; and we had so much of enjoyment in prospective; so much of confinement, far more anxious and irksome, behind us, that we could not but be thankful and contented.

On the 13th of August we obtained pratique, and passed over to Valetta; where, during our short stay, we received great attention from Mr. Grant, a respected English merchant, and where I had the happiness of meeting an old and valued friend of my family. Valetta is a town of great and peculiar beauty: it more favourably impressed us, too, as coming from the

wretched city of Alexandria. Nothing can be cleaner or more cheerful than its streets; the shops have assumed altogether an English form and appearance. All the Maltese of the better and middling classes, that is, the men, are dressed like the English; the women are still covered with the black stole, and use it as a veil, or rather open hood, for they seldom close it, showing bright eyes and white teeth, but complexions and features far from good: the poor peasants are dressed in blue cotton jackets, and brown caps hanging down behind, like those of all the Mediterranean sailors, and many of the peasants on the coasts. Priests you see in great numbers, and, in general, they are well clothed. Also you may observe, sprinkled about among the congregations, in the churches, a few old men, dressed according to their station and means, but not belonging to the present order of things at all: some of these are powdered; some with their grey hair combed back, and confined by bag or queue; their narrow single-breasted coats, of strange colours and materials, with broad round buttons; knee-

buckles and shoe-buckles, and silk or cotton stockings; men who have outlived their own times and tastes; finding no place unaltered but the church, where they are constant at their masses, and praying, perhaps, with strange tenacity of life, for yet another year of cheerless existence. The churches and *auberges* belong to the old time: the palace of the governor is a fine building, as is the Auberge d'Espagne.* The view from the ramparts on the eastern side of Valetta is remarkable; you look down on the great harbour, lying (all filled as it is with shipping, and alive with fast-rowing boats,) like a basin below you: opposite, lies the galley harbour; the two necks of land, which form it, present to you their armed points, and are covered with buildings and fortifications; and on either side of them are again small narrow bays, in which, now and then, a ship may anchor; but without a plan, or a very clear head, it is difficult to describe

* *Auberge*, or *Alberge*, is applied at Malta as *Hotel* in France is to the residence of a noble. Each language of the order had its separate palace.

these most secure and strangely formed harbours: pleasant it is to look down on them, and pleasant to row across and up that galley harbour, with the castles of St. Angelo and La Isola towering on either side of you; and to remark staircases and doors in the living rock, opening on the very sea, so that from many private houses the owner may step into his boat from his own threshold. The dock-yard, with its long shady verandas for the workmen, its trellis-covered rope-walk above, its empty galley-slips, the crowded *borgo*, and the large church, have a character in them pleasing to the eye.

The palace of Valetta has, like others, its galleries and state apartments, and they are decorated variously: the tapestry chamber is a great curiosity: scenes in Africa and Asia, represented with a fidelity of design and richness of colouring, admirable in its way; Africans, animals, birds, flowers, all after nature; the elephant to the life. There is a ball-room of handsome proportions; some paintings in the other apartments, of which, save a group of three

females by the hand of a Dutch master, a beauty by Sir Peter Lely, and the Cain, in a picture of the Death of Abel, I have lost all recollection. The most famous picture they have there, is a full-length portrait of Louis XIV. in his robes; I did not even see it, although I stood awhile before one of Catharine of Russia in the same chamber. I know not how it is, but I think that the eye never rests long upon the portrait of a sovereign, in all the paraphernalia of state, although the attention is powerfully fixed if we find him represented in any way which brings him, as it were, nearer and closer to us. There is an armoury every way disappointing; the poverty of the collection; the absence of trophies, save a few swords, maces, a suit of chain-armour, and a horse breastplate of scalework, probably Saracenic, has left to the officer charged with arranging the few suits of armour, swords, and partizans, a task not easy, but which he has executed in such a manner as thinly to line the long chamber, and cover its naked sides. I had

thought that I should assuredly see here,

> " Crushed helms and batter'd shields, and streamers borne
> From vanquished fleets."

For certainly these knights, before they became lawless and piratical, had fought the Turk, both in Rhodes and on this very rock, with a valour, remembering and reverencing which, you tread lightly on their graves; and the pavement of St. John's, the high church of their order, is but one vast grave-stone, all richly worked in mosaic of variegated marbles, with the arms, scrolls, and mottos of the knights beautifully inlaid.

In the lateral chapels are some tombs in marble and in bronze. Here you may see the Turk, and the Moor of Africa, writhing in bonds; the empty helmet; the sword and battle-axe; the warlike galleys of the order. Some of these lateral chapels were formerly of uncommon magnificence, all adorned with the purest sequin gold. Each language had its chapel and altar. I

observed that St. George was in that of the Portuguese, while the figure of a saint in silver of so uncommon a name, that I have forgotten it, lay under the altar of the English language. The chapel of the holy sacrament has gates of solid silver. There is an oratory apart from the church, adorned with the richest marbles, and a painting of the beheading of St. John the Baptist; a subject often repeated in different parts of the church. In the great recess, behind the high altar, is a group of statuary, in white marble; the subject, the baptism of our Lord, by St. John: the figures are colossal, and the distant effect good.

Under the high altar is a vaulted chapel; it contains three tombs; they gave me a single taper, and by its feeble ray, glimmering on the pale marble, I saw where Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Valette, and Vignecour sleep in death.

A few miles from Valetta is the house and garden of St. Antonio, the country residence of the governor. A garden would be a delight on the rock of Malta, however

poor a one. This covers twelve acres of ground, is clean, and well laid out; there are flagged paths, *jets d'eau*, beautiful vines, large and variegated aloes, many shrubs and plants from the East; among others, the delicate Chinese creeper, with those small crimson flowers, which do not live through the long day, a creeper common in our gardens in India. There were some ostriches here: how very like to that of the camel is their fine eye. We drove on to Citta Vecchia: the appearance of the country is altogether new to the most travelled eye: a few inches of soil, upon a base of barren burning rock, are husbanded with care; and by divisions, building in and confining the earth, wherever, by the inequality of the surface, it might otherwise escape, this brown, and dusty, and naked country, has, at the proper season, a verdant, cultivated look. The cathedral of Citta Vecchia is large, rich, and decorated with abundance of fine marble; has a cupola painted tolerably, and a picture of the martyrdom of St. Publio, whom they have represented just at the moment that he is

about to obey the order, and cast himself down to the hungry lions. On his tribune sits the Roman; and groups of anxious faces all around: as a whole, it is sufficiently well done, not to offend the eye, and to aid the thought (a great end of painting). We saw a smaller church filled with peasantry coarsely, but cleanly, clad; almost all the men were in waistcoats, and in their shirt-sleeves, with the collar open. We went down into the cave of St. Paul. There is a very old image of our Saviour, of wood, defaced and broken, said to be the same which the knights prized at Rhodes, as their palladium, and brought hither. There is here a statue of St. Paul, of great merit, and very interesting has the sculptor made him. No doubt he had a living model in his eye; the forehead, the nose, the lip, the hollow cheek, the whole countenance very expressive, affectingly so.

We descended into the catacombs; they are very extensive, but not extraordinary, or differing in their disposition from others. We visited the college. In the gallery are the portraits of knights in the robe, the

armour, and in the surcoat, also paintings of galleys: there are, moreover, some of females, sisters of the order, one of a beauty you do not soon forget; there is also a picture of the grand master giving food to the sick, and two fine youths attending him; in a corner of this gallery are some very grotesque old paintings. I took a seat on the evening of this day at St. John's, and listened to the "*Gloria in Excelsis.*" I observed a youth much impressed and affected; and two mariners, Maltese, kneeling and crossing themselves, and looking round the church with an air of great pride, — certainly it is a very handsome, a magnificent place, of worship. I remarked on the roof the figures of knights, naked, wounded, and pale, trampling on their surcoats, and their armour: the idea pleased me. I could not but think for a short moment of the scene this church must often have presented; when, on the 8th of September, the anniversary of the repulse of the Turks, the knights came in armour, bearing the victorious standard; and the cannon spake from

the battlements; and the solemn *Te Deum* was sung. We rejoice that these things have disappeared, that all monkish institutions are dead, or dying a natural death: but we do not think of the first Hospitallers, the friends of the bleeding pilgrim, without veneration. In the old religion, with much to condemn, to smile at, and deplore, there was much to revere; and powerfully did it operate to counteract the evils of man's criminal ferocity, by making his imposed penance a benefit to his fellow-creatures. How beautifully does Shakspeare mark this in the following prayer, which he puts into the mouth of Henry the Fifth, on the eve of battle, and which he closes with the true humble tone of self-abasement: —

—— "Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Towards heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:

Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

We sailed from Malta, on the 16th of August, in the Diana packet, for Syracuse; there were two passengers on board, officers from the garrison of Malta, who were bound themselves on a short excursion, and we had the pleasure of their company, both in the lazaretto, and for some time afterwards.

The features of Cape Passaro are such as they were long since described; still the mariner sails safely in deep water, close to the land, and might cast a javelin on the *projecta saxa Pachyni.* As you bear down on Syracuse it looks nobly; it stands high; its walls are massive, and you pass into its far-famed port between the promontory of Plemmyrium, and the extreme point of the ancient Ortygia on the west. The entrance of the harbour is almost immediately shut from the view, and, as you gaze around, above you, on the loftiest point of Syracuse, your eye at once assures itself of the site of some ancient temple; you know that the Fountain of Arethusa is

within a bastion close to you; you look up to the heights of Neapolis, and on to the Epipolis; stretched far out to the southward, and eastward of these heights, you see that rich and beautiful valley, which the river Anapus and the stream Cyane still fertilise and adorn; while, just below the confluence of their waters, on high ground above the river's bank, two large columns, discrowned of their proud capitals, still mark the site of that famous temple once sacred to Olympian Jove. The waters are smooth and silent, and there is a calm, protecting majesty in the scene around.

We were confined for eleven days in a wretched wooden building, set apart for a lazaretto: still it was at Syracuse, — it looked upon a harbour and on shores which history has hallowed, and I felt contented, grateful, and happy.

And now, reader, we are in Sicily, and shall pass home together through Italy, if, after the next page has been perused, you consent to travel in my company. Greek I can no longer read (I could at sixteen, —

ay, and feel much of the beauty of my authors); I am a sad hand at deciphering dates and names on rusty coins, or reading the half-defaced inscription on the mouldering wall. Of the rules and terms of art I know little, nor can I decide at a glance to what master and school a painting may belong; although this last knowledge is not very slow in coming to that mind which has dwelt, through the eye, on the works of a Domenichino or a Raphael. The Italian poets I cannot read in the original, and my acquaintance with that language is self-acquired in a fortnight's grammar-reading, and having fulfilled my purpose, by enabling me to travel alone through Italy, may never perhaps be perfected. Now, then, if you get into the *voiture* with me, be prepared for your companion.

Syracuse, however, will not furnish us with such a convenience; the carriage of Sicily is a *vis-à-vis*, borne like a sedan-chair, on the backs of mules, who wind away along rugged and romantic bridle-paths, there being but very few carriage-roads in the country. As the weather was

intolerably hot and oppressive, and the horses and mules for the saddle are animals so wretched, that it is a fatigue to ride them, we started for Catania in these conveyances, amused with the novelty, but thinking them better suited to lady fair, than travellers like ourselves.

But I am forgetting myself.—On the morning of our release, led by a pale-faced *cicerone*, mounted on such horses and mules, with such saddles and stirrups, as would have made studies for a comic painter, and surrounded by a number of youths in blue velveteen breeches, jackets of the same, or waistcoats only, white cotton stockings and white cotton caps, differing from your own nightcap only in the long, bagging end of it, which hangs down behind; we rode up to the site of Neapolis, passing by fragments of ruin, and through green lanes, with fields and gardens of a fat, black soil, and shaded by large and wide-spreading trees. You soon, however, emerge from them, and rise upon the naked point, where, with a rich field at its feet, a small mill to its left, a fountain and

reservoir behind it, with an old chapel and a ridge of naked rock to its right, you discover the ancient theatre of Syracuse. Its casing of marble has been taken away, but it is otherwise perfect: its semicircular form, its rows of seats cut out of the rock, all remain, and many of them have been but little worn away in the long lapse of ages.

The Syracusan, as he sat in this theatre, commanded a view which must have made all appeals to his love of country doubly impressive; the proud citadel of Ortygia and the noble harbour it overlooks are nowhere seen with greater advantage than from this spot. It was here, perhaps, that they brought those captives, whose lives they spared because they could recite the verses of Euripides, and with swelling bosom and tearful eye sat subdued before their captives.

There passes, above the theatre, an ancient road, hollowed in the rock, which is bordered, for a short distance, by sepulchral grottoes, and is called a *via sacra*. Was it here, then, that Timoleon's ashes were borne along? Does Archimedes sleep any where beneath these stones?

More than probable: and they who stood up and were silent, as the blind Timoleon came forth into the market-place, crowded into the empty benches of this silent theatre to hear those eloquent praises of his memory, to which his own ear was already dull and cold.

Come to this romantic spot: this strange-formed and lofty cavern, with sides winding inwards, in a rounded, graceful curve, and with a narrow duct running along its roof, is the ear of Dionysius. You sing, or spout, or laugh, and hear the tones of your glad voice resound in the hollow cave. It has echoed sadder sounds than these; and here by its side,—where, in larger and more spacious caverns, now the makers of small cord and twine with their families and children have found a cool shade and convenient shelter,—here the *Roman* drove in and penned up his *fellow-citizens* of Sicily. While I was standing in the middle of this scene, which, from the bold grandeur of the excavations, is truly fine, a little urchin, the height of my knee, was calling to me "*Cenza* (*eccellenza*) *guardate che bellissima*

colonna," and pointed to a square natural column, or huge pilaster, of the rock. I smiled at the little dear, and clearly saw what the traveller must expect to meet with, where stammering toddlers are taught the jargon of *ciceroni*.

We visited the church of St. Giovanni, and descended with torches into its subterranean cemetery. Drear and awful are these long, obscure, and narrow streets, these narrow dwellings among which they pass. None but the dead, and the mourners, and the persecuted, knew these once. It was a rock-pierced city, built with the scooping-axe; it has been populous, though with silent crowds; not a bone is left: you look around, and see no end of the long passages; you turn, and ask to be led again into the bright and warm sunshine. We rode to the Capuchin convent, standing westward from Ortygia, and beyond the site of Acradina. Here is a latomia in the garden, presenting a most picturesque object; large fragments and masses of the rock have fallen, and plants, and grass, and creepers, have clothed them and it, as

painters, travelling with their sketch-books, would delight to find them. We returned by the small galley-harbour, lying also west of Ortygia.

In the afternoon of this day I took a boat with two of our party, and we rowed across the harbour to the mouth of the small river Anapus, got out for a few minutes, while our boatmen dragged her over the sandy bar, and again stepping in, were rowed or pushed with poles, or dragged, by catching at branch and rush, far up the stream to where the papyrus plant, a tall, dark-green reed, with a stately top of thin threadlike filaments, bows to the breeze. About half-way you pass a sweet spot, where the waters of the brook Cyane meet this small river, and quicken and gladden its current as they flow with it to the sea. Long, thick, and beautiful weeds lie waving and glistening on or beneath the surface of the water; and, in a shaded bed of rushes and river shrubs, Anapus and Cyane have made their nuptial couch: of her, they fable that she would have saved her mistress, Proserpine, and threw herself before the

car of Pluto, by whom the nymph was changed into a fountain. Some tale of woman's virtue may have been clothed thus. The meadows near are green, and the fields beyond fertile, and the gently-swelling heights at the head of the vale are crowned with olive groves. Theocritus has walked on these banks, and from hence the banished Dion was led back again, with shoutings, into Syracuse. Returning down the stream we went up the right bank, and stood awhile near the two columns of the temple of Jupiter; they are discoloured and decaying. They have seen, in their day, Athenians conquered, and clinging to them for mercy; and they have seen a scoffing tyrant strip the statue of their god of his golden mantle, and they have seen the god taken from them by the Roman; and they shall yet see, if the lightning spare them, more generations of men pass away, and perhaps the altar of Truth and the genius of Liberty guarding it, among a free and a happy people. As we recrossed the harbour, heavy clouds gathered on the hills, and muttered in low thunders and

hung threatening, but only a few big drops reached us.

The fountain of Arethusa is no fountain; the traveller does not see it welling forth, but he descends to a spot where the brook, which comes forth in a narrow stream from under one wall, and disappears under another opposite, spreads and forms a little bed. The waters are beautifully clear; and on the smooth stones, in and round it, the Sicilian women wash their linen. It rained when I walked there. I found no washerwomen, but I tasted the water; it was very brackish, and, though clear and sparkling, I could not get the dirty linen or the old women out of my head, so I gave up the effort of raising the nymph Arethusa, put up a large red silk umbrella, which a young sacristan had lent me at the door of the cathedral, and returned thither.

This church is filled with fine fluted columns of the Doric order: on this spot they were raised in the proudest day of Syracuse, and supported a magnificent temple dedicated to Minerva.

There is a statue not far from this cathe-

dral, rather a remarkable object, seen from the harbour as you enter and pass under the city; it is that of a mitred bishop or saint; but it stands in so bold an attitude, and holds up the crosier with such menacing dignity, that you might mistake it for that of a heathen god; so that many things in outward and distant aspect carry your mind back to the times that were; to be sure, the noisy crowds of peasants, in their white night-caps, looking as if they had been called up in the dark to extinguish a fire, and had forgotten to take them off again, and the swarms of sallow-looking priests, of all ages*, soon chase away the dream.

Numbers of the peasants have fair complexions, that is, light eyes and flaxen hair;

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* The little ten-year-old priests (or even younger you see them) are abundantly diverting; the long robe, the cocked hat, the black breeches, stockings, knee and shoe buckles, cannot overcome nature. To knuckle down in their full canonicals, and dirty their little puds, at some game, or in some gutter, with boys of their own age, is a pleasure yielded to with laughing eyes, and the shrieking merriment of the child.

the latter, of course, the fierce sun of this island soon tinges, and deeply bronzes the cheek, which under English clouds, and in fog and rain, would have proved red as the curly-headed plough-boy's of our own country.

We crossed the plains of Leontium to the jingling of our mules' bells, and the rude and urging cry of our drivers, fine, stout, cheerful, hardy fellows, walking their forty miles * a day, rapidly and with ease, under burning suns; but they are not like the Spanish muleteer: he stands quite at the head of his own family, or caste of men, and for costume, his sombrero and his brown jacket without a collar, and the Sicilian's white night-cap, and flying shirt-sleeves; you cannot name them together.

The Malaria is found on these plains, and they are, for the most part, desert: in your day's journey, before you come down on them, you pass the port of Augusta on your right, the hill of Hybla on your left, and it

* They take it by turns, though, to leap on the mule and relieve themselves.

is down a lofty height, covered with large full-sized olive-trees, that the road, in many windings, descends. Beautiful are the sea-views you command; and I have seldom seen so rich a grove of olives as the one through which we passed: the olive-tree *alone* is not handsome,—the growth of its branches and the smallness of the leaves do not please; but look back on a hill-side covered with them, and mark as they tremulously wave; you shall see them dark or silvery, at every stir, as the leaves move to and fro with the wind's lightest breath.

It was dusk when we entered Catania, and we got lodged in a small but good inn, kept by one Abbate, who had taken the trouble to come over to Syracuse and secure our custom, though but for a three days' sojourn.

Catania is a very fine city; its plan regular; its streets handsome: buildings fine; and were it and they completed, according to the original design, would be truly noble. The Benedictine convent has a character, throughout, of the most princely magnificence: its church is lofty, spacious, even vast; it is adorned with a lavish abundance

of the finest marbles; its choir and stalls of woodwork carved, in compartments, with the most elaborate perfection; scenes from Scripture-history in high relief, figures, features, costume even to the minutest points perfect and tasteful; its lateral chapels rich in decorations, and with paintings sufficiently good to produce a general effect of awe and splendour; and they have an organ of wonderful compass and sweetness, the work of a brother of their order, a Calabrian monk, who lies (it was his last request) buried beneath it. The marble staircase leading to their galleries, and chambers above, is grand as a monarch could wish. They have a museum, with vases, lamps, bronzes, idols, a Roman eagle!! (did it fly at the head of a legion under Marcellus?) a small statue of Ceres, a Venus of beauty in black marble, a basso relievo in white marble of an initiation into the nocturnal mysteries of Bacchus, admirably executed; the grooping fine, the figures natural, joyous, animated; a thing you admire, but which saddens you. There is a picture of Raphael (they say); I much doubt

this, but nevertheless it is beautiful; subject, the Last Supper, the heads, the heavenly mildness, the disciple *sleeping*, long to be remembered.

You leave the convent surprised how the monkish system could have ever aimed so high, and satisfied to think that it will fall. I have, in my life, been within the walls of humbler and sad convents, where I have been surprised to find myself feeling otherwise.

There is an ancient theatre here, a fine remain, built principally of large square masses of black lava: of its marble ornaments and columns it was stripped by Roger the Norman. There are seats, stairs of communication, vomitories, and corridors; the lower corridor is yet entire in its curved length, dark and vaulted. They say, and you gladly let them, that it was here Alcibiades harangued the ancient citizens; and they boast as they lead you round, that Stesichorus, the father of the chorus, and Andron, who first taught that moving to the flute, which we call pantomime, (such as the serious ballet,) were both of Catania. There is an odeon near this ruin;

there is also an amphitheatre, of the time of the Romans; it was destroyed under Theodoric, and its materials have been taken, from time to time, by the Catanenses, as by Count Roger also, to build walls; a fine mass of it is left, with a handsome cornice, a corridor, lateral vaulted dens, and the remains of a duct for water; it is dark, damp, chill; you have a torch; as also, in descending into the baths beneath the cathedral, whither I went afterwards; here you have large pillars and vaulted roofs; can trace relief upon the walls, and, as you walk to the dark extremity, hear the rumbling of carriage-wheels above your head. There is one very remarkable thing in these gloomy chambers; a small, clear murmuring brook, with a gravelly bed, flows through them; it hath its source in Etna's bosom, and in its course reflects the sunshine, or takes but the shadow of green trees, as, nourishing their roots, it babbles by. What does it here? I thought what a comforter it would be to any victim of priestly tyranny incarcerated in these vaults; and such there may have been; for, when Roger founded this

cathedral, and since, priests were powerful and cruel enough to people all dungeons which they knew of, and build others.

Of the cathedral, I recollect little more than that it is a large church, and had a painting of Santa Agatha, which made her very beautiful. It is astonishing what a love the populace bear this saint; her pictures and images are every where multiplied, and to the pleasing expression of many of these, little as they would bear criticism, you cannot refuse an assenting glance. Her statue is erected on a column not far from the mole, overlooking a vast bed of lava, whose course they believe her to have stopped or turned. She rivals the Madonna of modern Sicily; and recalls to you the Ceres of the ancient. There are two drives, one along the mole, and one to the eastward of the town, from both of which you look on masses of black lava, huge, dark, and terrific in the extreme. Small patches here and there are planted with the prickly pear, which forces itself through the rock, and will assist its decomposition. For the other scenery you have fields and gar-

dens smiling on some more ancient flow of lava, which is now a rich soil. You have the broad and swelling base of Etna, clad with a rich garment of God's giving, and above, the awful brow of that high mountain from whence he has poured down his wrath, and still menaces in mercy, that man may not forget the Mighty Being who preserves and blesses him, and asks but the loving and confiding hearts of those, whom with a breath he made and can destroy.

It was the late evening hour, just as the sun had set, while the carriages of the Sicilian nobles and their ladies were pacing slowly along the crowded Corso, that I mounted my mule, and set forth to visit Etna. I passed through the busy scene, and heard chatting, and laughter, and saw the white robes and scarfs of women, and the brows of men sitting uncovered by their sides.

The road to Nicolosi is a narrow one, of bad, broken pavement, ascending and descending between walls, past cottages, through small towns, and before the gates of churches. It was that hour when the

poor sit at their doors and forget the toil of the day past, and of the morrow too.

It was near ten o'clock when the youth who led the way stopped before a small dark cottage in a by-lane of Nicolosi, the guide's he said it was, and hailed them. The door was opened; a light struck; and the family was roused, and collected round me; a grey-headed old peasant and his wife; two hardy, plain, dark young men, brothers (one of whom was in his holiday gear, new breeches, and red garters, and flowered waistcoat, and clean shirt, and shining buttons); a girl of sixteen, handsome; a "mountain-girl beaten with winds," looking curious, yet fearless and "chaste as the hardened rock on which she dwelt;" and a boy of twelve, an unconscious figure in the group, fast slumbering in his clothes on the hard floor. Glad were they of the dollar-bringing stranger, but surprised at the excellenza's fancy for coming at that hour; cheerfully, however, the gay youth stripped off his holiday garb, and put on a dirty shirt and thick brown clothes, and took his cloak and went to borrow a mule (for

I found, by their consultation, that there was some trick, this not being the regular privileged guide family). During his absence, the girl brought me a draught of wine, and all stood round with welcoming and flattering laughings, and speeches in Sicilian, which I did not understand, but which gave me pleasure, and made me look on their dirty and crowded cottage as one I had rather trust to, if I knocked at it even without a dollar, than the lordliest mansion of the richest noble in Sicily.

For about four miles, your mule stumbles along safely over a bed of lava, lying in masses on the road; then you enter the woody region; the wood is open, of oaks, not large, yet good-sized trees, growing amid fern; and, lastly, you come out on a soft barren soil, and pursue the ascent till you find a glistering white crust of snow of no depth, cracking under your mule's tread; soon after, you arrive at a stone cottage, called Casa Inglese*, of which my

* It was built by our officers while the British army lay in Sicily, for the benefit of their own excursion-

guide had not got the key; here you dismount, and we tied up our mules close by, and scrambling over huge blocks of lava, and up the toilsome and slippery ascent of the cone, I sat me down on ground all hot, and smoking with sulphureous vapour, which has for the first few minutes the effect of making your eyes smart, and water, of oppressing and taking away your breath. It yet wanted half an hour to the break of day, and I wrapped my cloak close round me to guard me from the keen air, which came up over the white cape of snow that lay spread at the foot of the smoking cone, where I was seated.

The earliest dawn gave to my view the awful crater, with its two deep mouths, from one, whereof, there issued large volumes of thick white smoke, pressing up in closely crowding clouds; and all around, you saw the earth loose, and with crisped, yellow-mouthed small cracks, up which

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parties at the time, and substantially done as a gift of convenience to all after-travellers.

came little, light, thin wreaths of smoke that soon dissipated in the upper air.

This mountain,

> " Her hollow womb
> Conceiving thunders, through a thousand deeps
> And fiery caverns,"

which crumbles to your tread, and burns the shoe upon your foot, do you not fear it? or the God who made it? there does not beat that human heart, which here alone at the dim grey hour of dawn should answer *No*, — but, when you feel yourself earthly, an atom, yet with a soul aspiring to follow the pale stars, which, fading, leave you: it is an awe, holy, not slavish, begotten of a love which cannot cast out fear, belonging to a consciousness of deep unworthiness and base ingratitude to the God, who, in mercy, did reveal himself to a lost and perishing world; and when you turn to gaze downwards and see the golden sun come up in light and majesty to bless the waking millions of your fellows, and the dun vapours of the night roll off below, and capes, and hills, and towns, and the wide ocean, are seen as through a thin unearthly veil; your eyes fill, and your heart

swells; all the blessings you enjoy, all the innocent pleasures you find in your wanderings, that preservation, which in storm, and in battle, and mid the pestilence, was mercifully given to your half-breathed prayer, all rush in a moment on your soul; silent you are, but your translated silence would be, "Lord, depart from me, for I am a sinful man."

After a time I went down to the Casa Inglese, reposed on the step before the door, and shared with my guide some refreshment. While sitting here, a foreigner came up with another guide, a boy. They had brought the key; however, I had breakfasted, and did not go in further than to look at its wooden couches and beds of leaves. The stranger was a German, in plain clothes; but I suspected him to be an Austrian officer: he half confessed as much. He soon left me to go on to the summit of the cone, regretting that he had not timed his visit better. He was a polite, cordial man, as you generally find the German travellers, but I was glad when he went on, and left me.

At this elevation the line of the horizon,

which becomes vastly extended, produces a wonderful and strange effect, making many of the distant hills appear as though they mingled with or were clouds.

I rode past the philosopher's tower; and thence, slowly down the mountain. Just before we entered on the woody region where there is a little fern, and furze, and coarse herbage, we saw some goats, and a shepherd playing on a bagpipe; and in that scene, with the wide mountain-plain and open air to take from its rude harshness, he made music to the ear. Just as we passed forth from the woody region, clouds, which had been for the last hour gathering, enveloped the mountain's top, and hung over the woody region, and it began to lighten, and to thunder loudly. I thought upon the German above, and while I envied him, was yet glad that he should see the next finest thing to the sun-rising, namely, a thunder-storm at his feet.

First, a big drop or two, and then the shower, in its strength, caught us. I urged my jaded mule, but what between the length of the way, and, just here, the bad-

ness of the road, I could not escape it. I did not go to the convent of Nicolosi, but on to the village; there, in my guide's cottage, I found coarse clean sheets spread on a straw mattress; vessels of water; some fruit, and wine, and bread. I gave them directions to feed my mule and call me in three short hours, and for that time I profoundly slept; then up, and rode back to Catania, through scenes of the most luxuriant plenty, — vines and fruit-trees at every step. As the sun again set I came to the city; I alighted just at the entrance, on a hill above it, and, sending forward my mule, sat down to enjoy the scene; then, as it grew dusk, walked slowly through the crowded Corso, and as I looked up at the handsome cheerful-looking houses on either side, and as I reflected that this beautiful city was built of and upon lava, I could not help exclaiming with an author I know not, whose poem I saw once in a newspaper in India, —

" Man builds, and time destroys; man labours on,
As if that slow-consuming power to mock,
And the dire throes that, ever and anon,
Shake the great frame of nature, and unlock

Her solid joints with unexpected shock,
Deter him not: his labour he renews,
Even o'er the force that lifts the fluid rock,
In molten streams, a moment may diffuse
O'er all that with an eye of pride or love he views."

My companions I had separated from two days before this my visit to the mountain, they visiting it and passing on from Nicolosi towards Messina. I had proposed, at the time I first mentioned to them my intention to travel more leisurely and alone, to have visited the temples of Girgenti, which, however, I did not accomplish. I shall long look back with pleasure, and with a sense of real benefit to my mind, on the quiet harmony of more than eight months passed constantly in their valued society; but I know not that, from a mere child, I had ever before been so long debarred the luxury of solitude: scenes there are that should not be visited in parties, — Etna is one, — or, at all events, if we do take a companion, he must be, and must have long been, the companion of our heart and mind. A friendship, however, we did form, of that nature which must supply to wandering

soldiers that interchange of good fellowship and kind feeling which the settled domestic man continually enjoys among the regular and chance neighbours of his country dwelling.

Before I left Catania I visited the museum of Prince Biscari, which is well worthy the attention of the stranger; but I did not see it at my leisure or to advantage. A Signor Recupero has a very precious cabinet of medals, one of the finest and best arranged of any individual in Europe. He himself, or his son, a clever man of thirty, will always show them with great politeness. I went, but am free to confess, that I feel all the pain and the confusion of ignorance before all acknowledged lords of virtu and high-caste antiquarians. Young Signor Recupero was very obliging and patient, mistaking me, I believe, for one of a taste in that line. True it is, that, with a few medals before me, which the learned have already deciphered, and when I have no man to overlook and smile at me, I can enjoy them as toys for the mind. The historian alone can be said to have higher uses for them.

I visited the beautiful church of the convent of St. Julian, and looked at the gilded gratings of the painted prison with regret; happier far were the numerous females of the lower classes, whom I found singing and winding off a glossy straw-coloured silk in the two large manufactories of that article established here, than these high-born vestals.

Catania, in all its features, is a very interesting place, and one where I could have passed months instead of days.

The road to Messina runs, for about four miles, over a dark barren bed of rocky lava, but the base, or rather the breast, of Etna, is continually in sight on your left. White dwellings, green trees, here and there the broader and loftier front of a country chapel, surmounted with its black cross; and all these objects lying in the sunny bosom of one vast vineyard.

I slept at the little fishing village which lies at the foot of Taormina; and, while they prepared my supper, walked up, with the son of my hostess, to visit the ruins. It contains an ancient reservoir dry, but perfectly preserved; a noble work, and the

smallest of the five with which, under the Roman government, this city was adorned. It is situate in a vineyard, the dresser of which gave me a bunch of purple grapes of such size and flavour that it might, in former times, have been laid upon the altar of Bacchus himself. There is also a ruin called a Naumachia, whereof only one long wall is remaining; there is a thriving olive garden in what may have been its basin. But the pride of Tauromenium once, and of its poor inhabitants to this hour, is a theatre, built where the eye immediately satisfies itself that the rude and early drama was represented by some wandering actors to crowds of its more ancient and simple inhabitants, long before brick and marble, veils, and saffron showers were known to them. The remains of the theatre are very considerable; the outer wall; the scene; with lateral chambers, probably for the moveable decorations; and the vacant niches for the numerous statues which once adorned it, may all be seen with a glance. Its admirable adaptation for conveying sounds you may also be satisfied of by hear-

ing the voice of your *cicerone* from the stage, while you are seated at the farther end of the theatre. By the way, he will make you a terrible long speech, if you do not stop him, as I did, at the third line; an uttered word, or the tearing of a small piece of paper, is enough. But the site of this ruin captivated me: I know of none more romantically situated; and this is saying much, when we reflect how attentive the ancients were to this particular, and how magnificent are the views which, from almost all the ancient theatres I have ever seen, you may command. It stands very high, in a small natural theatre, little larger than itself, which only half conceals it, with a fine screen of rock, broken and pointed in a most picturesque manner. You have, at your feet, a little cliff-protected bay, without cot or boat; raising your eyes, the straits of Messina are before you; turning, you have the southernmost cape of Calabria and the Ionean sea; below, a sweet village; the citadel of Taormina, as you turn again, is not an unpleasing object; that of the little town of Mola hung, like an eagle's

nest, on a dizzy steep above, far above; and then, far away, a broad vale, smiling with men's habitations, and the gifts and fruits which bless them; and in the distance, yet close to you, Etna belted with wood, with a lofty yet spreading summit; here white with snow, there dark with its ashes, and breathing forth smoke like unto altars on a high place.

I lingered till the sun set, and then accompanied my guide down to the village; he bearing a handkerchief full of ice in straw, for cooling the signor's wine. I wished him far away, but he was a good-tempered young man, and succeeded in amusing me.

"The signor does not speak Italian as I have heard some English travellers."—"Why, friend, I never learned it, and only know how to ask my way."—"O, the signor makes himself well understood; but I thought all English learned Italian."—"Not *all*."—"What a pity! it is so musical;" and then he sung. "But how comes it that the signor has no books with him?"—"Books, what books? and

what for?" — "O, big books about the ruins and the Romans! Why, your countrymen come here with large books, and they look, and compare, and ask me many questions, and then they write down my answers, and many of them know as much about the ruins as I do; and some of them speak the Greco-Sicilian, which even I cannot." — "Ah, friend, those are our learned men, who are well-educated, and have leisure, money, and libraries." — "Then is the signor a gentleman, and has he learned Latin?" — "Yes, friend, a soldier." — "Oh, ah! a soldier, now *I take* (*capisco*). The English are good sailors, are they not? and the French the best soldiers?" Now he thought that beauty should be the theme, and accordingly he asked if we had fair ladies, any that could compare with the Messinese; then sung, and said that youth was the season of love (I am not very young); finally, he asked if I could play the guitar, (which I cannot,) and, as we had just reached the village-church, he led me in to see the Madonna dressed out for a feast,

with a dozen candles before her, a shrine stuck all over with artificial flowers, and all the old women of the place, with a sprinkling of young ones, a crowd of ragged boys, and a few men kneeling before it.

At length I reached my rustic inn, and having given him a present, which secured me as thankful a bow as if I had been fellow of all the antiquarian societies in Europe, was left delighted and alone.

The chambers of these rude inns would please, at first, any one. Three or four beds, (mere planks upon iron trestles,) with broad, yellow-striped, coarse mattresses, turned up on them; a table and chairs of wood, blackened by age, and of forms belonging to the past century; a daub or two of a picture, and two or three coloured prints of Madonnas and saints; a coarse table-cloth, and coarser napkin; a thin, blue-tinted drinking glass; dishes and plates of a striped, dirty-coloured, pimply ware; and a brass lamp with three mouths, a shape common to Delhi, Cairo, and Madrid, and as ancient as the time of the Etruscans themselves.

To me it had another charm; it brought Spain before me, the peasant and his cot, and my chance billets among that loved and injured people. Ah! I will not dwell on it; but this only I will venture to say, they err greatly, grossly, who fancy that the Spaniard, the most patiently brave and resolutely persevering man, as a man, on the continent of Europe, will wear long any yoke he feels galling and detestable.

Enough of this.—They bring you in a regular travellers' book, with the names of all visitors; and I did, what I dare to say many a lone wanderer does, I read them through; I saw in the long list but one name, which I knew, that of a widower, for whom, though I never saw him, I could deeply, truly feel. I recollect her whom he has lost, when, at fair eighteen, her eyes and her soft voice were such as the painter and the poet give to angels; and she was good, most gently good. And such things die! Why then let us walk on to the grave, with eyes always fixed on Him, who disappoints it of its victory.

The road to Messina borders the blue sea; and cliffs and cottages, a high-perched town or two, a jutting, castellated rock, a cluster or two of fishing-huts, and some large villages, are on your path. For the last six miles you pass between high walls, which enclose vineyards and large country-houses, so that the view is shut from you, save here and there, at an opening, a full feast of scenic beauty is spread before you.

I was detained some days at Messina, a place of uncommon features; its sickle-shaped harbour, its wide *marino*, its noble half-finished buildings, its forts and castles, vine-covered hills, elegant little *casinos*, classic straits, and the magnificent range of the Calabrian mountains opposite, with their gloriously varying lights and shadows, might furnish materials for rich description. I enjoyed, and shall never forget, but I cannot describe them. I rambled about, seeing nothing and every thing, sighing or smiling as it might be; more than once I caught myself leaning over a wall, and looking

into a garden at a *casino* happily inhabited, and half uttering

"Oh, that for me some home like this would smile!"

Then came up the image of Southampton water, in its forest bed, and the grey ruins of Netley Abbey looking reproach upon me, and mountains and lakes, vales and rivers, from Cumberland and Wales, came crowding on, in fair and friendly visions; and then I climbed a hill to look upon the sea, and think upon my country.

They are a cheerful, joyous people at Messina: I saw them crowding round the *cocagna*, so managed as not to be dangerous, and looked upon their delighted and expressive faces, and heard their clear, free laughings. I often, too, saw groups of grown children, dancing and singing in the cool of the evening to the tambourine, which they play at the same moment, and very graceful are their movements. Their costume is not remarkable; it is (in the town) bad French: they braid up their shining hair prettily enough: the peasants from the country confine it in a net, which has

an ancient, rustic, picture-like look, and they, too, wear little jackets and petticoats of cloth or coloured stuffs, and they like, and dispose fancifully, ribbons of the brightest colours. But the peasantry in Sicily, and, indeed, throughout Italy, if I except a few provinces in the north, are not for a moment to be compared, as a picturesque-dressed peasantry, to the Spaniards. However, though as a sketcher I speak thus, and though I delight to look upon things which bring old times, and forms, and fashions, to my curious eye, and which so generally please, yet I know, that as a people increase in knowledge, possession, happiness, honest hopes, and permitted pride, *all the growth of freedom*, they love to put off the garbs which would mark them as feudal or liveried slaves; and hence it is, that in our country churches we see the coarse but cleanly imitations of the general dress of the middling and upper classes, by all whose age, or services, or little purse, will allow them, for the Sabbath, to lay by the working frock.

Now I by no means pretend to say that

either Sicilians or Neapolitans are a whit freer in reality, or so much so, perhaps, in sincere desire, as the Spaniard; but they have been in contact with, and just brushed by, the wing of improvement; and wherever a man goes now, he may clearly see that the seed of a better order of things is sown: I know tares will spring up with the wheat, and difficult will be the tasks of statesmen: happy you and I, who have nothing to do but look on, find fault with them when they do not please us, and drink their health in bumpers when they do. By the way, the wines of Sicily and Calabria are excellent; in general, I found the wines of Italy, even at good inns, very inferior to those at the most common posadas of Sicily.

I sailed from Messina in a Neapolitan vessel: nothing could be more promising than the weather; we passed down, and out, leaving Scylla and Charybdis far behind us; but the wind changed, and the sky lowered, and our captain put back. The next morning we sailed again. I was not sorry for the delay: to have thrice passed

the Pharos,—to have seen the sun shining on the rock of Scylla,—and to have seen it in shadow, and the coasts of Sicily and Calabria to great advantage from the vessel's deck, — gave me pleasure.

The vessel was crowded and dirty, with many passengers, pale, sick, and frightened; one fine fellow, a Neapolitan officer, formed a very remarkable contrast to them: he was returning to Naples, he told me, dismissed now, though spared at first, as a man of liberal sentiments. He represented himself as having been long a captain in the marine artillery; and I must say, he wore about him the stamp of worth: his look and tone were honest, — his complaints were never concerning himself: the state of his country seemed to be uppermost in his mind: the language of vulgar invective and coarse abuse of that government, and those councils under which he suffered, never escaped him; and he was free to censure the idleness, the apathy, and the insensibility to noble sentiments, of the major part of his countrymen. He had a copy of Dante with him, and told me he never

moved without it, and found in the perusal of it a solace for half his woes. I could well understand the feeling, though I never read Dante. We saw the mountain isle of Stromboli to great advantage: we had also a night of big rain, and that terrifically-rattling thunder frequent in these climes; then a day of clear lovely weather, and a scene off Capri, such as we see not many in our lives; and yet in man's feeble colouring of pen or pencil a mere nothing.

Provoked I was as the afternoon wore away, and the wind fell, to see that we could not enter the bay of Naples before dark, and should, probably, pass in at midnight, and lose a splendid spectacle; but while I walked the deck, half-pettish, like a disappointed child, the sun declined; in the broad path of his rays the sea became as molten gold; and Capri, as it intervened, looked a dark blue mass of cliff-like clouds; and the more so, as there is a chasm, or rude arch, fantastically pierced through it by the hand of nature, which gave to view the reddening sky beyond.

It was not till the day broke that we

passed into the bay ; and we were six hours, gliding with the gentlest of airs, before we reached the harbour and came to anchor.

In many things in Italy the traveller the least sanguine, and the most chastised, is doomed to disappointment, — on the very shore he is ; yet all that has been sung, and written, and said of the bay of Naples, to me, on whom it burst in the freshness of morning and fulness of its beauty, seemed but faintly expressive of the scene.

After this, it were a pitiful presumption in me to pen a word ; only this I should say, it has often fallen to my lot to hear it compared to the bay of Dublin : I, who always admired the bay of Dublin, and always shall, could discover no features of resemblance, — to me, all was new ; a blending of grandeur and of softness ; of white and crowded dwellings ; of sheltered and still retreats ; of sunny cheerfulness and green repose ; of shadowy shores and shining waters ; and white sails glancing and glittering like joyous sea-birds on the wing ; in gay Posilipo, and smiling Portici, and dark Vesuvius ; in the lofty hills of

Sorrentum and the rugged Capri, — the features were new, and marked by beauties all their own.

He who travels from England by the ordinary route, seeing Milan, Florence, and Rome on his way, may greatly enjoy all that is beautiful and new in this interesting capital; but he cannot feel that delight which grew out of the circumstances under which I had the fortune to visit it. For twenty years a visit to Italy had been to me a day-dream, — a castle in the air; and when I sailed for the remote and cheerless service of an Indian garrison, it was among, and not the least bitter of, my idle regrets that I might never see this country; and it came, the coveted opportunity; and after crossing sea and desert, and through a land of turbaned strangers, here I stood in my path homewards, on a shore unequalled, even in Italy, for loveliness.

I was soon lodged most comfortably, and served throughout my stay with that perfect cleanliness and quiet unobtrusive attention, which are to the English citizen of the world very contenting.

The first thing which always attracts me is the aspect of the people.

All that has been said about the Mole of Naples, the crowds upon it, and the vast and comic variety of exhibition, costume, character, and occupation it presents, has either been very highly coloured, or is only remarkable during certain seasons of festival, or perhaps has been somewhat changed by the presence of an orderly, but stern and gloomy, garrison of Austrians. The costume of the sailors, who form a chief portion of the crowd, is a coarse shirt and trowsers, a waistcoat, sometimes a jacket hanging over the arm, a sash round the middle, and a cap (in fashion like a long night-cap) of either red or brown: this cap, as they sometimes wear it, with its top falling a little forwards, not hanging down, resembles the Phrygian bonnet *, so they say, at least, and indeed, it evidently does so; and this is the

* I dare say it seldom enters the head of even an antiquarian, as arranging his own night-cap in this manner, he takes a last look in the glass before he pops the extinguisher on his candle, that he is quite classic in costume.

only costume any way remarkable, if I except that of some women of the lower class, who may be seen on the quays, seated at their stalls, and who wear velveteen jackets and bodices, and large ear-rings and necklaces of gilt metal.

For the exhibitions and occupations,—I have seen the polichinello with his crowd, and the reader with his audience; the macaroni stall, the fruit-seller, the water-seller, all surrounded by their customers; the barber's *open* shop, and, in fact, all which others have seen. One of the readers amused me most; he was a man of about fifty, of a worn out, dissipated appearance; his dress was that of *Tag*; in fact, they never had, in either of our green-rooms, a black coat so richly rusted, or so ingeniously tacked together. He sat upon one form, and had three others so placed as to form a square round him; all these were filled, and behind stood a throng about four deep; they were very intent; his posture was that of careless superiority, his right leg crossed over his left, and dangling as he read; spectacles on nose, and his eyes fixed

on the manuscript-book, held at arm's length in his left hand, while his right was continually raised and waving with action the most energetic. The punch speaks always in the Neapolitan dialect; and they have a theatre, a small one, in which you may, any evening, see the best representation of this kind which Naples can boast; the people evidently take great delight in it; a Neapolitan sat by me, translating to his best; a foreigner cannot enter into it further than feel pleased to hear real, hearty, unaffected laughing all around him. Blunders, blows, the ubiquity of poor punch, the personating two different characters, the making of coarse love, and, above all, the snuffling tone of voice of an old man, in a wig, the pantaloon of their drama or farce, are the features of the entertainment. All this is given, in a less way, at two or three polinchinello stages on the Mole. But I must say the scenes here bear no comparison for lively interest with those on the quays of the Seine at Paris. One thing, however, cannot fail to impress the stranger pleasingly; there is an air of indolent good

humour on every countenance; I say pleasingly, because you are glad to see that poverty, hopeless poverty, or careless if you will, can so cheat care, that the barefoot, houseless wretch upon the Mole can run the race of enjoyment with the wealthiest slave in Naples. A few grains are lightly earned between sunrise and early noon,—a platterfull of macaroni; a glass of water iced; a scratching in the sun; a sleep in the shade; a poem listened to; a puppet-show; a ballad; punch; a Calabrian bag-pipe; a slice of water-melon; perhaps the luxury of a segar; and then, if the moon does not shine, a crowding of some twenty together into a lower hall or cloistered court, or, if they have a grain to spare, a hired chamber between them. Such are the Neapolitan poor. What they might be, I had a good opportunity of seeing the very day I landed. I remarked a man plying in a boat; himself and his boat patterns of sailor-like cleanliness; a fine-spoken, respectfully free, manly, handsome seaman. He had served six years in the British navy, and though he told me, I am vexed

that I have forgotten the frigate he named; whatever it was, he had been kindly treated, not trodden down as a foreigner and a slave, but lifted to the knowledge and consciousness that he was a man; feeling a respect for himself, and, what invariably follows, for all things and persons worthy to be respected.

However, enough; let us drive up the Strada Toledo. The hackney coach of Naples is an open barouche, neatly painted, decently horsed, and rapidly driven. The coachman is generally a respectable looking man; and there is a lively-featured young urchin behind to attend the step. The numbers and the noise of the carriages in Naples surprise,—there is nothing at all like it in any other city in Italy: nobody that can ride, even in a shell-like cabriolet, with a dirty fellow standing behind and cracking the whip over their heads, walks. The Strada Toledo is a fine one; long, lofty, broad, for Naples; good shops, French windows, balconies, cafés, and well-dressed men sitting in them.

The square of the palace fine, and the

front of the palace princely, with Neapolitan guards in scarlet clothing. The quarter of Santa Lucia is handsome, and many of the palaces of the nobles have a rich, elegant appearance. The principal drive in the evening is along the Chiaja, and the walk the Villa Reale, or Royal Garden. My first evening I took a drive along that shore or quay: you see carriages, and women sitting in them, and by their sides pale men; and you meet Austrian officers on horseback, and every hundred yards you see an Austrian guard in their white uniforms, looking, what they are, the lords of Naples.

On the morning after I arrived, there was a service performed in the church of St. Giacomo, in the Largo de Castello, in honour of Pope Pius VII., just then deceased. The church was hung with a drapery of white and black, gathered near the roof, and falling in long folds, well and gracefully disposed; and on the white ground were small pointed bows of black, producing the effect of ermine. There was a large orchestra built up as at our ora-

torios; and, in the nave of the church, a tomb of framework, pasteboard, and paint, with eight vases burning round it, such a thing as you would expect to see, and do often see, in a theatre: lights on the altar, and disposed in the church, so that daylight was excluded. The company was numerous, the music excellent; a mass; a requiem; a sermon from the nuncio; eulogistic, easy to be understood, and energetically delivered.

The scene was novel; Neapolitan ladies exceedingly well dressed, with black lace veils over their beautiful heads of hair, fans, missals, and rosaries in their hands, feigning the prettily pious; men in full dresses; the public functionaries and civil officers in embroidered coats; numbers of military, both Neapolitan and Austrian, in uniforms of scarlet, green, and white; priests, monks, and friars; bishops and high vicars, in their white satin mitre caps; and youthful sacristans, with eyes wandering, or winking, as they tossed about the smoking censers, or bare the flaring torch, or stood with the ready vestment: and here

and there in the crowd a few quiet English ladies, with faces hidden under straw bonnets, on which, in honour of poor old Pius, a black ribbon had been placed, while the gentlemen who attended them seemed to wish the tour well over, and themselves restored to their own manly sports in old England.

My host had told me in the morning that I had arrived too late at Naples to secure a seat, and should certainly not get in. I dressed in a full suit of black, and went to a gate, accompanied by a person who had some connection with the church, but who was of no use at all; I was giving it up in despair, when the Neapolitan officer, who, with his men, was beating back a crowd of well-dressed Neapolitans, called out for me to advance, and they making a passage for me, I passed in, and got an excellent place. The person who was to have assisted me in getting in stuck close to me, and following in my wake, entered the church with me; determined to render me some service which should secure a reward, he left me where I was leaning against

the wall to the left of a row of well-dressed company that were seated, and returning with a chair, placed it for me, with the most cool and fearless impertinence, directly before a lady-like woman, whose view would thus have been totally intercepted; she had hardly time to remonstrate, save with her quick eye, ere I had drawn it back and scolded my officious *cicerone*, who, nowise abashed, said, "As the signor pleased, but there was nothing in it;" and then arranging my seat, and observing that I was not one to be prated to, he said he would go and wait for me without; for this I rewarded him. He was not a *valet-de-place*, neither had I one at Naples; but any thing more pushing and impertinent, than the generality of these low-bred *ciceroncs*, I could not have conceived: they will do all but pull a devotee from her knees while showing you a church, and, if unchecked by you, think nothing of taking post directly between her and the altar at which she kneels, to point out to the loud-treading booted traveller some *cosa magnifica e bellissima*. I have seen this many times; for, go where

you will, you are sure to meet parties whose object, like your own, is the gratification of curiosity; and, of a truth, some of my estimable countrymen have strange ways and a sad want of tact, so that if they have not produced, they encourage this evil.

The museum of Naples is rich in objects of interest to the stranger. On my first visit to it, I lingered in the gallery of ancient sculpture till the gate closed; and in the course of my short stay, and frequent visits to the other apartments of this noble institution, I never passed out without again hurrying to stand for a while before those statues which had won my free admiration, and remain present to my thoughts.

How is it that the quarried rock, that stuff to which we liken a cold and cruel heart, a pale and stiffened corse, can be wrought into forms of youth, and grace, and female loveliness; forms still, yet in the seeming act to move,—mute, yet with lips that would reply in smiles,—and cold, and colourless, yet warm and blooming to the gazer's fancy.

If I except some few and very few of the

chef-d'œuvres which I had seen before at Paris, and visited again at Rome and Florence, this collection at Naples, taken as a whole, gave me more pleasure than any I have ever beheld.

It were tedious and impertinent to enumerate; and it were impossible for one ignorantly contented to admire, to attempt descriptions, doubtless already given in all the proper set terms of art.

You find here Bacchus, "ever fair and young," grouped with Cupid! you find him often again, and once on the shoulder of a faun, with the soft and rounded limbs of infancy, and the sweet smile of a fondled child! You have more than one Venus of brilliant and disturbing beauty! You have forms of men, fairer than man should be, especially one exposed, I know not why, as if to court the question, who and what was he? Turn we to Aristides; Greece, ancient Greece, looks to you from his noble features; the attitude, the folded robe, all personify the dignity of freedom; its calm majestic worth: I wish the turbaned Ottoman were chained at the statue's foot.

Come hence and gaze on Agrippina; a tyrant's mother, and a Roman matron. She sits, as to this hour, those women, whose hearts were great and have been broken, would sit. On vacancy she looks, and reclines her form in that extension of natural abandonment, which is grace perfect, and as it sorrows ever.

It is quite unnecessary that the catalogue should call your attention to a fragment of a female form, thought to be a Psyche, and attributed to Praxiteles; none would pass it; the "what," and the "by whom," matter little to the admiring stranger when they are mere guesses, and cannot aid or warm his fancy. It is female beauty in form and face, at chaste thirteen. The contour of the features, especially the nose, elegant; a something we never see in life. There is a very fine Torso near it, guessed a Bacchus, and by Phidias.

The celebrated Hercules astonished, but gave me no pleasure. The Hall of Apollo is surprising by its richness, but the porphyry, rosso antico, and oriental alabaster, produce an effect which I found very un-

pleasing. Flora, very fine, but immortally colossal. The family of the Balbi is looked upon with uncommon interest. The equestrian statues of the father and son, especially the latter, are most noble specimens of art. The venerable mother and the younger females are remembered by you afterwards, as you tread where they trode before you. I must stop, leaving gladiators and amazons; the muse, and the goddess; the statues of emperors; and the busts of philosophers unnoticed but not forgotten: there is one nameless bust, in the first division of this gallery, not surpassed in its way by any other in the collection.

I wanted rest for my mind when I came out, and drove to the Villa Reale. It was an hour at which no one was to be seen there. I paced in the shade, and went to the wall, and leaned out to look upon the glorious bay; and in the foreground to see the fishers hauling in their nets, and singing with lighter hearts than mine; for, at times, though I was by choice travelling alone, and greatly prefer so to do, solitude would, and did oppress me, even to tears.

In the centre of this garden stands the celebrated group of the Toro Farnese. I enter not into the details of its mutilation, or how much of it is modern; it is a noble, a magnificent monument. I prefer it, as seen from the opposite side, to that where Dirce is represented, and conclude therefore that my taste is bad, as the Antiope and the young man seated on that side are allowedly ancient. The figures of Amphion and Zethus restraining the bull, which is all vigour and fierce eagerness, are, to my eye (especially the bull) astonishingly fine.

It is a pleasant drive to the tomb of Virgil, and on through the pierced cavern of Posilipo, to the lake of Agnano. The tomb may, or may not be Virgil's; it brings him to your mind, his reed, his lyre, — the pastoral, and the battle; and the truest picture of passionate love, and man's heartlessness, and woman's shame, and sorrow, and despair, ever penned by man. It is a rude, plain tomb (*provokingly swept and watered smooth within*); it hangs just over the road where it enters the grotto of

Posilipo, and you may look from it into that dark Cimmerian vault. I had not been long there among the tangled brambles which are allowed to grow near it on the wall, ere I heard the loud, strong voices of shouting, laughing travellers, and saw one leading with an open *Vasi*, which has a print of this tomb; *such a one*, as is only to be found in this land of contrasts, where the arts seem to have risen as high, and fallen as low, as they well could. I retreated to a seat in the vineyard above, where you look down on that unsating view, the bay of Naples.

The drive through the grotto is fine in sound, and sight. This vaulted road is nearly a third of a mile in length; narrow and lofty is its rocky arch. The horse's hoofs strike strong and clear, and, in parts, resounding is the rattle of the wheels (think then of the *brazen car*). The people you meet have a hue of livid ghastliness if you are there at a late hour, and this hue is strangely and fearfully contrasted by their laugh and smile. You come out on a poor little suburb, and then on among vines,

trained to elms, and hanging in festoons from tree to tree. Here I would notice a slight disappointment to the traveller. The trees are by no means so large, or the festoons of the vine so richly picturesque, as some have painted them; and as I confess I expected to find them. Still, there is the vine-leaf, and the tendril, and the purple grape given man to refresh his toiling strength, and gladden his heavy heart; and among your pleasures it is one to find, that in all these wine countries, the labourer is allowed wine *, and often drinks far better than the traveller has set before him at the albergo reale of many a village and town in his journeyings through Italy.

The lake of Agnano is said to have been the crater of a volcano. It was dark and still when I saw it; a very lone spot; hills of lava on all sides, decomposed, and covered with some growth of green; its waters are strongly impregnated with mi-

* The common labourer in Sicily has a regular allowance of three pints daily.

neral substance. It only breeds the croaking frog; and near is a small grotto, to which the torture of some generations of small dogs has given a name, and whither the traveller sees one coaxed to faint, recover, be fed, patted, and run away.

In one of my visits to the museum I saw their collection of Egyptian antiquities, and affected, I suppose, to look at them as if I knew something about the matter, which I do not. There is a small statue of Isis here, very beautiful, and one also of the Etruscan Diana; but the collection, in other respects; is small and poor to the eye of one just returning from that country; the apartment of the bronzes contains some very fine specimens: there is a statue of Mercury, a drunken faun, two discoboli, an actress, the head of Virgil's horse, some small bronzes, a horse from the theatre of Herculaneum, two deer admirably delicate, and many others, which you see with pleasure; some of the statues have eyes of silver; I do not like the effect. In the papyri room I saw them at the tender and slow process of unrolling the scorched scrolls;

they were very civil to me, and I walked slowly round the walls, covered with restored and legible fragments; here and there a word or a line may be read distinctly by even the idler's glance.

I next went into the library, a noble room, and a vast collection. I should much like to have seen those things which are preserved here, especially the handwriting of Tasso; I was led as far, and into the apartment where they are shown. I found priests reading, and men looking as if they were learned. I was confused at the creaking of my boots; I gave the hesitating look of a wish, but I ended by a blush, bowed, and retired. I passed again into the larger apartment, and I felt composed as I looked around. Why life, thought I, would be too short for any human being to read these folios; but yet, if safe from the pedant's frown, one could have a vast library to range in, there is little doubt that, with a love of truth, and a thirsting for knowledge, the man of middle age, who regretted his early closed lexicon, might open it again with delight and profit. While thus mus-

ing in stamped two travellers, my countrymen, my bold, brave countrymen,—not intellectual, I could have sworn, or Lavater is a cheat,—

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye."

They strode across to confront the doctors, and demand to see those sights to which the book directed and the grinning *domestique de place* led them. I envied them, and yet was angry with them; however, I soon bethought me, such are the men who are often sterling characters, true hearts: they will find no seduction in a southern sun, but back to the English girl they love best, to be liked by her softer nature the better for having seen Italy, and taught by her gentleness to speak about it pleasingly, and prize what they have seen: — such are the men whom our poor men like, who are generous masters and honest voters, faithful husbands and kind fathers; who, if they make us smiled at abroad in peace, make us feared in war, and any one of whom is worth to his country far more than a dozen mere

sentimental wanderers. However, I may now and then sigh, but never murmur.

> "In vain, said then old Melibee, doe men
> The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse,
> Since they know best what is the best for them,
> For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
> As they doe know each can most aptly use,
> Sith not that which men covet most is best,
> Nor that thing worst, which men doe most refuse."

The antiquities found in Herculaneum, Pompeii, and other places, but especially in the two former, are abundantly curious and very interesting. You have bread, and fruit, and the honey-comb; you have vases and vessels of ancient glass; you have candelabra and lamps, sacrificial vessels, common utensils for the kitchen, scales, and weights of bronze; all most elegant in workmanship and forms; you have inkstands, and styles, and tablets; tickets for the theatre; the sistrum, cymbals; you have *essence bottles*, and *rouge*, and *metallic mirrors*, armour and the *toys of children*, the bells for distant browsing cattle, horse furniture, little figures of their household

gods, *dice*, and bells to strike the hour. It came, unthought of came, and none remained to strike upon the bell. Among these objects you linger delightfully and long; every thing you touch or examine has its little history, which none can tell, but fancy may not greatly err in painting.

The collection of sepulchral vases is large, splendid, and admirably arranged; and to that man, whose mind retains all classical recollections strong and fresh, they must be highly interesting; even I, who for eighteen years have not seen those noble productions of the Greek tragic writers, the repositories of so much that is affecting in the history of the human heart; but can yet remember something of their sorrowing music, which, even in a school-boy's struggles with his task, broke upon me, — even I, as I was *alone*, ventured to pause, and look, admire, then, *being told the subject*, look again.

The gallery of paintings is not so remarkable, as compared to those at Rome, Florence, or Bologna. Yet are there some

pictures from the hand of Raphael, Domenichino, Titian, and other of the great masters. One of Raphael's — a Madonna, Elizabeth, St. John, and the Saviour, is truly beautiful; and one of Domenichino's lastingly impressed me — an angel, a child, a demon. The angel is represented youthful, his hair in thick and clustering curls; his face fair, his form rounded; his large, dark, and powerful wings half spread, but not for flight; a child, not free from terror or from tears, with his little hands lifted and joined as in prayer, stands under this broad wing, and looks up to heaven whither the calm angel points; the demon stoops beneath; hatred and hell are in his gaze. The angel has the look which sixteen summers give to ripening man; but, observe him well, such look ne'er grew from childhood, ne'er decayed with age. It is not beautiful, but calm, and passionless, and pure; the heavenly light of mercy is on his radiant form; the power of the avenging whirlwind in his dark strong wing: the child, the object of his shielding care, has no ringlets, no graces, no comeliness; he is

only represented as a common homely little child, terrified and helpless. Such a picture is too full for comment; it might hang in a nursery, and in after-life the child become a man, and, struggling vainly with sin and sorrow, might think, perhaps, upon the guardian angel, and ask a willing Mediator to grant the shelter of that angel's wing. I thought not, at the first glance, so highly of this picture, but, as the subject powerfully struck me, I came again and again to study it. It is a volume. Domenichino is a noble master. There is a fine Magdalene by Guercino, and a St. John by Leonardo da Vinci. But I have dwelt too long on these pictures; there are many of great merit; and really volumes have been thought — more, doubtless, than ever were or could be written on the paintings of Italy.

Always on quitting the Museum it is a relief to drive somewhere, that you may relieve the mind and refresh the sight with a view of earth and ocean. The view from the Belvedere, in the garden of St. Martino, close to the fortress of St. Elmo, is said to be unequalled in the world. I was walking along the cloister to it, when I heard voices

behind me, and saw an English family — father, mother, with daughter and son, of drawing-room and university ages. I turned aside that I might not intrude on them, and went to take my gaze when they came away from the little balcony; I saw no features; but the dress, the gentle talking, and the quietude of their whole manner, gave me great pleasure. A happy domestic English family; parents travelling to delight, improve, and *protect* their children; younger ones at home, perhaps, who will sit next summer on the shady lawn and listen, as Italy is talked over, and look at prints, and turn over a sister's sketch-book, and beg a brother's journal. Magically varied is the grandeur of the scene — the pleasant city; its broad bay; a little sea that knows no storms; its garden neighbourhood; its famed Vesuvius, not looking either vast, or dark, or dreadful — all bright and smiling, garmented with vineyards below, and its brow barren, yet not without a hue of that ashen or slaty blueness which improves a mountain's aspect; and far behind, stretched in their full bold forms, the shadowy Ap-

pennines. Gaze and go back, English; Naples, with all its beauties and its pleasures, its treasury of ruins, and recollections, and fair works of art; its soft music and balmy airs cannot make you happy; may gratify the gaze of taste, but never suit the habits of your mind. There are many homeless solitary Englishmen who might sojourn longer in such scenes, and be soothed by them; but to become dwellers, settled residents, would be, even for them, impossible.

The church of the Certosini is rich in every way, but Spagnoletto has adorned it in a manner which secures a long, long reign to the memory of his genius; his prophets are fine paintings, but his dead Christ, with the Madonna, the Magdalene, and St. John, forms a picture, of which, when the detail is lost to the mind, much must always be remembered; the clasped hands, and pale uplifted face of the mother, bespeak a sorrow so deep, that it would be despair, but for all those sayings which she had treasured up in her heart. An astonishing performance — gloom deeper than

funereal—death, perfect, clayey, dull, cold. The Virgin-mother knew his kingdom was not of this world; but she had loved the form she suckled, the voice which spake to her, the Son who was submitted to her, the Man of Sorrows, the gentle Sufferer on the Cross, and the lifeless body before her, still she loved. And the agonised heart of the human mother is wondrously conceived, and faithfully pourtrayed.

It is the common complaint of all travellers, that the sameness and repetition of subjects in the pictures of Italy weary attention, and exhaust admiration. It is evident, however, I think, that this very circumstance has induced the miraculous perfection of art, which belonged to an age gone by, and a state of things never likely to return.

The talents of the Greek sculptor, and the Italian painter, were alike pressed into the service of religion. Not only the patronage and gifts of their respective countries wrought on them, but the admiring and adoring homage paid to their greatest works, arising from that power

with which, through the senses, devotional feelings do seize upon and move the soul, warmed them into the most glowing and daring conceptions, the most bold and successful execution. Nor do I believe that the strongest and most disciplined mind of the calmest Christian could pass the pictures of a Raphael, a Domenichino, a Guido, or a Guercino, without the tribute of a deep-felt admiration.

I might have chosen other names, and better perhaps, but some who have seen the Archangel of Guido, and the large dark visions of Guercino, his figures and features not beautiful, but left to the sympathy of his gazer, as mere human beings exercised in sorrow and in suffering, may think with me, that Guido and Guercino are among the greatest.

The cathedral, the chapel of St. Severo, and two or three other churches, are seen with pleasure. That of San Severo contains three very original and interesting pieces of sculpture. Modesty veiled, a man struggling in a net, and a dead Christ covered with a veil, which adheres to the form as

if damped by the cold sweat of expiring agony. The church of the Apostoli, and of the Annunziata reward a visit; but as for going, in Italian cities, to all the churches and chapels to which a guide-book would direct you, it is altogether out of the question.

The excursion to Pompeii would, of itself, repay the traveller for a longer and more disagreeable journey than that from London to Naples.

Pompeii is not *a ruin*, that is, not a monument of crumbling and mouldering decay; it is only a forsaken city, shaken by the earthquake of the year gone by, or sacked and fired by the armies of our day; why, ignorant English soldiers, undoubting and easily contented, might still be told that they were in a city destroyed by the French last year, and put into billets, right and left, through its streets; in a few houses they would find the shelter of a roof, but in all would still have a dry *red* brick wall to put their backs and arms against, where they might escape the night wind and the driving rain; and they would only abuse

an enemy for having burnt the rafters of the house-tops, and the doors and windows; and they would disperse in the vineyards, and ramble over the walls, and the streets would again become populous; and in the forum the sutlers would assuredly establish a market, and officers would vote it a pleasant cantonment; and but for the ancient theatres, there is nothing about the place which it would puzzle the ignorant to account for in a way satisfying to their own minds.

The first image that presents itself to your mind is that of its flying population — the loaded wain; the staggering ass; every head with its large bundle; every hand with its vessels and valuables; the infant in arms; the trembling little children holding to the mother's robe, who has no spare hand to aid them; and the streaming out of unbraided hair; and beauty forgotten by its possessor, and disregarded by the passer by; and the mere animally brave man awed and impotent; and the philosopher awed, yet alive to all the duties imposed on him, of advising and succouring,

ordering and protecting; magistrates, and priests, and soldiers, all busied and terrified.

> " Revelry, and dance, and show
> Suffer a syncope, and solemn pause."

That the inhabitants of this city had time to fly, and bear with them the greater part of their possessions, is sufficiently evident; but a few perished, and they are brought to our notice in a manner that renders their fate more impressive and affecting.

Here, in this villa, (his skeleton hands grasping coins, and jewels, and his coffer-key,) was found the perished master, stricken in his flight, and a slave behind him with silver and bronze vases: then fled the shrieking family below to a subterranean passage, and there they perished, slowly perhaps, seventeen of them, mistress, and handmaids, and faithful servants.

Here is a sadder thing; — in a little circular-roofed seat by the wayside, a kind of travellers' resting-place, or a spot to which friends would walk, and sit chatting in the shade, here was found the skeleton of a woman, and an infant skeleton in her arms,

(safely may the antiquarian write, a mother,) and two other children lay by her side; precious ornaments were found on all. Perhaps she waited for the lord she loved, or for her poor handmaid, or, perhaps, the car was to return and take her.

Here again, near a portico, was found some miser, flying with his heavy, strong-wrapped hoard: the guide tells you it was a priest of Isis; and here, in her temple, were found other skeletons of men, who staid to guard or worship her revered image; and, lastly, in a prison or guard-house were found skeletons fastened and secured in stocks!

However, any attempt to describe Pompeii comes not within the compass of my plan or ability. Here we follow the antiquarian with a silent and thankful attention. We are taken by him into the forum of ancient Romans, their temples, schools, theatres; led along their streets; introduced into their houses, and shown the distribution and use of their apartments, the laying out of their gardens; we see their baths, their place of feasting, and that of repose.

You stand before their shops, and put your hand on the little counters of marble, one whereof has the stain of a goblet's bottom; and where you lean, hundreds of men have leaned, in their times, to take a drink, perhaps of vinegar and water, a draught common among them, and most grateful to the thirsty. You walk along the raised footway, and mark, in the carriage-road, the worn wheel-track; you cross at the stepping-stones, and think of the lifted toga; you stop at the open spots where streets meet and cross, and look for the damsels who came crowding with their urns to the convenient wells.

The bakehouse, the wine-shop, and the cooks' shops, exactly similar in plan to those I have seen in Mocha and Djidda, with stoves and large vessels for boiling and preparing food, are all to be found in this silent city. You pass among the columns of many temples; you enter the hall of judgment, and walk up between its Corinthian columns, and look with suspicion on the raised tribunal, and think about imperial decrees; you go into the theatres,

and then on, across a vineyard, to the noble amphitheatre, and ascending to the top, gaze out, and forget every thing but the bright beauty of the scenery; till, turning to descend, you see where the *civilised* Roman sat smiling while the Numidian lion tore the frame of his captive foe, perhaps the brave, the blue-eyed Dacian; or frowning upon his youngest son, who, at his first visit to the games, would look at times pale, and with an eye dimmed by a tear, but not degraded by allowing it to fall.

You linger long at Pompeii, and people it, and build up its temples, and replace the statues on their shrines; and meet men riding, (like the Balbi,) and bend with respect to such a matron as the mother of that family, and look in the garden of Diomedes for the younger forms, and ask whether lutes and musical voices ever sounded there.

The sun declines; your coachman looks impatient; you get in, take off your hat to let the soft air come and calm you, and, reclining back, with a full feeling of delighted satisfaction, are driven home.

The day after, I visited Herculaneum.—I would advise all travellers to see it first, as, after having wandered about Pompeii, your interest is less likely to be awakened here. Still, it is a pleasure to descend with a torch into its dark, damp theatre, buried deep below, and to trace its corridors, stage, orchestra, proscenium, and the seats of the consuls. A statue or mask has left its impress on the lava. You hear far above the carriages of Portici rolling over you; the sound is very awful; it is described as sounding like thunder, but this does not convey the idea, it is something very different, not easy to express.

The Museum at Portici is uncommonly interesting. It consists chiefly of the paintings which adorned the buildings and dwellings in Herculaneum and Pompeii. The subjects are various; from many of them you learn exactly what the aspect of things was in their day; such as houses, gardens, public buildings, shops, conveyances, also temples, theatres, priests, and performers; the borderings and decorations of apartments; and many paintings of altogether a higher,

though not so curious, a description, the subjects of which are scenes historical and mythological. I certainly had no idea that I should find such beauty in the composition, grouping, and expression of these pictures as I did.

I staid among them till I could see no longer, and went out reluctantly, and I visited them a second time leisurely.

During the greater part of the time that I remained at Naples, the theatre of St. Carlos was closed: it opened, however, before I went away. It is certainly a most splendid theatre; but the performance, both opera and ballet, fell very far short of my expectations. It was not, in fact, the season when they put forth their strength. I did not hear the *prima donna*, or see, I suspect, the principal dancers. Adelina was the opera, Atys and Chloe the ballet. The orchestra was very fine; the scenery and decorations also excellent; and the situations and dances in the ballet pretty, but inferior to what I have seen both in Paris and London, and what I afterwards saw at Milan.

To visit the theatres of Italy is a part of the tour; the national taste and tone is generally there discovered in all countries. I must however except our own. Could I see the English theatre what it might, and ought to be—a place where the foreigner might discover the strength and depth of English feelings, our warm perceptions of the poetical merit of our higher order of drama, our free indulgence in the cheerful laugh excited by a good comedy,—I should rejoice indeed; because the sum of (in my opinion) both innocent and improving relaxation for thousands would be enlarged. When will this be? When will the public drive Toms and Jerrys, and Don Giovannis in London, ay, and all the horses and trumpery with them, from the British stage, and let us have a theatre to which we may take daughters without a blush, sons without a fear, and ourselves with some chance of being intellectually amused.

I had orders for all the palaces, but I put off visiting them from day to day, and finally left Naples without seeing them; neither did I ascend the mountain: it was

in a state of dull inactivity, and nothing but the enjoyment of the view would have taken me up ; but I was so gratified in the museums, and at its beautiful base, that I delayed till an unexpected occurrence hurried me away. I consider it as no great loss : I doubt the view being a finer one than that from Monte Vomero ; its superior elevation is against it : and again, it has not that mighty and awful character of the vast and lofty Etna, the impression of my visit to which I should have been sorry to have had weakened or disturbed.

My last excursion was that to Baiæ : one that would be often repeated if you could remain longer.

At a very early hour you pass through the long grotto of Posilipo, and out among the pleasant vineyards, where the dressers of the vine are standing on ladders that lean against the elms, and gathering the ripe grape ; and women and children, and baskets half filled, complete the picture.

Language does not admit of your describing a long day of rambling, where so much of beauty, so much of loveliness, is

gazed upon; to the eye, enchantingly varied, but to which can only be applied epithets alike wearisome to utter, pen, listen to, or read, where they must follow in too close succession. The first scene gives you the little rocky isle of Nisida to view; it is situated just beyond the extreme point of the hill of Posilipo, and, with it, forms one sheltering arm for a small pretty bay. Pozzuoli is seen directly opposite; and you, describing the semicircle on the curving beach, are driven rapidly on an excellent road to the city.

Here I took a boat, and was rowed across to that part of the bay where they place the villa of Nero and the vapour-baths. I went in, and found them hot and steamy: there are rude chambers in the rock, with raised couches of stone, on which, to this hour, the sick who are occasionally brought here from the hospital of Naples, for the benefit of the baths, are laid.

A fellow presented himself before me, stripped as for a boxing match, with a candle and a raw egg. I gave him the usual

reward, bidding him put on his shirt, blow out his candle, and keep his raw egg for the next visitor. I now directed my boat to the Lucrine lake: you pass steps, foundations of houses, and fragments of ruin seen under the clear waters: you mount a donkey near the Lucrine lake, and ride up to where Avernus lies, surrounded by sloping hills, covered with underwood and vines; a young and cheerful sailor runs before your donkey, through a narrow bushy path, and stops you at the entrance into the sibyl's grotto: he lights a torch, and leads you, up a dark cavern, till, coming to a narrower passage on the right, with a deeper, thicker gloom, he stoops, and giving you the torch, motions you to mount his back, and carries you through it to three dark chambers, half filled with water, with some mosaic yet discoverable on the walls, and a raised recess, where he deposits you. He went out, and bade me call for him when satisfied; and there I stood for many minutes, flashing my red torch, which now gave the damp and rocky roof to view, and

was now reflected from these waters on which the sun-beam never plays : —

> " The oracles are dumb,
> No voice or hideous hum
> Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving."

The day looks doubly bright when you again go forth, and you ride to a beautifully-broken fringed ruin of a temple, which is seen at the head of this lake of Avernus, now no longer noxious, but giving back to the skimming bird its own glad image, and suffering those with the webbed foot to sport and dive among its waters, and chase its frightened fishes.

Whether the dark Pluto or the bright god of day was worshipped in that temple, none can tell you; all you know is, that there was a shrine which " now no longer burns."

I climbed the hill behind, and indulged in a long gaze on the picturesque view from its summit: all is loveliness, save one sad feature — a brown mountain hillock, the monument of a wild earthquake; one which swallowed up a village, with all the human beings who laughed and

wept in it, at one troubled heave, and threw up this dull memorial, to remind the dweller mid these scenes so fair and so attractive to the heart, that they must one day be left for ever, nay, perhaps, before the set of another sun. Not the less do you indulge to the full extent in the warm, innocent, and permitted pleasure of gazing round, and blessing the kind Providence which has spread out these glorious gifts of his creation for thankless man.

I passed down the road to Cumæ. The Arco Felice is a fine remain, the prospect from it noble — a rich foreground, ocean, and islands beyond; you tread the ancient pavement of a street of Cumæ; you find many ruins and fragments; descend a staircase in the rock, and vist the ancient baths below; also another grotto, that of the Cumæan Sibyl; and mount the hill where Dedalus spread his wings before the shrine of the temple he erected, and dedicated to Apollo. It was from hence that Aligern, having scooped and mined the sibyl's cave, stood on the fragment of the rock, and for a year defied the destroyer of

his nation and the slayer of his brother Teia, the last king of the Goths. It is a beautiful ride by the lake of Fusaro to the hill above Baiæ: you visit, as you pass along, the ruins of two amphitheatres, and you afterwards skirt the lake; it was anciently known as the gloomy Acheron. From the hill above Baiæ, you descend, but with slow and pausing steps: such scenes of beauty crowd upon the view. At your foot, there are temples, and chambers, and baths, in ruin, where you gladly linger; then again, you take your boat, and are rowed round another point of the bay, and pass ruins of villas, where an Hortensius, a Marius dwelt, and up to that of the wealthy Lucullus — What did a Tiberius in such a scene? There is a fine ruin, called a Piscina Mirabile, a work vast and Roman; a cluster of vaulted subterranean chambers, called the Cento Camerelle, and thought to have been a prison — a sad one, to have heard from it the joyous waves without, voices as in "perpetual jubilee;" and to have known of the blue sky, and bright sun, and green vineyards above; and then to

have turned on your dark bed of stone, and looked on black vacancy — sad indeed! From the hill above, the cape of Misenum; the port without a galley; the Stygian lake shining; and the Elysian fields, not now remarkable for beauty, are traced with Virgil in your thoughts.

At the spot where you re-embark, they show you a dark passage or chamber, which they call the Sepulchre of Agrippina — you think of her, and the wonderful statue of her in the Museum, give a sigh of recollection over her doubtful tomb; and then, as you get into your boat, distribute some small coins amongst the children, who crowd round the pilgrim of pleasure, and are rowed across to Pozzuoli, passing the vast fragments of that ancient mole, so famous in its day, said by the antiquarian to be the work of Greeks, repaired under Roman emperors, and principally remarkable to such an idler as myself, as having witnessed the folly and the pride of a wretch like Caligula.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Pozzuoli they conduct you to the ruin of a

building, which they call a villa of Cicero's; in short, on every side you meet vestiges of the great, famous, and wealthy Romans, who courted repose and enjoyment amid these delicious scenes. The fisher in his breaking net, and the boy in his playful divings, continually bring up pieces of agate or porphyry, or relics yet more precious, of Roman magnificence. There is one very fine remain here, a temple of Jupiter Serapis: true it is, that all deemed worth removal has been carried away; but three fine columns, erect amid fallen capitals, and the fragments of other solid shafts, and in the midst of a quadrangle, paved with white marble, show how chaste and rich its adornment may once have been.

There is also an amphitheatre here, well deserving a visit: some poor cottagers are its guardians; you pass through their cattle-yard, and see the red-stained wine vats empty, and waiting for the pressing and treading of the season just at hand. In one of the corridors of the theatre is a small chapel, dedicated to a saint, of whom the legend runs, that he was exposed to wild

bears on its arena, and that they licked his hands, and would not harm him — it is a very grand ruin, and must have been very capacious. Lastly, I went up to the Solfatara; saw, in parts, the yellow smoke and blue vapour which force through the crevices in the earth, and listened to that sound which the hollow womb beneath returns to the heavy-falling stone. This forum of Vulcan is a desolate scene — very desolate, of a considerable extent, and white and bare, like a chalk-pit; it is surrounded on three sides, by small hills, which are just crowned with a little wood: from the terraced roof of the cottage, at the gate, you command a noble view — the bays, the promontories, the islands, and the ocean, are all before you. I staid there, and saw the day die, as it dies in Italy; and then drove home, with memory busy, and my eyes, even at that late hour, delighted with the fine black outlines of rock, hill, trees, and buildings, and the night-gleam of the sleeping and far-spread waters.

Of drives, rides, and walks round Naples, there is a great choice; the Strada de Po-

silipo; the Strada Nuova; that to Portici; that leading to Capo de Monte, and down beyond it, as well as every road and path on the ridge of hills which rise behind or above the city, have all charms and points of view never to be forgotten.

Of the society at Naples I saw, and can therefore relate, nothing. Its aspect, as outwardly observed, might warrant guesses as to its character. It is a melancholy thing to see any city so coarsely degraded as this is, by its Austrian garrison. I speak not of the officers or soldiers of the troops, whose appearance and conduct seemed to me to be correct, orderly, and soldier-like. I particularly observed the men, when not in the presence of their officers they walked in groups through out-of-the-way places, or stopped in market-places or before shops and stalls to make purchases; and as an admirer of that discipline among them, which must greatly alleviate the odious despotism of their grasping government, I bear testimony to it with a cheerful praise: but to see a guard in every street, a regular war-picquet with cannon in

one of the squares, and Austrian sentinels at every place of public amusement, made me ask myself what the world had gained by the renewed strength of those iron pennons which drooped and fluttered feebly on the red and trampled field of Austerlitz? An Austrian officer, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation at a *restaurateur*'s, when I asked him what he thought of the policy pursued by his country throughout Italy, thus remarkably expressed himself, "As a man I think in one way, as a citizen of the world in another; and as an Austrian officer, I *must* both think and act as a character distinct from either."

The Germans are, avowedly, a military people; but religious liberty has obligations to Germany, which no Protestant can ever forget, and the day may yet come when the Prussian who flew so nobly to the attack of that man whom they justly considered as an enemy to the peace, happiness, and freedom of the human race, may claim or enforce his reward, and light a steady flame throughout Germany, which shall burn not with destructive fierceness,

but with the bright, calm glory of a rational and resolute struggle for the blessings of civil liberty.

You see German travellers in great numbers throughout Italy, and I had the pleasure of casually conversing with some whom I consider it a privilege to have met.

Two days after my Baiæ excursion, the weather changed, and we had much heavy rain, and violent tempestuous wind; but the rain fell only in long showers, and the gales were of no continuance, so that no day passed without its sunshine, and the bay seemed merely freshened by a breeze; its still waters changed into feathery waves, which looked perhaps more beautiful, never terrible.

On a Thursday evening, I heard that the new Pope had been elected, and was to be crowned on the Sunday following. I immediately engaged a place, with a private courier-extraordinary, going post to Rome, and left the gay city of Naples, at three o'clock on the Friday afternoon, in company with three French ecclesiastics, one of whom was of some rank, the second a

most intelligent pleasant Abbé of about thirty, and the third, a young churchman, in a forage cap, *en militaire*, and with such animation and vivacity, that I took him for an officer, and from the fairness of his complexion did not believe him to be a native of France.

"See Naples, and die," is the old saying, I believe; but I cannot say that after seeing Naples you find your attachment to life, and those sights and scenes which the fair world contains, at all weakened. A cause, indeed, of some mental restlessness is removed, and a man does feel the happier, and the readier perhaps to go quietly on his path to that goal whither we are all moving, for having been indulged by so fair a picture of creation's beauties as these favoured regions present.

We were driven from it with great rapidity, stopped for a few minutes to refresh at Capua, and were served with such execrable food and wine as would have been no snare to the rudest Carthaginian.

It was dark, wet, and windy, as we passed the Garigliano and looked out on those

lonely swamps, where Marius shivered in a chill concealment, from whence he was dragged in chains by those who had shouted around his Cimbric car, who had seen him return in triumph from conquered Africa, and from whom at last he fled to beg his bread in that land, through which he had rode as a victorious captain. Of the beautiful scenery about Mola de Gaeta we saw nothing; but we heard, as we sat silent in the night, the hoarse dashing of the wave. At Terracina, we breakfasted in a large, comfortless, dirty inn. The place is well situated. The sun was bright again. The sea-view fresh and fair, and its steep cliff crowned with the ruins of a temple dedicated to Jove of Anxur, and of a castle-palace of Theodoric the Goth, shows nobly. We passed the truly fine road which runs across the Pontine marshes so rapidly, that the eye had not time to be fatigued; and what with the canal, the verdure, and the Appenines, you forget that you are on a *chaussée*, straight as the arrow's flight, and bordered all the way by trees.

Velletri, and the road from thence to

Gensano, and that spot, and on to Albano, delight and charm the traveller.

The hills and vales are beautifully varied. The vineyards appear to be laid out, and attended to with the greatest care. You see fragments of antiquity, and in passing forth from Albano, two, which strongly interest; the one reputed to be the tomb of Ascanius, first known to us in our careless boyhood, and in all the freshness of his own; the other, that of the Curiatii.

The dark shadows of evening were gathering as we reached Torre de Mezza Via, and nothing could look more desolate than the barren plain you traverse towards the city of Rome. The arches of ruined aqueducts, and the nameless sepulchres, which, spoiled of their marbles and ornaments, are found upon your path, are in character with the still solitude.

It was night when we entered Rome, and as we were accompanied by a guardian from the gate, we drove very slowly through the site of the ancient city to the Dogana, which is built under eleven majestic columns of Grecian marble. We passed an

obelisk; we passed columns; we passed the Coliseum!

The darkness of Italy is a clear darkness. The shadowy majesty of that immense and lofty ruin as then first seen, I shall long remember; shrouded in darkness, yet darker itself, it stood a spectral vision of past power and might, that sought to veil its ruined features from the curious, insulting eye, and fancy gave to it a thought and will, a loathing of the gaudy sunbeam, and a stern memory of bloody scenes which shrunk from the soft loveliness of that lesser light, in which guilty greatness never yet delighted. Between eight and nine on the following morning, I sallied from my inn, and hastened to St. Peter's; I crossed the bridge of St. Angelo, and looked up to that castle or tomb, once adorned with statues, the pride of the Grecian chisel, which fierce defenders hurled down to give a crushing death to the brave Goth as he fearlessly assailed them.

The square of St. Peter's, its vast circular colonnade, its fountains, its obelisk, and the temple itself; we know them — we all

know them: the hurrying errand-boy in our London streets braves a scolding for delay to stop before the printseller's window and look at the dazzling picture; but to realize it, to see the old-fashioned carriage of the cardinal, and the red robes within, and the Swiss halberdier, with his party-coloured hose and his steel cuirass—why, certainly, it makes the blood run in a quick glad current.

On entering St. Peter's I felt, at first, a something of that disappointment which all have spoken of. There were numbers of people already assembled, guards up the nave, and round the grand altar, and crowds flocking in from the deserted streets and dwellings; but there is no *filling* St. Peter's, as you soon discover. Its vastness first strongly impressed me as, standing near one of those colossal statues which are placed on each face of the enormous pilasters that sustain the dome, I saw some twenty Romans grouped round the giant limbs of the St. Andrew of Fiammingo; then I looked up at the lofty spiral columns, and the canopy of bronze over the high altar, and could

scarcely give credit to their height, as the eye, attracted far above them, looked into a cupola, which is itself a temple "hung in air." It is glorious; a light radiant, yet soft; a light which, to the superstitious eye, might seem a glory superhuman, floods the whole atmosphere in this sacred edifice, and touches statue and tomb, marble and mosaic, with hues more rich and mellow than their own.

I saw the Pope Leo, twelfth of the name, borne up the aisle in such a procession as belongs only to papal state; the proud cardinals in their robes of white and gold; the Pope, borne on a raised seat of state, the Eastern fans of royalty waving near his sacred head; his face pale, and, but for the gentle motion of his hands as he spread them, in blessing, over the prostrate people, looking like a still idol—a lifeless thing, that only trembled from the movement of the bearers. It lived, that thing, and is, by one salutary custom, at this the most intoxicating moment of human exaltation, reminded of its mortality: thrice you see small fragments of light paper burnt before

that moving throne, and the solemn warning of "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," is thrice uttered to the ear of this earthly king of kings. I saw him on his throne behind the high altar, and his glittering court of lordly priests; I heard the sweet and solemn singing of a choir of harmonious voices; in silence the listening ear is mocked by the memory of their tones: I saw each cardinal embraced and blessed by the Pontiff, and, stooping, kiss his foot; and mass was performed by the Pontiff himself, in a manner far more reverently than I had ever seen it; his voice was clear and gravely musical; his action at the altar calm and dignified; and when he held up the hallowed wafer, and all bowed down, then, as your own head half bent, in sympathetic reverence, your eye caught a grouping of figures and objects in this vast temple which no words could describe. I went forth with the crowd, and mingled among those on the highest steps. The view of the vast and adorned court in front of this mighty and matchless temple, covered with the multitude which awaits the papal benedic-

tion, is a very imposing spectacle. I lost the moment of their kneeling, for my attention was called off by a gentleman near me, and we were looking up at the balcony above the great door, imagining that the Pope came forward to give the blessing, when the appearance of a cardinal, who read, and then threw down two papers of indulgences, told us that all was over; hundreds near the temple had missed the moment, and never knelt at all, and, indeed, in other parts of the square. But the being near where the papers fell abundantly repaid me; the group which seized and scrambled for the tearing did not exceed in number a dozen of the very commonest class of rude rustics from the country, with whom a few fine boys of Rome, of the foot-ball playing age, scrambled, evidently for the fun.

This is as it should be. With all the superstition yet to be witnessed in Italy, no doubt can rest on the mind of the most superficial observer, that the papal chair and triple crown are no longer to be dreaded as they were. The Jesuit may again cozen the few at Naples and at Turin; but the

many have been undeceived. The power of the Pope is passing away—it is passing away in the minds of that portion of the middling class of people all over the Continent, which cannot, like the wealthy profligate and sneering philosopher, live without religion, yet are willing to burst the bonds of that priestly tyranny which would insult the understanding and enchain the conscience. To my mind, the remark of some priest to a traveller, that "the church of Rome had produced ours, and would outlive it," is contradicted to the eye and ear at every step; and as we know the premises to be false, so we may smile at the inference. On the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul was founded a very different church, out of which grew their deformity, and to the simple and spiritual beauty of which it will assuredly, and already is returning. Many things presented themselves to me in that glorious temple, for glorious it is, which left a deep impression on me. Among the people, to speak generally, there were all the actions of worship, but no trace on the features of a heart-

felt devotion. I should really say that the snuff-taking indifference of some of the cardinals was the unaffected irreverence of unbelievers, and almost all of them seemed inattentive. The Pope * himself observed a demeanour of the most princely ease, and the most calm and solemn dignity. I heard him highly spoken of as a man. He disappointed all strangers, as well as all the citizens, by refusing to have the dome illuminated, the girandola, and the other expensive gaieties; and appropriated all the money, which would have been so expended, to the poor. I felt that such a man ought to be a Protestant bishop, and that, as any thing, he must be amiable and respected. He is also said to be without any violent prejudices, but more a man of the world and of business than the venerable old monk to whom he has succeeded. I got excellent places throughout the morning of this day in St. Peter's, and saw all

* He really surprised me by the quiet, easy, passive way in which he allowed all those services to be paid him by the cardinal-dean and others, which you would fancy must disturb the unaccustomed sovereign.

to advantage. I found all the guards civil, even the rough old Switzers. The *guardia nobile* is splendidly clothed; and the young men composing it have most of them served, and are very soldier-like, a thing not generally known, and which makes many look on them, their feathers, and their finery, without notice. Some French and Italian artists were in the crowd taking likenesses; some Englishmen, here and there, standing bolt upright, either from principle or pride, when every one in the church knelt or bowed at the elevation of the host; and a few English and Italian ladies were placed in a raised seat, not far from the high altar, most conspicuously accommodated.

St. Peter's, however, must be visited and revisited alone. I have been in it at morning, noon, and as the shades of evening dimmed, without obscuring every object. The confessional of St. Peter, with the lamps which burn around it, placed, as it is, in the centre of the crossing naves of this mighty temple, belongs, in its aspect, so entirely to all that is grand and solemn in

the general and most majestic character of the idolatries of all ages and nations, that could you place here the Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman of ancient times; the Parsee and the Brahmin, of this; they would fall down and worship; and you feel—as you offer thanks for instruction in that revealed word which gives a spiritual freedom to your thought, which permits you, in towns or deserts, in tumultuous occupation or the stillness of the night, to erect an altar in your mind, and raise a temple "not made with hands" above it,—a gratitude which is, perhaps, the sweetest and most satisfying feeling our spiritual nature is capable of indulging. We should all—all of us have been idolaters, but for that light which no man could now have the mental strength to ridicule, had it never shone to give him an illumination of mind for which, in the fulness of his pride, he is not willing to confess himself, as he is, under a vast and increasing weight of obligation.

Here, in Rome, I had the happiness to find my old fellow-travellers. They had delayed their departure for Florence solely

for the pleasure of witnessing the ceremony of the coronation. We dined together on this and the following day, and I accompanied them to the general post-office, whence they were to depart by the courier. As they were asking for letters, I, in a sort of whim or capricious fancy, put in my name; I had no reason to expect a letter from any one;—they gave me out a letter from the dearest friend I have on earth: a thing of this sort on a journey is an event too delightful to be passed in silence, as it belongs to your impressions. Antiquities, churches, paintings—they were forgotten; nothing for that evening.

I only passed fourteen days at Rome: the reader will naturally say—"Why? as many weeks are insufficient to see it." Many things I left unseen. I went forth in the morning, lingered where I had proposed to be rapid in my gaze, and hurried away from other sights which I had thought would have delayed and interested me longer. I had a carriage, and a *domestique de place*, almost as necessaries, to enable me to see what I did; and in the dusk hour

of each day I got a calming drive, which gave me a good survey of Rome in every direction. The ruins, the temples, the museums, have filled, and might yet fill, volumes; they are not, they never will be, described in a manner satisfying to the mind. In the arbour of your garden, and by the side of your study-fire, you read all that has been written about them, and you feel that you are not so far aided in your conceptions as language might aid you: and, at this moment, if any highly-gifted person, with learning, taste, and feeling, should undertake the task, he would confer a favour and a benefit on thousands of reading men who have neither the power nor the wish to wander beyond the limits of a retired and confined neighbourhood, and to whom a faithfully descriptive volume is always a treasure.

In one thing we sorrow as we wander among the ruins of Rome; they belong not to those periods in Roman story to which we are ready to give the warm tribute of our admiration. The temples, the columns, the arches, the traces of the bath and the

palace, the circus and the portico, the transported obelisks, and that greatest of Rome's wonders, the coliseum — these belong not to that day, when

" The rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece
To hang enraptured o'er a finished piece,
If haply midst the congregated spoils,
Proofs of his power, and guerdons of his toils,
Some antique cup of master hands were found,
Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground;
That, in new forms, the molten fragments drest,
Might blaze illustrious on his courser's chest;
Or beaming from his awful helmet show,
The rise of Rome to the devoted foe;
The mighty father, with his shield and spear,
Hovering enamour'd o'er the sleeping fair;
And the fierce wolf at heaven's command grown mild,
And playful at her dugs each wondrous child."

No, it is Grecian Rome, imperial Rome, on which you look; nor can all the glowing eloquence of a Gibbon clothe it with a majesty which admits of veneration, after the pages of a Juvenal and a Suetonius have been perused.

Let us come into this amphitheatre. Musing amid these ruins, our historian, Gibbon, conceived the work, which, in

despite of all those passages so dangerous to the careless reader, he did so wonderfully execute with such vigour, and such power of description, and such laborious fidelity, that we are transported, at his will, to the palace or the temple, the banquet or the sacrifice, the council or the clashing combat. Tell me, historian, what may have been the use and purpose of this noble structure, whose towering height, and vast dimensions, and solid grandeur, raise our conceptions of those who reared a monument so mighty, and make us feel our littleness, as, treading at its foot, we muse in silence? Why, a poet of our own day and a sculptor of the ancient have told it — sublimely affectingly told it; — *the dying gladiator*,

"Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday,"

was the sight to gaze on which a nation hurried. They rung once with a hellish laugh these walls, even from their topmost arch down to the lowest seat which circled round the combatants; an unarmed, peace-

ful man, a fond enthusiast, who wept for his bleeding fellow-creatures, ran in upon the arena to separate the gladiators, to declare the duty of man, in love towards his fellow; one voice, of many voices, called to the swords below, and they were passed into his kindly bosom.

Why, let us turn then from the name of Roman to the gentler Goth, who bade these brutal sacrifices cease. The Christian martyr and the painted savage of Britain rise, with their bleeding shades, to bid you back; you must not wander here to think admiringly of the Roman: go to the yellow Tiber's bank, and look for the ruins of that bridge, where Horatius Cocles won for himself, and for his country, the heroic name — forth to that lone spot where the grotto, and the fountain, and the headless image of the nymph Egeria mark the once hallowed haunt of a virtuous legislator.

Ascend the tower of the Capitol, and look around over the stately columns, and the pointing obelisks, the temples, porticoes, the arches of triumph! What ages flit, with their crowding shadows, past you!

What voices sound, sober and sad, of those who thought and wrote like men worthy the name — men, an undiscovered scroll of whose true thoughts would be prized as a nobler relic than these grand, though ruined shrines of gods and victors, about whom we are now disenchanted.

The greatest pleasure derived from wandering among these noble remains, is a consideration of the surprising power of man. Beneath such a magnificent ruin as the forum of Nerva, under the columns of a Trajan, and an Antoninus, before that stupendous block the obelisk, brought from Heliopolis, and, above all, in that glorious temple the Pantheon, which has been the model for all after-time, you feel, if you are a common man, one without the bright attainments of that scientific knowledge, which is true power, without even the strength or skill to raise the stone, or shape the common brick; you feel all the advantages and blessings of society doubly; you shrink to think of the littleness and helplessness of solitary man; you startle at his power and daring, where minds and

bodies aid each other, and fill the world with wonders of a creation within, and from its fair self, which, to the eye of the untutored savage, would all be miracles.

I like the black and monumental cypresses, which on the hills round this city seem to grow as mourners, and darkly wave their spiral tops above this grave of glory, and of empire. How strange mirth seems in Rome! yet here it is loud, healthy, happy. Beneath a lofty mound of broken sherds and ancient pottery, without the city, there are some rustic taverns, and there are trees near, and grass grows round them; here you may see the *people*. The women in their black hats, with flowers in them, and *bouquets* in their hands and bosoms, and the laced corset, and the velvet jacket, nine crowded in one open carriage, all smiles and glowing with rude health, arrive and sit down with men of their own class, at open tables, and feast and dance to the lute and tambourine; and spend the long holyday in merriment. The forms and features of the Roman women are very handsome: they are all on the large scale,

but have astonishingly fine profiles, and eyes of the brightest lustre. They still call these festivals Bacchanalian, and crowd to them, if the weather is fine, in great numbers. I twice saw them, and have fixed the picture in my mind. The costume of the men is a mixture of that common now to all Europe, with a slight something left of their ancient gaudier taste, which, in the colour of a waistcoat, or in ribbons, may be seen. A few still wear the brown jackets without collars, and the round-crowned low peasants' hats; but this is not, now, common in towns.

In the modern city of Rome the palaces and noble fountains look as if it were a dwelling-place of princes; its numerous churches and monuments, as if it were the centre of earth's holy pilgrimages; its streets and shops *, as if it was but a gay and expensive resort for the idle, the wealthy, and the fashionable of all countries. Enter

* The shops of articles of virtu; of ornamental clocks, and other drawing-room toys; and of engravings, are very numerous.

the gallery, the *studio*, and the retired *restaurateur*, at the hour of dusk, and in numbers of young ardent eyes, pale cheeks, and slender frames, you shall see pupils who live gazing upon and copying the works of the old masters, and numbers of whom sicken at the hopeless pursuit of the excellence which they see to have been attained, and which yet seems, and is, at an immeasurably surpassing distance before the toiling genius * of the present day that pants far, far behind.

To enumerate the statues and paintings of Rome, with even the briefest notice of the kind and character of beauty impressed on each, would require a knowledge that never will be mine, and a power of descriptive language beyond, far beyond, my feeble pen.

But let not the stranger in Rome be depressed by his ignorance of the arts; let him gaze to the satisfying of that natural

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* There are a few, but they are very few, bright exceptions; a Canova, a West, now gathered to the grave of genius.

taste, which we all possess in some degree, and the approving voice of which is, and has been, the test, in every age, of true excellence.

For whom does the bard attune his lyre? the sculptor give forms to the shapeless block? the painter, the colouring and charm of life to the dull brown canvass? Why, not for the gifted few in their respective paths of mental labour; but for you and me, and all mankind.

It is reading poetry of the highest order, merely to walk the silent chambers of the Vatican, to enter the still churches and chapels, and to visit the galleries of Rome.

Many, many I left unseen, and of those I saw, to speak generally, there is only an impression left on the mind, indistinct, but delightful, from which, as some chord in the memory is touched, a vision of beauty, or a brow of sadness, a scene of heavenly peacefulness and calm glory, or of earthly suffering and pale martyrdom, rise and realise to the silent fancy its unutterable workings. The awful painting in the Sistine Chapel, by Buonarotti, of the

Last Judgment, is faded, and presents to the eye a confused mass of wonderfully grouped figures, which for the first few minutes disappoints, but after a while you separate many parts of this vast picture, and are well repaid for your patient delay. I closed my eyes for several minutes, and on opening them, I found that the dark indistinctness, at first so painful, yielded to the strengthened sight. Angels aiding the ascent of the dead to heaven, and demons striving to pull them downwards to torment and darkness, form an episode in this picture, which with sadness and joy divide your heart as you look upon it.

The prophets and sibyls are figures of power in bold shadowy draperies.

In the gallery leading to the chambers of Raphael, there are, in small compartments, Arabesques and Scripture histories by that artist and his scholars. One much lauded, and with a most sublimely-imagined figure, is looked upon with pain. It is an awful attempt to personify Almighty power, separating light from darkness. If it were called the cloud-compelling Jupiter

of Greece, we should pause long before the bold conception; as it is, we turn away. From the chambers, on whose walls Raphael has left his genius in scenes and forms, which you sigh to think must in the lapse of time fade away, but can never perish from the memory of him who has once seen them, and which give and have given, and long will, models of a sublime beauty to all pupils of his glorious art, you come forth, with an accession of images, to your expanded mind.

The hall of Constantine, with its battle, the groundwork of all like subjects, is a fine thing; but when you pass on, and see the temple and the tyrant *, the celestial warrior, and the angels rapid as the light in their avenging speed, you feel awe. In this chamber all is mysterious and sublime; the threatening vision and the terror-stricken Attila, contrasted by the vigour

* Celebrated picture of Heliodorus, treasurer of Seleucus, in the Temple of Jerusalem, thrown down and vanquished by angels, and a figure on horseback.

and fearless fierceness of the common Hun, whose figure, horse, and attitude, breathe his nation's character! a wonderous picture! — The bright angel who delivers St. Peter! we never forget such things. I fatigue you, and cannot do my subject any justice. The heads of saints and philosophers, prelates, and priests, and warriors; the conquered Saracen; the fire in Rome, with all the various groupings and episodes, are seen, and remembered as things, which, when you open the page of the historian, shed over it a living aspect of reality.

The apartments above contain a few of the most celebrated easel paintings, by different masters. Here, again, Raphael's genius sits high enthroned among them; his Transfiguration, not to be described; his Madonna de Foligno, a beauty something more than woman's, and far preferred by me, to that of the well-known Madonna della Seggiola. Gazing upon Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome, you feel, like the young Sacristan, who,

kneeling before that aged saint, in all the abstraction of youthful sympathy, seems receiving impressions never to pass away.

The taking down from the Cross by Caravaggio, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Guido, are noble and mighty performances; the Archangel Michael, victorious over Satan, seen in the lateral chapel of a small church, the name of which I have forgotten, is one of the most acknowledgedly sublime pictures ever painted by Guido, or by man. I passed a long, long time before it, and when, at last, I suffered the capucin to draw over it the curtain, which shut it from my sight, I felt an aching regret to part from so glorious a vision, and would not suffer my conductor to show me the other celebrated pictures in the same church.

The figure of the Archangel has been called the Apollo Belvedere of painting. I do not think that they can be well or justly compared with each other. The Apollo has a character of beauty and grandeur very great, but quite distinct from that in the angel of Guido. In the statue of the heathen

god there is a something of the disturbance of disdain; there is the attitude, and there has been the effort of destruction. In the figure of the angel, there is only the airy tread of power resistless, and his looks are bright, refulgent; no mortal passion mars their calm beauty; it is as the glory of the arrowy lightning; eyes gaze on it admiringly, yet does it carry death; but feels no wrath, and in the smiling infant would inspire no terror.

But I am forgetting my prudent resolve. We will only walk through the corridors, porticoes, and chambers where the statues are disposed, silently, yet pausing before that matchless statue* of which you feel that, could the breath of life be given to it, no form now living of created man, but would stand awed before a brow and limbs, in grace and majesty surpassing all. Many others are there of a beauty, on which we look with a still fondness for the perished forms which gave such models. Terror, too, and death, and pain, and mental agony,

* The Apollo Belvedere.

are here, in the sad suffering group of Laocoon and his sons struggling in the serpent's folds; and man's brutality and cunning cruelty are here, opposed to guilelessness, and youthful daring, in Canova's boxers; and beauty is here, in Meleager, Perseus, Adonis, and many a draperied female form, and many a youthful Bacchus; and animals half live in stone; the dog domestic of the shepherd; the cow, the goat, the wild boar, the tiger, the horse, terrified and writhing under the strong and raging lion.

Sarcophagi, and baths of vast dimension, ornamental columns, seats, candelabra, all of marble or materials far more rare and precious, meet on every side the eye. Scenes of fable and of history, of joy, triumph, battle, and mourning, sculptured on fragments of relief; and many stones with old inscriptions; and, here and there, the recumbent statue of a river; old Nile with his infant brood, and the far Tigris; also the celebrated Torso by Apollonius of Athens, the favourite and constant study of the great Michael Angelo. As you pass

forth from the apartments of the Vatican, these wonders of ancient Rome press upon the mind, almost with a sense of pain; you think of an empire that sent forth its edicts to the banks of the Euphrates, and whose eagles glittered in peace on the shores of the Western Ocean; in learning, in arts, in arms, so lofty in attainment, that we are but too prone to look back to her high standard with a vain, and indeed a shameful, regret. You wonder within yourself how she ever rose to a state of such power and grandeur, or how, having risen, she could ever have declined! We ascend the capitol; we cross to the Palatine; we look down on the arena of the Circus Maximus, now a vast space of gardens and cultivated fields: we pass under arches of triumph, and look up to columns where victories and trophies climb, in spiral scrolls of marble, so high, that scenes and figures are lost to the admiring eye.

We see the *moved* pride of Egypt erect in many a place, and think with astonishment on the powers by which the obelisk was transported hither. Before many a

portico and temple we pause with delight, to look at the stately grace of the tall shaft and rich capital, and richer cornice. To whom, we ask, to whom was this temple dedicated? To *Faustina!* and the youth of either sex paid their vows at her altar. Remind me of some great procession here to warm my fancy. — Why, there all Rome is flocking to the Palatine; for the black stone of Emesa and the female idol of Carthage are to be mystically united, and a Roman emperor presides: but this, you say, is a dark, a gloomy period, and you point to the avenging soldiery, those janizaries whom we never forgive so heartily, as when they threw this monarch to the ingulphing Tiber. — The Augustan age*: that surely was an age we may admire.

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* That age when

" Nor war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by."

Why, read his life.—Titus the people's darling, or the golden age of Trajan; we may think with fondness on these men and their times. Why, come again into the Coliseum, and bring with you Childe Harold, and read the following stanzas, presenting to the very eye a picture which I defy you to look upon without a true, an unaffected sorrow:—

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize;
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—He, their sire
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unaveng'd?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

And let us come to the Milvian bridge and look for them.—What cry is that? "Aim

at the bay horse." What noble form is it that we gaze upon?—a Roman, and a true one.—"The name of Belisarius can never die."

Not always was the ancient city thus defended, and the Goth was often glutted with the feast of vengeance.

But I have done; you would rather read history, and sermonise to yourself, than listen to a mere sketcher.

I visited the gallery of the Capitol, where may be seen a sibyl, by Guercino, of the wildest beauty! and the raising of Santa Petronilla's body from the grave, and the ascension of her spirit into heaven; where shadows and lights, the hues of the grave and the soft warmth and radiance of the opening heaven, are most wonderfully contrasted.

Among the lesser pleasures of visiting these galleries of painting, it is one to mark in many scenes and portraits the costume of Italy some centuries ago; and this enables you to people many a wild spot in the Appenines, and many a cultivated vale, the court-yard of the palace, and the market-

place and square, and the aisles and chapels of the vast Basilica, an exercise of the fancy delightful and rewarding.

It is a provoking thing, sometimes, as you pause before a beautiful head, to be told by the guardian with a shrug, "Nothing remarkable;" "school of Raphael."* In the Borghese there is a Madonna of the school of Raphael. It is a nameles gem of beauty; again and again I came back to look upon it: but it wants the magic of a name, and you must not pause. There is a picture of Raphael's called "The Carrying," on which you cannot be content with gazing. There is a portrait of Raphael when a boy, a very interesting one. And there are, in the many galleries, forms of every age; the heathen and the sacred; grey hairs, and chestnut ringlets, and dark-browed warriors; and female forms of fabled goddesses, and of women, of the painter's day, lovely and real, whom you cannot look upon without the tribute of a passing heart-throb.

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* "Niente, niente — scuola, scuola."

I do not regret that I did not visit Italy in early youth. 'Tis well to know the world and all its stern realities, and to know your sad self before you come this "pilgrimage of the heart;" then sounds and sights of beauty may soothe, but cannot harm, and we learn to enter into all the innocent gladness of the young, and feel for and with them; and we think of the immortal soul.

"In early youth
Enchanted land she sees;
Blue skies and sunbright bow'rs
Reflected, and tall tow'rs,
On glassy seas.
But heavy clouds collect
Over that bright blue sky;
And rough winds rend the trees,
And lash the glassy seas
To billows high.
And then the last thing seen
By that dim light may be
(With helm and rudder lost)
A lone wreck tempest tost
On the dark sea."

And then we look up for them and for ourselves, to Him, who can make all things work together for our good; can charm,

can wean, can terrify, and save the soul — can wipe all tears from all eyes!

It does not do, you say, to mix up thus the grave and gay. Why is it not thus in real life as we pass along? How wonderfully varied are all the thoughts which rise to the mind, and the images which flit before the fancy between every rise and set of sun. I never felt this more, I think, than in Italy, where, to the natural eye, so much is beautiful, and to the moral eye, so much is dark and sad. The political condition is truly affecting — like a female slave, she must sing and smile for the chance-master.

So intimately connected are civil and religious liberty, that it is clear as long as the papal throne exists, as long as the pontiff is a temporal sovereign or prince with an insolated state, in the very heart of Italy, sacred from the nature of its ruler's crown, and by its position, separating the South and North, the interests of the various kingdoms can never be reconciled in one object, or linked by a free and fear-

less attachment to a common cause and glorious union.

A pope, who could step back into the priesthood, and cast away the paltry crown he wears, would win for himself a deathless fame in history, lay the foundation of a great and powerful kingdom, and destroy one of the greatest causes of abuse in the church over which he rules.

There is a modern ruin in Rome of no common magnificence. The famed Basilica of Saint Paul contained one hundred and twenty columns, taken from ancient buildings, of red and grey granite, and of beautifully veined marble; forty of these last were thirty-seven feet in height, and each shaft, in four-and-twenty of the number, of one piece, the superb decorations of the mausoleum of Adrian; this temple fell a prey to a destroying fire three or four months before my arrival. One side of the vast church, columns and all, presents but a mass of rubbish: the roof has fallen in over the proud nave, and the remaining columns have many of them been cracked and broken, and are now re-erected or held

together by iron cramps; many other columns, which were richly and deeply fluted, have been fused (as it were) by the scorching flame, and have wasted as would the waxen torch: the high altar has not suffered further than that all around, mosaic and painting, has been dimmed by the dulling smoke, and marbles and ornaments cracked or broken. Your valet conducts you to it mourning — not for his church, but for the prostrate columns: you see people from the city muttering regrets and suspicions; and divided in the latter between the Jew accursed by them and the English heretic, of whom some of them think no better. They mumble a Paternoster, give a donation, and go away. The ruin is a very fine one. The flames, it seems, burst forth at midnight, and before the dawn the work of destruction was complete.

Saint John Lateran is a very noble church, in the aisle of which you tread softly: the huge pilasters, the colossal statues of the apostles, the fluted columns of gilt bronze, which now support the

altar of the holy sacrament, and once adorned the shrine of Jupiter Capitolinus; the noble columns of granite, giallo antico and verde antique, near the high altar, and the baptistery; the richness of the Corsini chapel, where the tomb of Agrippa, the finest sarcophagus in the world, forms the monument of Clement XII., are objects which detain you and delight you long. They show many relics here with which they have for ages imposed upon the superstitious.

I looked upon the obelisk before this stately edifice with no common pleasure: I had seen its fellow-monuments; had trod the courts where it was first reared, and from whence, in the pride of victory, it had been transported, and with it that dark worship, which twice brought down the anger of the legislature, and pointed the bitter pen of Rome's keenest satirist. Besides this Basilica, there are others; and churches without number have claim upon your admiration; Santa Maria Maggiore, with its Ionic columns of marble, and the chapel of the Borghese; San Pietro in Vin-

coli, with the celebrated Moses of Michael Angelo, a conception as noble and satisfying to the mind as any in Rome; the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, with its stupendous columns of oriental granite, and the fine painting of the martyrdom of San Sebastian, by Domenichino. In another Santa Maria, there is a statue of our Saviour, holding the cross, an image of calm, kind, majestic beauty. On a pillar in the church of Saint Augustine, is an Isaiah, painted by Raphael: it is a fine thing, but I think not of it, as I do of like subjects treated by Michael Angelo. Isaiah is a prophet, lighted by whose awful page the traveller trembles as he treads.

There are countless, nameless fragments of ruin, among which you wander at Rome, "stumbling o'er recollections."

There are many villas and gardens near, adorned with those things valued by the mind. There are in the modern city several noble fountains, pouring their full streams into vast basins: of these, the Fontana di Trevi, or Acqua Virgine, is a grand thing; Neptune, the shell car, the bold

horses, the tritons, the masses of rock, and the loud and rushing waters, produce a fine effect, and in the clear night it is seen to great advantage: that of Acqua Felice, with the figure of Moses and the Egyptian lions of basalt, a thing to stand before and muse on. The Acqua Paolo, which is supplied by an aqueduct, five-and-thirty miles in length, surprises you by the vast body of water which it pours forth.

The vast dark labyrinth of the baths of Titus, with its beauteous frescos, shown by the upheld torch! the immense ruin of those of Caracalla; and out in the green fields, the circus of that emperor, the form of which is so perfectly preserved, that the chariots and the crowds must re-appear to you! the massive round tomb of Metalla, looking proudly, and perfectly Roman! — you visit all these things with the highest delight. In the museum of the Capitol how many objects crowd to charm you; how the marble stirs you with its strange life — all the coldness, but nothing of the horror of the grave; the paleness of the shade, but the full form of life, and strength, and

beauty! Here is the dying Gladiator (the sculptor and the poet may divide the prize); and here is a Faun (not that of Rosso Antico), an Antinous, a Venus, a Cupid and Psyche, a little child playing with a swan, all of surpassing beauty; and statues numberless, and busts historically * complete in their long series; that of Nerva, a noble countenance; and out upon the hill you may go and stand under the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and think upon the ancient aspect of the Capitol; and walk to the statue of Rome triumphant, and look upon the Tiber and the Nile stretched at her feet, in the calm of willing tributaries; and go over to some poor man's garden, at the edge of which you may see the fall of the Tarpeian rock — a something *now* not formidable: there breathe brave men, who, in the confidence of strength and youth, would, in the heat of battle, leap it down!

On the, other side, too, you may pass down beneath a church's pavement, to the ancient prison called the Mamertine. Here

* With few exceptions.

they show where St. Peter was confined, and relate a legend of a spring that wells forth in that dark dungeon. Of all the temples which once adorned this hill that awed the earth, the antiquary can only point doubtingly to one whose columns support a church, and tell you that it was the temple of Jupiter Feretrius: you climb again the tower of the *senate house of this day;* and looking out, now down into the forum; now round at the seven hills; and where the Tiber flows; you are made mournful. An empire's grave is always an awful thing. You thank the lyre which, from its solemn chords, sends forth a deep melancholy tone that suits the scene:

" The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers:

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,

Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride.
She saw her glories, star by star, expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climb'd the capitol;

* * * * * *

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs!"

But I am wrong, I have no right to fill my meagre page with quotations from that bard, whom all do love to listen to when he is sane and sad.

Alas! did love — we shall never look upon, never listen to him again — the chords of that glorious lyre are broken — and for ever — Byron is in the grave — Byron, of whom we all thought that he would outlive our time: who seemed to belong to the world rather than to life: to the age, and not to the passing day — Before whom man's heart lay open, its secrets, sorrows, sins, weaknesses, wills, imaginings, all unveiled. — Who pictured back to us these hidden things in words that made the melancholy smile, and the cheerful weep: the *bard* is dead: let us be true to his memory: let us not listen to any unworthy

biographer of the *man*. The fame of Byron is his country's: Moore, we all look to you to embalm it!

You pass down from the Capitol between statues of Castor and Pollux, said to be Grecian; and trophies too are there, of Augustus or Trajan; and at the foot of the marble stair are lionesses from some Egyptian city.

It was late and dusk one evening when I went to look at the statue of Pompey in the Spada palace. All was gloomy. There are other statues, but they are all of a common, or small size. I saw and looked but on that; the career and fate of Pompey; the triumphs and the fall of Cæsar! and the two daggers; the one all steel and blood; the other, "*et tu Brute*," that weapon of a great heart that reached and pierced a greater, aye, and struck it often after in noisy noon, and in the silent night; all these things by the very laws of suggestion, the sight of that statue brings to the musing mind.

The Pantheon is a building, in the very centre of which you should stand alone,

and look round, and up to the blue sky. Walk not round its altars, and its busts: come out; it is enough to know that Raphael sleeps in a worthy tomb.

The modern city has gates, and squares, and palaces to look at with admiring pleasure. Often should one go into St. Peter's; touch the bronze Jupiter, which, as St. Peter, the people worship; pass round the monuments, and pause before all of Canova; his Sleeping Lion lives; go round the subterranean chapels; and then up the spiral staircase to the dome, and on into the ball. The day I ascended there was a pelting rain, and a rushing wind that rung upon the brazen ball, and sung round it with a loud and fearful music. I lost the fine clear view, still it was that showery, gusty day that did not *quite* conceal, but gave all objects through a misty haze, with sunbeams lighting partially the distant green fields. Sound and sight together taken, I would not have had it otherwise.

And now we will leave Rome; I have not seen it I well know. What are fourteen days? Nothing. Still half the panting pil-

grims from Old England, who have duties, calls, and loves at home, can spare no more; and leave it as I did, delighted and confused with pleasure. Put me in "the witness's box," whither ruin, church, museum, gallery, statue, or painting, I could bear no examination; answer nought, perhaps, correctly; yet have I seen, and am thankful to have seen, Romā and Rome. I have slaked my long thirst, and, Reader, if you are one like-minded, and may, and can go this pilgrimage, why, *away with you.* If fettered by the detail of daily occupations, why, recollect the time may come; it did to me. If happier, a man with wife and children, and a blessed fire-side, why, take my free confession, that, though travelling has its pleasures, it hath also many a pang. Yoo see smiles, joys, affections, all around you: you arrive and pass away expected and regretted by no one; and if you feel a little atmosphere of affection necessary to breathe in, why, you must create one that you know and feel to be false by the paltry coin which buys the beggar's blessing, and the chil-

dren's smile, and the readier service of a worthless knave.

I left Rome for Florence in a *vettura*. As far as Cortona, I had, for one of my travelling companions, an Italian, a professor of the college of Sienna, who proved a very agreeable companion. He was returning from Naples, whither he had been on a tour of pleasure. He spoke French fluently, and read English with perfect ease, and a full apprehension of his author, but could not converse in it. He had Lady Morgan's Italy with him, and the work of Mr. Forsyth: I had seen neither. The latter I read during the nights at the inn with delight.

In the *cabriolet* of our vehicle were two Hungarians, neither of whom spoke Italian or French; they were students in a college at Vienna, and had employed a long vacation in a visit to Rome and Naples. They were coarse, common-looking young men, very cheerful, and very self-denying. Whenever we halted for the mid-day refreshment, they walked on, purchasing, as they passed through the market, some bread and wine, which they carried on to the first shady tree,

and there awaited us. They both spoke Latin with fluency, and I was much delighted with the honesty of my Italian companion, who told me one of them had complained to him that, when he left Vienna, it was with a sanguine confidence that Latin would serve him, all through Italy, in his visits to colleges, convents, churches, museums, and libraries; whereas, he found none able to keep up a conversation in that language for five minutes on any, even the simplest, subjects. The professor confessed that, although he himself held the Latin chair, from want of practice, he found the young Hungarian far more "*au fait*" in the choice and arrangement of his words, and that his unhesitating promptitude of speech, in Latin, was surprising.

These *vetturini* travel slowly; I used often to get out and walk; with one of these students I trod many a mile in that social silence with which it is pleasant to pass through beautiful scenery. It was an interesting thing to look on two youths of twenty undertaking and completing a tour under such circumstances. It is, however,

very rare to meet German travellers who are not, in every way, highly qualified for the task of journeying in Italy.

The road from Rome to Florence is all beautiful. The site of Civita Castellana is very romantic — ravine, rock, river, bridge, grey walls — all those things which inhabitants disregard and travellers love; the tumbling torrent of the Velino, which falls in a vast glassy flashing volume, from 200 to 300 feet before it breaks in thunder, and from its bed of furious foam, rolls fiercely on, is unequalled as an image of strength — sublime, resistless. I saw it in every point of view — the rocks around, the valley of the Nera, with the rugged heights above, all are in keeping with the scene. It is felt, cannot be described, and is never forgotten. You pass a wild narrow valley, and cross the lofty Somma to Spoleto, near which place you see convents, hill, wood, and white cottages. The temple of Clitumnus; the vale it waters; Foligno; Perugia; the lake Thrasymene, broad, shining, and still; and the valley of Chiana, flat, fertile, all parcelled fields, and rows

of tall trees, and white farm-houses, with arched entrances below, and open, square, pillared galleries above, are the features through which you journey to Florence. Still may you see oxen beautiful enough for the garland and the sacrificial knife, in the valley of the Clitumnus. At Spoleto and Perugia there are many objects of passing interest. We stopped for two hours at a small *hutalbergo* in that vale, where the African rushed down upon the startled Roman, and I enjoyed a ramble on the famous ground.

On my return, while we were waiting for some refreshment, I observed several scribblings on the wall, by French and English travellers, complaining, some angrily, some with humour, of their bad fare in this poor hamlet. At this, some Italian had taken great umbrage, and had written up a short lecture beginning, "*Voi Francesi infami, e voi Inglesi spilorci**;" ... that *spilorci* is too bad. However, he sensibly enough reminds people that they must not expect, in Italian

* Sordid, mean.

villages, the accommodations of London and Paris. In a small country inn, the night before we entered Florence, I found as good fare, as good wine, as clean a chamber, and as civil attendance, as in any place from Naples to London.

The peasants in Tuscany have a freer, happier look, and are far better clothed than those of the Roman states; but what is said about their personal beauty, and the picturesque costume, is, I think, a little overcharged. I saw them, on a holyday-sabbath, near Florence, and was not much struck with the appearance they presented.

As you descend the hill, coming out of the upper vale of the Arno, Florence, with its dome and *campanile*, and the tall tower of the palace; churches and large buildings; its wide neighbourhood of gardens and *casinos;* and its fair river, does burst upon you with a very attractive and charming aspect. The town itself is all cheerfulness, cleanliness, and health. It was cold clear weather when I was there, and every thing looked bright and brilliant. It must be a delightful residence for persons of a certain taste

and habit of mind; but it is evident, at the first glance, that there are numbers of Englishmen yawning away their lives in the reading-room at Florence, who do not care a straw about all that this Athens, as they call it, contains, and who would be far happier in club-rooms, coffee-rooms, or circulating libraries at home. One of the most unpleasant features in Florence is the aspect of this colony; feeling perfectly a citizen of the world, in all common habits, myself, I yet think that the Englishman is, *as a resident*, misplaced altogether in Italy, without he has a positive and absorbing pursuit, or is a man of hermit habits, living, in all places, much to himself, and loving the country for her skies, her suns, and her bright scenery.

One of the first things that attracted my eye in Florence, and which I consider as an edifice unique, was the Palazzo Strozzi—a mass of stone: each stone presenting a point like the raised head of a huge square post, and giving a rude, rough surface of dark and frowning strength.

The square of the old palace, with its

equestrian statue; its fountain; its fine statues at the palace-gate, and those under the noble open portico, called the *Loggia;* the arcades of the great gallery, and the stately building above; combined with the singularly bold height of that narrow tower over the palace, which throws out a spreading turreted top, that seems fearfully supported, present a new and fine scene; the only eye-sore in which is the Neptune in the fountain, whose colossal figure is neither suited to the size of the square, the basin of the fountain, nor the body of water in it.

The quays of Florence, her Arno, her bridges, especially that *della Trinita,* and the fine buildings on the right bank, together with the view down the river, are all pleasing to the eye. The *duomo* or cathedral, with its casing of white marble and green stone, its lofty cupola, and marble lantern, together with its detached *campanile* or bell-tower, incrusted in like manner, and rising to a height of 280 feet, produce an effect upon the beholder astonishing; and he walks round this square, which these buildings literally fill, and into the dark

cathedral, and ascends the *campanile* wondering at the labour which produced such monuments. There is also a small chapel or baptistry in this square, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, octagonal in form, and rising octagonally to a pointed top. It has three folding doors of bronze, figured in high relief. It is said to have been a temple of Mars.

There are many beautiful and stately churches in Florence. In that of Santa Croce is the tomb of Michael Angelo: awed, wherever we go, in Rome or Florence, by some monument of his genius, we learn, with a smile, that his family felt his pursuits, as an artist, degrading to them. But thus it ever was, and will be; I know not how it is; thousands totally free from any prejudice so senseless, yet feel a wonder that the warmth of human genius should carry it so triumphantly through all the cold and dull details of slow toil and nice labour in the dusty workshop of the sculptor. In the sacristy of the church of San Lorenzo there are the tombs of two of that great family, the Medici; both designed by

Michael Angelo, and adorned with statues, of which Day and Night, recumbent figures, have been struck out by his creative chisel, with great force and power. Twilight and Daybreak are personified on the other tomb; and, in a small chapel near, is a group of a Madonna and Child, left unfinished.

Near the church of San Lorenzo is the celebrated chapel of the Medici, designed as a mausoleum for the princes of that family. It is octangular, and six sides have already their vast sarcophagi of granite: jasper, agate, lapis lazuli, profusely adorn this splendid mansion of the dead. Two statues of bronze, and regal crowns on cushions of red jasper, are among the finished wonders; but the chapel never has been, probably never will be, completed: bare bricks, scaffoldings, canvass curtains, and ladders, dust and workmen, speak of some effort to finish the splendid design; but the most sanguine *cicerone*, as he tells you that twenty years will be required to effect the object proposed, shakes his head with a doubt, which a corresponding shake from your own head helps to confirm. My taste

may be bad, but I think I have seen a monument of greater magnificence and a more chaste splendour than this ever would have been; although, to be sure, in it there are no huge sarcophagi or bronze statues — I mean the *Taaje Mahal* on the plains of Agra. I never saw, any where in Italy, mosaic-work of flower-patterns at all to be compared with the designs which fill that beauteous and costly dome.

For the marbles employed in this chapel, I do not think them superior to those I have seen in Sicily.

It is impossible to say of a gallery, which contains what the gallery of Florence contains, that it is disappointing; but in the arrangement of its treasures, I do think there is much to blame. Statues and paintings should never, surely, be so disposed in relation to each other for the purposes of exhibition. Another thing is, that although by a most liberal arrangement, the gallery is open daily to the public, yet, by a defective caution combined with it, certain halls and cabinets are kept locked, and opened in succession once every two hours, by a

man who leads round the collected flock of fond gazers, or gaping sight-seers, and turns you into the hall of Niobe, and out again, before the eye or mind are half satisfied. I got half-a-dozen of these snatching visits to that wonderful group. The day before I left, as the man saw that I always lingered, he promised me that the next time I came, if I did not object to being shut in among those marble mourners, he would arrange to leave me there for two hours alone. As I left Florence, I went no more; but I have not forgotten that mother, and her darling youngest daughter; I have heard these two figures criticised — I criticised them — but it was with — a tear!

The cabinet called the Tribune is always open, and generally half full.

If the Venus de Medici is ill placed here, which I certainly think she is, she, at least, enjoys one pure triumph. The warm Venuses of Titian suspended above, are glanced at, but disregarded. The eye is attracted and enchained in its fond admiring gaze to the marble form below: it is the triumph of art — it is the most beautiful personifi-

cation of modesty in the world! It conveys an idea of what created woman first was; it has a delicate shrinking grace, before which the libertine would stand awed, and which asks from man the ready homage of his heart and mind, in all the protecting dignity of his nature.

In sculpture, in painting, in gems, in bronzes, there are wonders here far too numerous to even enter upon. The figure called the Apollino is full of grace: the Wrestlers, the Slave sharpening the knife, (to which, I think, no character or account has at all been made applicable,) and the Faun, are all in their way surprising works; but the Venus, stand where you will, calls back your wandering eye, and rivets it anew: if you look long and fixedly on it, it gives a dimness to your deceived sight as a moving form.

Among many pictures of a superior beauty, one by Daniel de Volterra, a Massacre of the Innocents, struck me as quite a poem of horror. He has treated the subject so differently from others, that although the fine painting of Guido seems inseparably

connected, in our minds, with that awful event, as painters have been permitted to image it forth, still you are deeply affected by it. There is one figure, a mother holding, recumbent in her arms, a babe with his throat cut; her aspect of wild woe the poet could not paint in words.

There is a small picture in the third corridor, by a Flemish master, very remarkable from the awful kind of satire it contains: in the foreground you have a bustling market-scene, very rich in groups and figures; you have buying, selling, quarrelling, drinking; the bawling and squabbling you can literally see: you have in the streets behind, persons going in every direction, either on their business, or pursuing their pleasure; among other objects you see a common cart, drawn by a wretched horse, with two soldiers in it, and a coarse-dressed man, and they have a large cross of beams of wood in the cart; in a back corner of the picture, the Saviour of the world is shown to the people from the vestibule of Pilate's palace, and a very small inconsiderable crowd is collected: all

these distant figures are in perspective, and, of course, insignificantly small. And thus it was, and is, and will be long.

There was a monk in Florence once, Savonarola, put to death, I think, as an agitator and a fanatic. To him they attribute the loss of many paintings, which, by his eloquent appeals to their possessors, he caused to be delivered to the flames. They were all subjects which he considered to be inflaming to the passions, and a dishonour to the art. Certain it is, that there are many pictures, and some statues (the Venus at Naples for example), which still exist in the great collections; subjects on which we regret to see that art has been so successful, and may be so dangerous. It is a circumstance greatly to be rejoiced at, that painting was more particularly employed on sacred subjects; and I am of opinion that many a traveller leaves Italy, impressed by the contemplation of them, with feelings which may awaken thought, stimulate inquiry, and lead eventually, through God's blessing, to lasting happiness of mind.

Of the numerous portraits of beauty presented to the eye in the various galleries, it is true, that some will rise again to the imagination, and hang about the solitary heart; they are soon shaken off by the cares, the calls, and duties of life; but it is not so with the scenes of death, and sorrow, and suffering: the mourning Magdalen, apostolic martyrs, bright angels, and the higher and more awful mysteries, and their sad, yet glorious consummation on the cross, remain as assisting visions to the eye of Faith and Hope. The gallery in the Pallazzo Pitti is uncommonly rich: there are some splendid pieces from the hand of Raphael, and other great masters. One of the pictures most remarkable in its character, is, "The Fates," by Michael Angelo; their withered, skinny forms, their wrinkled cheeks, and still eyes, are wonderfully conceived. The Venus of the great Canova should not be at Florence. I may be wrong, but I think that artist wished to combine the beauties of the Venus de Medici, and those of the Callipiga, at Naples: he has produced a wonderful work, but he

has failed, even with the garment, to make it so modest as the former; and though it is more chaste in conception, it is certainly not so beautiful in form or execution as the latter.

The walks about Florence are very delightful, especially that down the river on the opposite side to the public promenade; also in the gardens of Boboli, which are large enough for rambling in; and in the more public parts, have fountains (one very handsome) and statues, and an Attic air.

From the Casino, too, and also from many of the hills round Florence, you have charming views; but in some directions you have to go far between stone walls, in narrow lanes, and, at last, have to bow and blunder your way into a vineyard to get the view you want.

A walk through the squares and streets of Florence, and down its quays, and on its bridges by the moon's light, is a something which will give you shadows of beauty and of grandeur to be long remembered.

There are many, many objects to visit

which I saw as others do, and name not: there is a very fine museum of natural history, with some cabinets of anatomical subjects in wax, executed with a fidelity which shocks; there are two scenes of the horrors of the plague, done in like manner, but on a small scale; I stood some time before them with a half shudder, and walked out into the cheerful sun with a thankful feeling.

You cross the Appenines to Bologna. I went with a *vetturino*, and had only one companion, a professor in mathematics. I certainly found him no prodigy on other subjects; and I cannot but suspect, that the youngest wrangler at Cambridge would have been more than a match for him on his own ground, if I may judge from the sad stuff he talked on a dozen different matters. The road abounds in views of a very majestic and beautiful character.

We stopped for the night at a rustic inn, on the summit of the Appenines: we found two *voitures* there before us; and on entering the room, I immediately recognised an

Englishman, as I thought, for he spoke to me with a good accent—he proved a Russian. There was also a large dark-looking man, wrapped in a long Turkish robe, trimmed with fur; he told me he was an Armenian merchant, from Constantinople: there were three Frenchmen, four common Italian travellers, two Italian ladies, young, good-looking, and playing the attractive and the smiling; and among all these, was an unfortunate Englishman, of about five-and-twenty, a commercial traveller, as I guessed, by his manner and language, but not at all of the intelligent cast you generally meet in such employ, without language or tact: there was an excellent fire, hot nothings for supper, but a most entertaining evening for an observer; and angry nobody could be at the fare, waited on as we were, by three sisters, who really, grouped into a picture, would be most flattering specimens of the beauty of Italian peasants.

The view of Bologna, as you come down upon it, has much of rich interest to the eye. The tall, narrow, square towers, stand-

ing like two lofty minars above the dark city; the handsome gardens and dwellings on the low hills close to it; and the wide plain of wood, evidently not forest, but the more thinly-scattered trees of a cultivated and adorned country, are the objects you look upon in your cheerful descent. Bologna has to the quiet man a very pleasing aspect; I like its long porticoes; I like the look and character of countenance among the people: the fountain, with that noble bronze Neptune, by John of Bologna; I like all those stalls, and the figures seen at them, under the arcades near the large market square; I observed some muleteers in regular muleteer garb; and the sausages hanging up in many a shop, or those thicker ones, cut into, and showing the marbled dainty on which the cook and housewife of Bologna pride themselves: I like that dark Gothic church, St. Petrone, and the tall tower of the Asinelli, and the leaning one near it. In short, Bologna is a place where, in spite of round hats, high collars, boots and trowsers, and shock heads of hair, in the coffee-rooms, you can easily conjure up

the past (not at all with regret, but) as an amusement.

From my visits to its noble gallery I received uncommon gratification. There are two large apartments filled with masterpieces; they are well known, and admit not of description. I think that the Madonna del Rosario of Domenichino is one of the finest pictures there, or in Italy. I have it not perfect in my memory; but the pale and beautifully expressed terror of the two females; the dark steed and the gleamy armour of the persecutor; the kneeling saint; the open heaven; and, at the foot of the picture, in the fore ground, the two little infants in their fond and pretty struggle; — these things pass not from the memory.

The celebrated Santa Cecilia of Raphael, the Massacre of the Innocents by Guido, and the St. Bruno of Guercino, are among the treasures of this gallery.

In the Palazzo Zambeccari are many fine pictures, though not in the highest preservation.

It is pleasant to be able to walk, nearly

three miles, forth from this city under cover; it *ought* to rain of course, and it did the day I walked up the long portico; I only met two students spouting out of a book, and one beggar. The walls have many scribbles in charcoal, chalks, and pencil: some are short bursts of patriotism; some laughs at the priests; and the longest are records of devotion, and penance, or declarations of love from despairing swains.

The chapel of the Madonna de San Luca was not open: the views from it must be beautiful.

The famous Campo Santo, once the Certosa convent, I am glad to have seen; but, it is, by no means, so beautiful or interesting a thing as I had expected. Three-fourths of the monuments, or memorials, are nothing more than designs of tombs, executed on the walls in fresco, and generally of a pale leaden colour.

In the outer square there is a large green plot, with no tombs or memorials in the cloister behind. Children of tender ages are all buried in that spot. There is some-

thing very hallowed, to my mind, in the grave of a little child. I was better pleased to see the green grass growing over those young things

"Just shown on earth, and hurried to the tomb,"

than with all the rest.

I was only three days in Bologna: I could havelingered there many more contentedly. I had a strange *rencontre* here at the *table d'hote*. There sat next me the very first evening an Englishman, an officer of engineers, going out to India by the very route by which I had returned, and I was able to assure him that the journey was neither an enterprise, nor an effort.

The going out, however, may prove more troublesome, and be subject to greater inconveniences than the coming home; but as to danger or serious difficulty, there is none: women and children have performed the journey with ease. The only chances of being unpleasantly situated are passing through Lower Egypt during the season of the plague, or finding yourself at Cairo during any great public event; such as the

death of the Pasha, a change of government, or a mutiny among the troops.

There was also an English gentleman at table that evening, of whom I saw no more afterwards, as he went away the following morning, who amused and made me angry by his account of his disappointment in Venice; and this was his strange reason—"Venice," said he, "is a most uninteresting place; why I knew it as well as I do now before I saw it; it is just what the prints represent it; there it is, every stone, just as you may see it, without leaving London." Now, with ninety-nine men out of a hundred, that perfect preservation of its ancient aspect, as known to us in earlier life, and looked upon in the old engravings, would add very largely to the delight with which it would be visited.

This gentleman was bound for Florence, Rome, and Naples. I fear that, if he has made the tour of all print-gazers, and visited Colnaghi's, Ackermann's, and Hurst and Robinson's, he will be doomed to disappointment, journey where he may.

Ferrara is a melancholy city; very melan-

choly. The two principal streets are long and wide, with a pavement on each side, smoothly flagged, and there are, in one, rows of stone posts, to protect the path of foot passengers. There are numbers of palaces, spacious and many-windowed, with arched gateways below, and proud cornice above. There are long narrow streets in other parts of this fair city; in these the grass grows long, but the planted foot treads on the hard, round paving pebbles. Monasteries, too, and convents open upon them; but the convent bells are silent; no monk comes forth from the gate; no beggar lies under the wall. There is no hoof-clatter on the paved streets; there are no beautiful women looking from the windows; no handsome horsemen riding by unbonnetted; no ribboned jennets in the court yards; no silken tapestries hanging from the balconies. You cannot but feel sad as you walk about this city, "whose symmetry was not for solitude."

You cannot but think of her holydays, and her happiness; her bright eyes, and

cheerful voices; and, in truth, the city looks as if it only wanted its inhabitants back, to resume, in a moment, all its attractions.

I had only four hours happy rambling in this place. I did not see the tomb of Ariosto, his chair, or inkstand, for the librarian chanced to be out of the way. I should have been well pleased to have seen them, though perhaps I had no right to the gratification, for I never read a line of Ariosto, and never may.

The cell of Tasso is a spot of very deep interest; it is the fate of Tasso we sorrow over, as a lover and a bard, imprisoned for his harmless frenzy, and singing, silently, in his sad cell to a mute and visionary lyre.

Moreover *his* Lament we have a beautifully sustained flight which Tasso's self had wept to hear.

Surveying this narrow prison, I felt more deeply than in any other spot in Italy my ignorance of her poetry; the melody of the native strain, the full force of southern images, and of the descriptive

adjuncts, in use of old, even the ablest translator can never perfectly convey.

Let not, however, the *mere construer* rest satisfied in the complacency of attainment, and smile at a traveller who cannot quote Dante, or Petrarch, Ariosto, or Tasso. I leave such a one to struggle with the *Divina Commedia* and his dictionary, while I go to a translation, and thank learning and genius for their labors, and the fruits of them.

Nothing can look more dull than the gate by which you leave Ferrara, and the ruinous grassy walls, and the still sedgy ditch; but you soon find yourself among trees, and vines, and corn. You soon reach the banks of the Po, and are driven on to a floating bridge. It had but just been repaired when I was there. The Po was strong and turbid after its furious swellings; driving some miles on the other side, we had to embark, carriage and all, in a boat, and were conveyed nearly five miles across fields, over gardens and orchards, and among the branches of trees, and past

country houses, and cottages, with their lower apartments flooded. I slept at Rovigo, and the next day passed the Adige in my route to Padua. I spent two days in Old Padua. It is a place where I could for many weeks have lingered. I think it suited to a reading, sauntering man. There are long arcades, and there are old-fashioned houses, and old-fashioned furniture, and book-stalls at the street corners. There is a pleasant river, and there are green gardens, and turfy ramparts, and the snowy Alps to be seen from them. The building of the university is very small; has a court with a cloister below, and galleries above; on the walls are many coats of arms of those who have studied at *learned* Padua. You may look into the bare and empty schools; at the time I was there, it was a season of vacation, and very few students were to be seen in the city.

In the centre of a large open space, or square, there is an adorned spot called Prato della Valle. It is a circular meadow, with flagged walks, with a small canal

round it*; on either bank of this canal are placed the statues of all the famous men who were taught at Padua. This island promenade having seats, and shrubs, and ornamental monuments, and vases, and magically guarded all around, by these silent protectors of the fame of Old Padua, is a pleasant place to stroll in. You will meet no one, and may talk to yourself unobserved; indeed you may do *that* anywhere in Italy, for moving lips, and the gestures of delight or disappointment, as men walking alone express those feelings, excite no astonishment in Italy.

The church of Santa Giustina, in a corner of this square, is a noble building, and the interior light and grand. As you look at four large, and four smaller cupolas from without, 'tis mosque-like, and the great nave within is three hundred and sixty feet in length, and of a width and loftiness corresponding.

The church of St. Antonio, the tutelar

* The entrance and issuing forth of its waters concealed under bridges.

saint, is a curious old Gothic edifice, with pictures, tombs, shrines, four organs, and when I was in it, a most numerous congregation; after mass, the crowd of country devotees came flocking to the chapel of the sanctuary, where the relics of St. Antonio are preserved, and kissed every statue, and small relief around. There is an equestrian statue in bronze near this church, of a Venetian General; and there is a college near, with fresco paintings by Titian and his school, representing the life and miracles of St. Anthony.

They show you a curious old house, which they call that of the great Livy. This can no more be swallowed by the greediest hunter after recollections and sensations than the tomb of Antenor in another street. Livy's house is, however, just such a one as an old lover of black-letter books would like for his dwelling. One of the finest and most singular buildings here, is the large hall in the Palace of Justice. I have no idea how to describe this curious old place. It is three hundred feet long, and one hundred broad, and very lofty, yet is there no

pillar or column to support the roof. The walls are painted in small compartments, with curious scenes and symbols. There is a monument here to the memory of Livy; and one to a chaste matron, who defended her honour to the death about two centuries ago: at the bottom of the hall are two Egyptian statues, black and lion-headed, the gifts of Belzoni to his native city. But for the bold impulses of his nature, and his fearless following of them, Belzoni might have lived and died shaving beards in Padua.

There are many other things to see here; two rivers flow through the town; there are squares with porticoes; there are the remains of the ancient city's walls; there are some handsome gates; and as the space within the later fortifications (now all neglected) is large, you find gardens, and almost country houses within the gates. Every thing a man might require to make life easy, would be procurable at Padua, and such men as love that old book, "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," might carry it with them to a quiet lodging in Padua, and

sit in the shade and eat grapes in the summer, and pile up a wood-fire, and drink good wine in the winter, and live in peace.

I am only speaking to college hermits, or antiquarians, or weavers of old tales; solitary forlorn men, unwedded, and without professions, or health for active life; such, I am sure I do not err, such men would like Padua.

On the road to Monselice we met many peasants, coming from some fair or market: some of the women wore that little round fly-away straw-hat; others, braided hair, with ribbons, and ornamental combs and pins; quite operatic is that little hat; but oh! how the stage flatters; these dear, ruddy, healthy, cheerful country girls, might any *one* have made three delicate *figurantes;* and, as for dancing, the wooden shoed Amazons of Cumberland tread lightly to them. Your road passes for many miles from Dolo to Fusina, where you take boat, along the banks of the Brenta. It is a most cheerful way; the villages are numerous and populous; and though the country palaces, and smaller elegant *casinos* of the merchant, are

falling to decay, they look very pretty; many of them are inhabited, and those that are not, are just such places as a cheerful elegant family might hire for a season, and would soon restore to comfort.

On the road down, a gentleman, a Venetian, who was in the carriage with me, bade the driver stop, and pointing across the river to a country palace, the steps of which descended to the water, made me remark, in a false window, the portrait of a female playing on the guitar: "That painting," said he, "is by Titian; and for the palace, I forget whether it was of the *Falieri* or the *Foscarini* families, I think the former;" and thus it is among sites and scenes which prepare the mind, that you run on, till turning across a flat, barren, dull, and marshy flat, you drive down upon Fusina, and see some five miles out, upon the still calm ocean, a glittering city, towers, and proud cupolas, and masses of buildings, here brick, there stone, parts lighted by the sun, others in broad shadow; but there are no fields, no hills, or gardens with tall trees,

around this city; nothing, but rising on the left, far away, a wall of snowy Alps, which bound the horizon with icy solitudes impassable. You look again at the city, surely it is anchored there by magic; a spot for pleasure, and for peace; safe from the trampling war-horse; beyond the reach of armies and their murderous engines; it is some heaven-defended isle of freedom.

Such is the aspect of Venice from the distant shore. Here at Fusina, gondolas are always plying. How strange to the English eye these light, black skiffs, and the awning of black cloth with such tufts as would mark a hearse-boat on the Thames. Maskers and merriment, guitars and beauties, surely they were never borne about in barks so gloomy. Yes, and the barks, in form and furniture, are the only *moving* things in Venice, that look now as they looked in her proud and happy day; the gondolier is not, in garb or song, what you would still expect to find him—not even dressed like a boatman. I have seen them in the old rusted cast-off hats of Italian shop boys, in trowsers or pantaloons,

not sailor-like in colour, width, or materials, purchased at some stall of cast-off clothes; the private gondoliers wear liveries, generally narrow made, and shabby. Some of the gondoliers are exceptions, and plain cheerful sailors in look and dress; but there is no costume to mark the race, and our wherry-man at Westminster Bridge is a more picturesque figure than any of them.

The seats and cushions in this coffin-like cabin are very commodious; all, however, funereal in colour, yet is there something in the large sliding windows of the richest and clearest plate-glass, that has a costly cheerful air.

It was a fine, sunny, yet cold day, and my companion drew forward his window to screen him from the wind; yet was every object seen so clearly, that a water-dog would have leaped through it undoubtingly.

It was a season when the waters in all the canals were high, and stirred, land freshened. Except in one small point, where there is a garden, you have nothing

to mark summer or winter. I was six days in Venice, and the sun shone brightly all the time: it was any month then that my fancy chose to make it. After a rapid gliding down the Lagunes, we entered this noiseless, gateless city, by one of its narrow water streets, and shot past doors and thresholds, and the step on the canal's edge, dead brick walls, and out-looking windows. We did not see many persons, and I did not hear any voices; it was a poor, decaying, depopulated quarter; but I shall never forget my delight, as we came out into the grand canal, just at a part where stands that palace, with its strangely ornamented front, all clustering little columns, and pointed windows, Gothic-like, and a balcony of stone, and portal, and spacious steps below. "The name, gondolier, of that palace?"—"The *Foscari*, signor," and then he will point right and left of this broad and liquid highway, and utter noble names, and point to noble dwellings; we soon turned again, and at a small wooden platform, near a back door, he stopped. "The signor is arrived," and he stepped

out, and I after him, and a French waiter came, quieter than such men generally are, and in one minute I was in my chamber, and my shell (that is, my portmanteau,) with me; a fire, a home, all without trouble or noise; no stable-yard, no bawling; a city without any of the sounds that belong to cities. While my dinner was preparing, I set out for St. Mark's Place, got kindly directed through the narrow clean-paved alleys, and soon found myself opposite that unique temple, with its Byzantine cupolas, and glittering mosaics. I walked across, now pausing to look at the noble buildings all around, and the porticoes beneath; now at the tall tower, whose bell was once a proud state's solemn voice; now, at the rich Gothic front of the ducal palace, as it broke upon me, and the two ancient columns, and the winged lion in the smaller square; and then up to where, in crested pride, on the high front of St. Mark's church, stand those horses, which have looked down on Corinth, Rome, and Constantinople, and which I have seen yoked in my day to a car of victory beyond

the Alps, looking down on the capital of Gaul; and now the trophies of the Austrian, won *for him* by the arrayed world, and given back to the Venetian, that he may look daily at them, and think on what he was, and is not. The interior of St. Mark's is a crowded assemblage of columns, mosaics, and reliefs, to which you pass in between gates of brass, and doors adorned with silver. You see pillars of porphyry, and of other precious materials, and a pavement of rude mosaic, in oriental marbles. It is not a large, light, or a grand church within, but it is old, old in its taste and ornaments; such as the Greek artist of the declining empire would have praised, and the Moor from Granada might almost have worshipped in, and up to which he certainly would have walked, and the Arabian with him, admiringly. The feature, which in this temple most struck me, was the pavement; it is of mosaic, but as much worn, and its surface as uneven, and full of sinkings, as if it had never been laid down smooth. I like to put my foot on a pavement where I know

that mailed warriors have trodden. I like to look round among pillars, and at altars where I know them to have stood, or kneeled unhelmed. As you pass out by that door which leads upon the small square of the palace, you find yourself on ground, where six hundred years ago you might have seen an old man vigorous, yet venerable, in heavy armour, and a turbaned youth in silken robes by his side, and men with aged beards and Asiatic dresses with that youth, and crowds of brave barons in their steel cuirasses, with the crusader's surcoat; for Dandolo, the doge, and Alexius with his counsellors, and the chivalry of France, went forth and passed into their boats, and thence climbed the tall galley anchored off this pier; perhaps they trod, or paused to return, by answering salutations, the shouts of assembled Venice there, where yon Austrian sits smoking on the guard-bench. — Poor Venice! those were her days of strength, and wealth, and glory. Then, after, when these waned a little, she became queen of all revels: pleasure, and song, and dance,

had thrones here, and pilgrims to the shrine of sensual joy came flocking into this enchanted city of gems, and masks, and wanton dress; and, in our own old happy England, grave, good grave men would smile and listen while any talked of Venice. Well, the trumpet-breath of triumph, and the guitar of the merry masker, are alike silent.

You may walk in St. Mark's Place at midnight; few, if any, shall you meet; a light or two still glimmers under the long arcades, from some open café, where a drowsy waiter wakes for the chance visit of the gamester, or the libertine in his passage home. I went one night, between twelve and one, to St. Mark's Place, and this was just the state I found it in. I paced to and fro long and thoughtfully; — all was silent, dark, and sad.

The waiter told me, when I mentioned to him my astonishment, that I should find it otherwise at many seasons, especially the carnival: "however," added the man, "after all, Venice is not gay, never gay; "but come at the carnival; you will find

"amusement." A carnival at Venice! I would not, I think, even wish to see it; to look upon the city is enough; these modern inhabitants can never fill up that fair outline. When the broad and brilliant clasps of that "golden girdle*," which embraced the world, met here in Venice, I now see all that she was; her sons and daughters, dresses, and diversions, her proud processions, her gorgeous festivals and joyous carnival, I see them all.

The ducal palace is all splendour; her decorated halls, where history has written, on the rich and glowing canvass, her fame, and state, and power, lie open to the stranger; and a high pleasure it is to walk among them, and look up to the proud works of Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, and to see forms, and faces, and scenes talked of to us by our books; but, whither leads this little skreened passage? Unseen yourself, you may look out upon the sparkling ocean, the darting gondolas, the crowded quay! To

* Commerce.

what apartments does it lead? To the *prisons* of Venice: you are on the Bridge of Sighs! Come back, there are other wonders in this splendid palace: come along this marble gallery; now enter this small chamber; lift that trap-door; take your torch; come down; you are in the wells, the prison-wells of Venice. Look into this small miserable cell; you cannot, even with your torch, and narrow as it is, you cannot chase away the gloom. Here lay no common felons, no dark assassins; this was the prison of the state, for dangerous nobles, such as were bold and popular; and good plebeians, too, of mind,

"Who boldly uttered what they rightly thought,"

were here inhumed as suspected men. They never saw the sun, or felt the fire, or even looked upon such feeble ray as the dim taper gives: long days they lay in darkness, and alone; sometimes were mocked by the hope of freedom, and led for trial to a stern tribunal; sometimes tortured, killed; or, haply, died, or sickened, and went mad; or, worse than all, lived on in conscious

misery, and ceased to take all count of time that seemed eternal. Let us return; here, in this hole, in the gallery wall, was the famous lion's mouth, where skulked the cloked accuser, in the hour of darkness, to drop his poison.

If I live a century I will not mourn over the fallen pride of a *government*, in principle and practice so like the merciless Inquisition; for the rest, — I cannot think of her brave warriors and her enlightened merchants of the olden time without a natural admiration: and as for all her smiling gaiety, I know, and I have not forgotten, what I used to think of Venice, and how the *very word* led up a long train of images all joyous: and while I rowed, in all directions, through her still waters, and trod her narrow lanes, and crossed her marble bridges, I admit I called them up, and gazed on them, and sighed, and then dismissed them, and looked up, and begged that sigh might be forgiven, and felt relieved, and smiled again. There have long been spots in Venice dear to the Englishman, who loves the poets of his country:

the Rialto is one: I would that I had gone to it in the dull, dark night. Otway is perhaps the poet who has peopled Venice with sadder forms and voices, and with a sterner, prouder character than any. It was in *Cyprus* Othello broke his heart. True it is that Shylock walked home from the Rialto, with gabardine defiled, and heart's blood turned to gall: Portia, Lorenzo, Jessica; all are present to the thought as you stand on the Rialto. But when we think of Jaffier, and of Pierre, and of all the cumulative miseries of that sad drama: the loves, the ruin, and the wreck of Jaffier, — why, all our sympathies crowd to the warmed heart and swell it; —

——— " Wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads,
Wilt thou then talk thus to me?"

and the fond, the faithful Belvidera; these things come home to all.

The giant steps, the church of St. Giovanni and St. Paolo, the equestrian statue near, and the black curtain where Faliero's

portrait is not, all these are now, and will hereafter be, sought by the traveller, with a feeling which doth increase, and largely, the melancholy pleasure of a gaze at Venice.

I visited the lifeless arsenal; there are lions in white marble watching or reposing at the gate; one that sat, as it still sits here, a guardian of the Pyræus of Athens, another that couched upon the public path between Athens and that harbour.

The armoury is poor in old relics, yet it has some curiously constructed weapons. However, it can boast of a suit of armour which Henry the Fourth of France is said to have worn in battle; a sword, too, which that valiant king is said to have wielded. In a slip, near one of the dull, empty docks, there lies a black and broken hulk, her upper works all gone; a something you would look for on a wild, lone beach; a stranded, stripped, abandoned hull: it is the Bucentaur, in which the dukes of Venice went forth to wed the Adriatic, a vessel, all of gilded pride, that swam the ocean like a ruler's crown. Jews clubbed

their ducats, and bought, for eighteen thousand, all her glittering ornaments; Jews, whose forefathers the old Venetians spat upon.

Thank God, this is done no more in Venice: the Jew in Europe walks erect; and the vast change in the condition of that chosen, separate, afflicted race, throughout all Italy, is not a little remarkable.

There are many noble churches in Venice; that of St. George the greater is one of the most elegant; a design grand yet simple. There are many others rewarding a visit, in paintings or in tombs; you find something of interest in them all. In the church of St. Giovanni è Paolo you linger long, and it would be one of no common interest, as the fane before which stands the monument Colleoni, and in which may be seen the tombs of Marino Faliero's great ancestors, and other warlike nobles, if Byron had not also left on it the impress of his genius.

The paintings of the Venetian school are seen to great advantage in the large hall of the academy; Titian, Paul Veronese, Lean-

dro Bassano, Bonifacio, Tintoretto, are the masters whose pictures are here exhibited. The Assumption of the Virgin by Titian, the Resurrection of Lazarus by Bassano, are two most wonderful performances; and there is a character about the other masters which quite dazzles by a bright, rich gorgeousness. In a little chamber beyond, where the academy holds its sittings, elegantly decorated by the pencil of Titian, and containing a few exquisite bronzes, there is a small monumental urn, in which is preserved the still, cold heart of Canova; and those who have been in the *studio* of that great man, and have looked upon his fair creations, do not pass it by without some tribute of regret.

There is no gallery which, for its size and contents, is visited by the ignorant traveller of my stamp with more delight than that of the Manfrini. In every chamber is a catalogue of a most excellent description; it is a sketch of the walls and the pictures covering them, just as they hang; in the blank space within each figured frame is written the subject and the master's name. Nobody

talks to you; you gaze and pass on, or pause and enjoy. It were vain to speak of the pictures descriptively: there are very many first-rate productions, and in the portraits of beauty it is rich.

In the palace Barbarigo there are very fine paintings by Titian. His Magdalen is there; not beautiful, yet *very* beautiful; for you can see the heart swelling up in a bosom bursting with sorrow, and the eye has in it the big and dimming tear of penitence. There is (I think in this palace) a painting by Bassano of the Scourging; a sad, awful subject, treated with a power which does and ought to beat upon the gazer's mind and heart, with stripes heavy, silent, and healing.

There is a Saint Sebastian by Titian here, a sorrowful picture; a Prodigal Son, by Leandro Bassano, an excellent picture.

A Venus of Titian, which is curiously framed and strangely placed just opposite the Magdalen, framed in like manner, does not, I think, attract much admiration, for moral beauty doth always win the homage of man's heart, left free to choose between

them. We like to look upon smiles and beauty, but we cannot withhold sympathy from virtue suffering, or from that something higher — the sob, the tear of erring and shamed humanity, confessing, mourning, and repentant.

The famous picture of Paolo Veronese, in the Palazzo Pisani, representing the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander, gave me no pleasure.

You leave the palace step, and, as you think, first of history, and then of Dryden's lyre, you forget the painting, or you wish to forget the painting.

It is pleasant to stand up in your gondola, and lean back upon the awning, and skim lightly all about the city, and to feed your eye and fill your memory. And there is something of a sensation quite new to glide about upon the water, in the dark night, now passing a long, narrow canal, lonely and silent, and at the corner the gondolier's cautionary cry, and the turning into the great canal, and catching, here and there, rays of dull light in motion, the lanterns

of a few stray gondolas, hurrying home with some coffined laughers.

Venice is a place to sojourn long in. I learn with surprise that travellers often hurry away in a day or two after their arrival.

As I was leaning on a book-stall, near one of the small bridges, looking over old parchment-bound volumes, and examining some prints of Venice and her costumes in the old time, I heard myself addressed, and, turning, was asked the way into some shop, whose window looked out on the canal just opposite to me, by a lady of very surpassing beauty. I stammered, and excused my ignorance of the way, as if it was in a stranger, which I declared myself, a fault. She smiled very triumphantly: the keeper of the book-stall gave the direction wanted; she walked away all grace, stepped into a gondola with two gondoliers in livery, and looked back again with an air that seemed to say, "Traveller, whoever you are, forget not that you have seen in Venice a very lovely woman." A majestically-featured *dama* she was, whoever she

may be; for when I recovered from the pleased surprise of such a vision, and saw the black gondola skim beneath the bridge, and round into some other of the canals, in this labyrinth of water-paths, I asked in vain. She certainly took her place in my memory, as one of those living portraits, which "*pass us by in the world's crowd*," and shed a radiance on the path.

The last thing I did in Venice was to ascend the tall tower of St. Mark's, and look out upon the stately city—a scene of wonder! I staid there long; just as I was thinking of coming down, while under the bell, it gave its warning grate, and then swung heavily across, and rung out with slow but deafening peal. It is a fearful thing to pass beneath this ponderous bell in motion: you *know* there is no danger, yet it was five minutes before I darted under it, and went down. I was pretending to gaze out upon the city, and a man near was talking to me, but I heard him not; my thoughts were with a fiction, which (I know not where) I met in some modern magazine. The author or relater tells of his feelings, as he

lay once beneath a huge bell, which swung and knelled so close above him, that he could not stir without danger, and felt himself maddening with the horror. What a strange, sad, pleasing, chilling power have fictions; how at his will the writer stirs you!

There was an early moon the very evening I left Venice, so I just had one imperfect moonlight view before I quitted it; even that I shall not forget; and now, whatever book may talk to me of that "sea Cybele," I know her aspect well.

Vicenza should not be hurried through; it is a beautiful little place. Palladio has spread his adornments over it, and many of the public buildings and private palaces are the work of that celebrated architect. His Olympic theatre, a building in imitation of the ancients, is a most elegant and interesting edifice.

I only passed through this city, but cheerfully resigned my dinner for the ramble and the sight. I took a chubby-cheeked ten-year-old *cicerone*, and we finished the round by a regular school-boy's stuffing (both of

us) at a confectioner's. I passed the ambulatory prison of a poor elephant; any one who has seen these docile intelligent creatures in India, with the little black children of their keeper crawling round their pillar-like, and cautiously lifted legs, feels sorry for the poor exile, shut up as he is, and must be, for the purposes of exhibition.

I was two days in Verona; a noble remain, the amphitheatre! perfect, too perfect for picturesque beauty, and kept, as it would seem, for some shows in our day; not bloody, indeed, the show; some dance and foolery exhibited before Europe's assembled masters, and the marble seats filled with a throng of shouting slaves, a few bold mutterers mingled in the mass. I saw the house where the congress held it sittings. I hope it may stand long, and be a spot for thousands yet unborn to go and look in scorn upon. I love Spain and her *sierras;* I have sat by the Spaniard's fire, and broke his bread; I have seen him smile, and heard him curse. They may pour contempt upon him for his failure: again he has been be-

trayed by counsellors without talent, and leaders without honesty: paralysed, too, he has been by the withering anathema of mother-church; but king and inquisitors, monks and prelates, may cabal in vain; the Spaniard will be free. If the *parochial* clergy of Spain were all (as hundreds of them are, and thousands will become,) friends to a cause which would lift them above the monk and all church lumber, the Spaniard, who never will be found overthrowing altars and carrying about a goddess of reason, emboldened by the thought that he might act with a free conscience in the great work of Spain's deliverance, would be again in arms. Never, any where, did mother so suffer in bringing to the birth, as Spain does with this mountain child of liberty; but the throes of her sad labour past, I do not fear, it will be a *healthy* offspring.

Verona is a charming city, beautiful and cheerful. There is a coffin preserved near this city, which you wander forth to see. In an old outhouse, near a garden, once the cemetery of a convent, amid reeds, straw,

the wine vessel, the basket, and the gardener's tools, you are shown a rude sarcophagus of common marble; you see the raised part which pillowed the corpse's head, and the sockets where burned the holy candles to scare foul fiends. In this narrow bed of stone there once lay a sweet sufferer, *living*, loving, fearless, and confiding—a girl, who dared this gloomy passage to the bridal bed of her first fond choice; she lived and died here in Verona; she lives for us, (not on our stage, none ever gave the portrait,) she lives in Shakspeare's page—'tis Juliet's tomb. How we have all let loose our capabilities of joy at the natural true tone of her young love, and then the blight of that sweet bud; while leaning here we only sigh and say,

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

A wedding on the death-couch of cold stone, and two such fair, fair forms—sad nuptials;—yet better far than many that we read of.

The road from Verona to Brescia, by the Lago di Garda, is very interesting. Its

deep dark waters run up far into the bosom of embaying hills; and the snowy Alps behind are glorious to look on. I passed the night in Brescia, but saw it not. On the road to Milan we had in the carriage a *prima donna*, fat and forty, a Milanese shopkeeper, an Austrian *employé*, and a French commercial traveller from Lyons. They all made themselves pleasant; but a question having arisen about politics, the little Milanese said something in his own barbarous dialect to the woman, at which she laughed very heartily; and the Austrian and Frenchman, who, from constant intercourse with Milan, caught their meaning, looked confused and vexed, especially the Frenchman. I was very anxious to know what had been said, and the Austrian, a sensible pleasant man, recovered himself and told me it was, "There sits a Frenchman; they were our masters: there sits an Austrian; they are our masters; but, for our comfort, there sits a laughing Englishman in the corner; and they are the masters of both." Thus it is, go where you will, you find the foreigner impressed with a wonderful notion

of the power of England; powerful she certainly is; but, alas! we know that the voice of our beloved country is lifted up in these days, in many instances, unheard, or, what is worse, disregarded. It led me to say as much; and I found the Austrian a man worthy the name of a man: without at all compromising his character as an Austrian servant in public employ, he held the language of a true lover of sound rational liberty. He was a man perfectly acquainted with the literature of our country, and spoke upon all those works which have so attracted and delighted the public at home, as if he had read them with a true understanding relish.

Milan is a fine city; a great deal of life in it. Its nobles and gentry have the air of a something between the French and English: more grave than the former, more lively than the latter.

The *duomo* or cathedral is a magnificent pile of building. I do not know any temple, in the Gothic taste, decorated with so laboured a following up of rich and fanciful design, though producing an effect

regular and symmetrical. A vast mass of white marble, figured out on all sides in relief and tracery, is, of itself, a wonder; but, covered as it is with all those Gothic-pointed ornaments on the roof, those dwarf spires, each with an angel on its top, supported (as it were) in air; a light and lofty spire, rising 170 feet above that broad and ornamented roof; I know of nothing so vast which may be said to be so elaborately curious. Within, it is all space and gloom — 160 columns of white marble; five naves; a deep perspective; a place where the wounded penitent might ramble, and find solitude for his sobbings. It has its relics and its precious things to show, like other churches in Italy; but that which most interests in Milan is a very small old church, and the recollection of Ambrose, that humane undaunted prelate. I know on what tender ground I tread, and how inconsistent it may appear, to delight in that wonderful tone of authority which he assumed; but, Ambrose chasing back the Gothic guards from the threshold of this *basilica*; his refusal to go into exile; meet-

ing and turning back Theodosius in the porch of the temple, and receiving him afterwards in the aisle of the temple, only in the garb and the attitude of penance, is a something so moving, a picture so astonishing, that it seems to realise to our minds the priest and prophet — the lawgiver of the oldest and earliest periods.

About fifteen miles from Milan, on the plain of Pavia, and near to the very spot where he who wrote that he had lost every thing, except his honor, was led along on his sweating, drooping battle-steed, a prisoner, is a famous convent (now tenantless) of Carthusian friars; that prodigal embellishment which you find in the church of this convent almost fatigues, in examination; to write or to read of it would be more offensive. It is, however, due to the character of its magnificence, to say that there is nothing glittering or tawdry — something the painter has done — something the statuary; but the common ornamental sculptor, and the inlayer of mosaic, are the artists to whom the task of adorning this church seems more particularly to have been en-

trusted. After passing from it through a small cloistered quadrangle, containing nothing remarkable, you are led into a square enclosure, large and airy, round which are the dwellings where the solitary brethren once mourned away their miserable, useless lives. Each hermitage has apartments, conveniences, and a little garden; a small sort of bricked court with a plot or two for flowers or something green; a kind of spot to which the recluse, by the crumbs of his loathed meal loose scattered on it, might lure some passing bird to fly down and feed, and dress his feathers in the sun, and chirp to him. You walk about these houses with a very delighted feeling, to know that they are no longer tenanted; but you look back upon the solitary men who dwelt here with no common pity. The seclusion of the cell, the silent meal, the absence of all personal attachments—how very sad! They were in my thoughts, these wretched men, all the drive back;—the elm, the vine, the female peasants with the large ornamented bodkin of silver in their shining hair, the full and clear canal— I saw them all un-

heedingly: but the immured monk was present to me; I saw him with the world in his heavy heart, the lust of the flesh, and of the eyes, and the pride of life, with their comforts, and beauties, and honours, in mockery tormenting him with all their brightest colours. Such were the monk for a weaver of tales to paint.

In Milan there are galleries of paintings, and a library, where I saw, at my leisure, some old illuminated manuscript volumes. There are antiquities — churches: you visit, and you tire. There are memorials of another kind; there is a modern amphitheatre, a grand capacious work; but while you stand admiring the idea, and looking down on the arena, and wondering what may have been the exhibitions, your eye is attracted to a deformed figure of a colossal horse, made of wicker and pasteboard, standing neglected under an open portico: you go down, and you find also some *bigas*, or war-chariots, of the like trumpery materials. You are then told that these were the *properties* for getting up the fall of Troy, and the ancient chariot races; and this in

open daylight, before six-and-thirty thousand spectators. Harlequin Gulliver would be a performance dignified and rational, compared to such trifling.

If, however, we laugh here at the poverty both of the thought and effort to produce illusion, it is not in our power to do so, when we take a seat in the celebrated theatre of La Scala.

A lover in my youth of the drama and the theatre, I am familiar with all the effects of scenery and decoration. The dazzle of costume; the false sparkling of the eye; the painted cheek, and the groupings on the stage; I had long been tired of these things; but I must confess, that I found myself captivated anew, by a sight altogether surpassing what I have ever witnessed in any theatre. They gave the opera of *Zorayda;* music and singing excellent; scenes and dresses were more splendid, of course, than reality, either in Constantinople or Cairo, can now, or ever has shown: this was all well;—but the ballet, the "*Baccanali aboliti di Roma*," opened on me with a surprise, and a stirring delight, and charmed

me by a continuing fascination, till the curtain fell. I cannot paint the thing at all. The march of Bacchus exceeded any stage procession I ever saw: the appropriate dresses; the animal-leaping of the satyrs; the animated variety of attitude in the dancing Bacchanals; the vine leaves; the leopard skins; the Thyrsi; the lofty up-curving ancient horns; the Pan's pipes; the trill of the timbrels; the clash of the gilded cymbals; the tiger; the goats; the car of the youthful Bacchus; the nymphs; the fauns; the music moving all; and not one in the vast grouping inattentive to his or her part in the picture. It won you, as in dance they came on; some with that fearless inclining forward of the body, as if they leaned on air; others with the head thrown back, and the bare throat swelling in full beauty; and the waving of the Thyrsi; the pauses and the turns; the bended arms; the statue-formed limbs. It brought before you the grouping Bacchanals in old reliefs on marble baths and vases. I cannot paint the thing, but freely I confess, it gave me pleasure:—

——— " Songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies attached the heart
Of Adam, *soon inclined to admit delight,*
The bent of nature."

And so it is; but as I passed home in the dull night, and thought upon those beings, who are thrown on the arena for our amusement, to struggle it against passion warring within, and profligacy assailing without, through the season of youth, and beauty, and peril; and then in a more advanced age *dancing on* through long years of poverty, privation, and pain, I felt reproved for my censure of the Roman; and doubted much whether the shouting bravo over a soul in danger would bear a more close examination than the death-decreeing turn of the Roman's hand as the vanquished combatant looked round for mercy.

I do not say, close the theatre; but I would that it were, in every land, what it might be: a scene for the muse, for comedy, for song. I would that actors were all placed in circumstances, so protected and secure, that they could live respectably, and die in honour, as numbers do, and have

done, in our native country. Happily, in England, we have no great taste, as a nation, for ballets: a very humbly performed drama, and a broad farce to raise a laugh, constitute the amusement of our country towns. In Italy, each town, of any size, has its opera, and *corps de ballet;* but, generally speaking, they are (both singers and dancers) bad: good music you have. The traveller finds the same operas, whatever are the two or three favourite for the year, representing all over the country. *Il Turco in Italia* and *Cenerentola* were the two most popular as I passed along; the ballets more varied, but bad. At Padua, however, one evening I went growling to the theatre, at the idea that *Romeo* and *Juliet* were, in a ballet, to be danced through their loves and sorrows, to their sad end. Strange to say, that the part of *Juliet* * was acted in so

* It must be quite unnecessary to say that I am not considering a dancer as a proper representative of a Juliet; but in parts she *looked it* better than even our once-admired O'Neil; whose portrait was a beautiful one, though not at all our mind's Juliet.

admirable a manner, that with the words of Shakspeare in my head, I almost forgot it was dumb show, and felt deeply moved.

To return; there are some objects in Milan connected with the history of our days, which already belong to the past; which are viewed by the eye of the traveller with no common interest, and which will, in future ages, be visited by men with some historian in their hand, who, writing when the present generation, with all their coarse feelings and petty hates have passed away, may trace the career of Napoleon with less of astonishment, and more of allowance, than one existing party; with less of admiration and approval than the other; who will gladly balance miseries inflicted with benefits bestowed, and while they write him down, in the judicial page, a *tyrant*, an ambitious one, who deemed

> ——— "Ten thousand lives,
> Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
> An easy reckoning,"

may perhaps view him as a wide-conquer-

ing captain, through whose permitted instrumentality good, and great good, has certainly been conferred upon Italy, and, I may add, upon France herself; as one, however, who must and will take his place as a "portent of his age:" a tyrant; but a warlike one, not a *mean* one; an open, grasping, governing spirit; not a cold closeted conspirator against the freedom and happiness of a sick, suffering, and exhausted country.

With such a feeling I stood under the grand monumental gate of Marengo; with such a feeling I gazed upon that triumphal arch which stands on the Simplon road, half finished; amid silent work-sheds, and cornice, capital and relief, lying prepared to have covered it with trophies and decorations. All around bears the mark of suddenly-suspended labour: the smile of fortune continued for a few short years, and it had been a completed trophy, and, perhaps, the members of the Verona congress might have rode under it by the side of a second Napoleon, and complimented him on the genius of his father and *their*

master. I think I can separate my hate of the tyrant from my understanding, and, lamenting the natural heart's proneness to crime, and, from a recollection that he was bred a soldier and headed a triumphant army in his youth, I believe that many a man who is eloquent in the expression of his detestation for this perished despot, might, if honest in self-examination, apply the following lines: —

"Yes, yes! thou would'st (thy secret thoughts I see)
Have cohorts, legions, armies just as he;
'Tis nature this: e'en they who want the will,
Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill."

An awful, a sad, but a most just reflection: one that the exulting, amiable youth, who is destined to deal the death-shot, and grasp the sabre, feels, perhaps, before he leaves the shelter of an innocent and peaceful home.

My travelling companion to the city of Turin was a gentleman, who told me he was going there to take away his son from under the care of the Jesuits, for that their system was so entirely to estrange parent

and child, that you could not have your boy out of the establishment even to pass six hours with you at your lodging, when once in the year you paid your child a visit.

Turin is a very handsome city, well pierced in every direction, by streets, wide, clean, built with a certain regularity, and perfectly straight. There is one very spacious square; another with porticoes also; both fine. There are many very interesting things to see. You walk through the apartments of the palace with pleasure, for they contain many very fine paintings. The chambers are in an old tawdry taste; in the ante-hall you find halberdiers in the old party-coloured dresses, similar to those worn by the pope's Switzers.

All is falling back in Turin to the age of darkness; painful it may be to hear and see this; still it is only for the necessary renewal of old struggles that you grieve, because the end of those struggles may be long ere it arrive, but must be triumphantly decisive in favour of civil and religious freedom. There is a great deal of mind

at work all over the Continent, and it will speak ere long in a voice that must be listened to.

The Superga is well worth going to. I walked there; it was a fine, clear, cold day. The church and the tombs beneath are seen with pleasure. There are cushions of porphyry, and little white marble cherubs very prettily executed on one of the monuments. The view down upon the city, lying in a spacious, rich, well-watered plain, and the snowy Alps behind is truly fine.

Eugene of Savoy when he came to relieve and saved Turin, reconnoitered the besiegers from the very ground where you stand.

From hence I took the *diligence* to Lyons, and passed up out of Italy over Mont Cenis; very romantic is the situation of Susa, and the road up the mountain, a noble work; I walked before the carriage, and enjoyed the grand features of the scenery; the plain and mountain-lake have a bright, calm aspect; the pine-covered side of the mountain, as you wind easily and rapidly down it to Lanslebourg, has a wild look. The

dark trees, and the snow and ice in drifts and flakes, and glassy fragments at the feet of them and near the water-courses, produce a very picturesque effect. Nothing is more tormenting to a lover of fine scenery than to be hurried over such a road as that from the foot of Mont Cenis to Lyons, boxed up in a carriage. I took frequent occasions to walk up hills, and forward, when they changed horses, but the *diligence* travels rather too fast to admit of this easily. However, many passing views I caught, of the most romantic beauty.

Near Echelles you pass through the rock pierced by the famous Chemin de la Grotte. It has been a prodigious labor, and is a truly fine work. The clear, sunny weather which I had been enjoying for nearly two months, and which continued to shed smiles all over the beauties of the road through Savoy, broke up just as we reached Lyons, and I found that city enveloped in dense fog. No contrast can be greater than that between Lyons and Turin, or, indeed the cities of Italy generally. Lyons is all stir, bustle, industry; Turin,

stillness, indifference, indolence. The people in Italy look as if they were a passive race, and permitted evils to take their course: the people of France as if they were active, and tried to control them. I made little delay here, and only lounged through its streets, quays, and squares.

I put myself into the *coupè* of the *diligence*, and was driven or rather rapidly dragged up to Paris in a manner that surprised me. The rate of travelling is wonderfully improved since I left France. The machine, and the race of horses, and the postilion in his blue smock frock, his clubbed and powdered hair, and his jack-boots, are pretty much the same as I then remember them; but *now* the ponderous machine rolls, and flounders, and swings along in a way that makes you contemplate a breaking down, or an overturn, and a weighty deep bedding in the soil as far from improbable.

However, I reached Paris in three days; only two days did I pass in that city; on one I was busied about my passport; on the other I saw the Duc d'Angoulême re-enter Paris in state, triumph, or whatever

it is to be called. The private character of that prince is, I am told, excellent, and I looked upon him with pity; the child as he had been of circumstances, the intrument of evil. The guard of the army of Spain which entered with him looked confused, and even silly. They were too much of soldiers not to feel the mockery. They had too little of reflection to think as they might have done with some slight satisfaction on bloodless advantages, and a protecting discipline, honourably preserved. The Parisians, the vainest and the most *pæan-singing* people on earth, thought of Austerlitz and Jena, and affecting a liberal, political feeling, far stronger than their real one, were silent or sparing in their acclamations. The women, who love a spectacle, let the occasion be what it may, crowded on to the scene, and did salute the procession, feebly, yet more than the men. However, the elements which warred against Napoleon are very impartial, for they warred against the triumph of the Bourbon; and many a white pocket handkerchief, which I doubt

not would have been gracefully waved out, with the cry of "*Vive le Duc d'Angoulême*," was more importantly employed in covering and protecting hats, caps, bonnets, and ribbons from the falling rain. Palafox! you are well in your grave; and you, noble old man! who defended Gerona; you are well in your honourable graves!

I found in Calais, on the evening of my arrival, a crowd of travellers, whom three days' wild stormy December weather had detained; but the morning after, the pleasant sun shone forth again. It was not cold; the sea had fallen; the wind was foul; the tide and current strong and unfavourable. Seated on the deck of a steam-vessel, the first I had ever been on board of, I passed gently and rapidly over to the foot of that tall white cliff, all wandering Britons know and love.

And now, Reader, farewell.—If I have succeeded in painting any scenes in Egypt or in Italy to the satisfying of your mind's eye, I shall be content and thankful. If I have wearied you by dwelling fondly on the

warm impressions, which, in my solitary breast, those scenes have deeply graven, bear with me—

——————— "For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

THE END.

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